UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
3 1761 00058833 5

THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDMUND SPENSER

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME I

HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
LONDON, EDINBURGH, NEW YORK
TORONTO AND MELBOURNE

SPENSER'S MINOR POEMS

EDITED BY

ERNEST DE SÉLINCOURT

OXFORD
AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
MCMX

PR
2352
S444

OXFORD
PRINTED AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
BY HORACE HART, M.A.
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

LIBRARY
JAN 12 1966
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
1039073

INTRODUCTION.

THE aim of this volume is to present a trustworthy text of the Minor Poems of Spenser, based upon a collation of the editions published in the poet's lifetime with the Folio of 1611.[1] As in Mr. J. C. Smith's edition of *The Faerie Queene*, to which this book is the companion volume, certain typographical peculiarities of the Quartos—long s, &, ô, superscribed m and n (e.g. frõ, whẽ)—are not reproduced, and the frequent practice in the Epistle and Glosses of *The Shepheardes Calender* of beginning a sentence with a small letter has been ignored; but with these exceptions every deviation from the text of the first editions has been recorded in the footnotes.

The variations to be found in other Quartos, and in the Folio, are not so fully recorded; but every verbal change is noted, and any of those changes in spelling or punctuation which seem really significant, or bear upon the relation of the different Quartos and the Folio to one another. To have presented a full variorum edition would, it is believed, be of far less value to the student; for the accumulation of an immense mass of orthographical variants, such as 'delights' and 'delightes', 'everye' 'everie' and 'every', 'forgetfulnes' and 'forgetfulnesse', would have hidden from the reader's eye, not only many that are of real interest, but

[1] Copies of this Folio, the first collected edition of Spenser's poems, are variously made up with copies of the *F. Q.* dated 1609, 1611, 1612, 1613. The other poems are all dated 1611 except *Colin Clout* &c., which bears no date, and *Mother Hubberds Tale*, which is dated either 1612 or 1613. The *F. Q.*, *Shep. Cal.*, and *Mother Hub. Tale* are separately paged, the other poems are not paged.

also those other changes which serve to illustrate, in even more important respects, the mutual relations of the texts. The general character of those trivial orthographical changes which I have omitted may be inferred from those that are duly recorded; and their tendency, as would be expected, is towards modernization.

The Shepheardes Calender.

It seems likely that Spenser wrote *The Shepheardes Calender* shortly before its publication. But when E. K. speaks of it in his letter to Harvey as 'the maydenhead of this our commen frends Poetrie' he does not intend to imply that it was his first composition, for a few lines earlier he has referred to 'divers other excellent works of his, which slepe in silence, as his Dreames, his Legendes, his Court of Cupide and sondry. others'; rather is he viewing it as the poet's first serious appeal to the general public.

Of *The Shepheardes Calender* five editions, in quarto, appeared in the poet's lifetime, in 1579 (Q 1), in 1581 (Q 2), in 1589 (Q 3), in 1591 (Q 4), in 1597 (Q 5). They were all published anonymously, the authorship being first publicly acknowledged in the 1611 Folio of Spenser's collected poems. An exhaustive collation of these editions proves conclusively, that though some of the corrections may have been made at Spenser's instigation, he cannot be regarded as in any way responsible for the general form of the text after Q 1. Each Quarto was printed from its predecessor, and F from Q 5. Each edition corrects a few errors, reproduces many, and initiates others; and these in their turn were either incorporated in the later editions, or wrongly emended by conjecture when the correct reading might have been restored by a reference to Q 1. That there was no thorough-going and systematic revision of the text in these editions can be proved by their sins both of omission and of com-

mission. Thus the beautiful stanza omitted from June by Q 5 is not found in F ; ll. 316–7 of p. 28, dropped in Q 4, are absent from Q 5 and F ; and on p. 59 the words 'in Fraunce', dropped in Q 3, do not appear in subsequent editions. The gradual deterioration of the text through the blind reliance of each edition upon its immediate predecessor is proved by the textual variants to be found at the foot of almost every page of this edition. The point may here be illustrated by the recurrence from Q 2 to Q 5 of the absurd form 'kithousiasmos' for *ἐνθουσιασμος*, only corrected in F, and by the failure of Q 2 to understand the Northern form 'glitterand' for 'glittering', which, therefore, it prints 'glitter and'—a fault that persists into F through all the intervening Quartos. An instructive example of a more elaborate kind is to be found in *Februarie* 229, where Qq 1–3 read :—

> Now gan he repent his pryde to late :
> For naked left and disconsolate, &c.

Q 4 misprints 'For' as 'Yor', and Q 5, seeing that the passage as it stands is nonsense, does not examine an earlier text, but is content with its own conjecture :—

> Now gan he repent his pryde to late,
> Yore naked left and disconsolate.

—which, indeed, makes a kind of sense, but a very different one from that which the poet obviously intended. And F follows Q 5.

Similarly, I think, the orthographical authenticity of Q 1 may be upheld against that of later editions. Even in the nineteenth century, when a somewhat rigid orthodoxy has prevailed in the matter of spelling, several poets (Landor, for example, Keats, even Wordsworth,) have preferred at times to follow their own peculiar taste ; and Spenser, as is shown by *The Faerie Queene* (particularly by

the rime words, which are the safest test), took full advantage of the latitude in orthography which obtained in the sixteenth century. Now the spelling of Q 1 is definitely archaic, dialectical, experimental, of a piece with the general character of the poem ; and in every succeeding edition, especially in Qq 3, 5, and F, it tends to become more normal. The very fact that many of these wellnigh innumerable changes are so trivial goes far towards proving that Spenser had no hand in any of them. He would never have given himself the trouble to alter 'happye' into 'happy', 'faynt' into 'faint', and so on, *ad infinitum*, when once they had been set up in type, even if he had himself a preference for one or other of the forms. It is unreasonable to suppose that Spenser altered some of the orthography himself, and not all ; and anyhow we should hardly be justified in selecting some alterations as genuine and rejecting others. Changes such as 'threttie' to 'thirty', 'hem' and 'her' to 'them' and 'their', 'lepped' to 'leaped', 'solein' to 'sullen', 'whott' to 'hot', 'bloosmes' to 'blossoms', are not only unlike Spenser *prima facie*, but they seem the more so when we find that often the change comes either gradually or through another form which shows that the earlier one was not understood by the corrector. Thus 'hem' tends to become 'him' before it becomes 'them', 'solein' only becomes 'sullen' through 'soleine' and 'sullein', 'floweretts' becomes 'florets' through 'flowrets', 'bloosmes' becomes 'blossoms' through 'blosomes', and 'Gate' becomes 'Goat', though the Northern form is the subject of a special gloss, which is retained after 'Gate' has been removed from the text. If all this is viewed in the light of the fact that in other respects succeeding editions show a general deterioration in accuracy, it is difficult to accept as genuine any orthographical emendations of Qq 2–5 or F. To what extent the spelling of Q 1, in all its details, is Spenser's it is impossible to

determine without an autograph MS. of the poem. I feel myself, that were such a MS. extant, it would contain rather more than less orthographical peculiarities than are preserved in Q 1; for, misprints apart, the tendency of a compositor is always towards normalization rather than idiosyncrasy. But we may, I think, be certain that if we have not Spenser's own spelling in Q 1 we have it nowhere, and there is strong evidence in favour of the view that in all important respects the spelling of Q 1, the only edition printed from MS., is really authentic.

Our view of the part played by Spenser in overseeing the production of Q 1 is in some measure affected by our opinion as to the identity of E. K. For if we suppose E. K. to be a pleasant creation of Spenser's by whose mouth he could blow his own trumpet, his own share in the publication is necessarily greater than if we take the more natural view that Edward Kirke, or some other friend of the poet's, wrote the Epistle, Argument and Gloss, and, as would be natural to assume in that case, was generally responsible for seeing the poem through the press. But after making all allowance for the fact that the poem was anonymous and that the literary etiquette of the Elizabethan age was in many ways different from our own, I shall need far better evidence than has as yet been put forward to convince me that Spenser wrote the Epistle and Gloss, or indeed that he saw certain portions of it before it had been printed.[1] Yet even on the assumption that E. K. is not Spenser, and that Spenser never saw the proofs of *The Shepheardes Calender*, the case still remains good for Q 1 as against all subsequent editions. The poems would naturally be printed from a manuscript in Spenser's handwriting; and E. K., with his reverence, at times exaggerated, for the work of his friend,

[1] The matter is to my mind conclusively dealt with by Professor Herford in his edition of *The Shepheardes Calender*, 1895.

would be likely to respect as far as possible every detail of the original design.

The obvious conclusion, therefore, is that Spenser, or E. K., or both, took some pains over the production of Q 1; but that subsequent editions, though supplying corrections, some of which may have been communicated by the poet or his friends, are too full both of grave errors and of quite insignificant changes to be regarded as possessing as a whole any real independent authority.

A few remarks follow, descriptive of each Q and of F, and illustrative of the general views which I have expressed as to their relation to one another.

Q 1 (1579).

The following entry is found in the Registers of the Company of Stationers of London[1] under the date 5 December (1579):—

'Hughe Singelton: Lycenced vnto him the Shepperdes Calender conteyninge xij eclogues proportionable to the xij monethes. vj^{d}.'

The volume must have been produced, therefore, sometime between April, the date of E. K.'s Epistle, and December. The title-page and the woodcuts which illustrated each of the poems, are reproduced in facsimile in this edition. The introductory verses which follow the title-page were printed in large italics, the Epistle, the General Argument, and the Gloss which is appended to each poem in a small but clear roman type, and the poems themselves in black letter. Judged as a whole the book is a fine example of early Elizabethan printing and it has few serious typographical errors. A glance at the *apparatus criticus* supplied in my footnotes will show that the text of Q 1 is seldom unintelligible

[1] Transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers of London from 1554–1640 A. D., privately printed by Edward Arber, 1875: vol. ii. p. 362.

and that the later Quartos mar far more passages than they mend. I have already discussed its general characteristics.

Dr. Sommer is my authority[1] for the statement that only four copies are known to be extant, those in the British Museum, the Bodleian, at Trinity College, Cambridge, and in the Huth Library. Of these I have examined the first two in the preparation of this edition.

Q 2 (1581).

In the Stationers' Register,[2] under the date Oct. 29, 1581, we find the entry :—'John harrison : Assigned ouer from hugh Singleton to have the sheppardes callender, which was hugh Singleton's copy.–vjd.'

The title runs as in Q 1, but at the bottom of the page we read : 'Imprinted at London for John Harison the younger, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker, and are there to be solde.' The Colophon names Thomas East as the printer.

Taken as a whole Q 2 is a creditable piece of work, and shows a more careful adherence to its predecessor than do the later Quartos. It retains most of the archaisms and spellings characteristic of Q 1, and makes some important but obvious corrections, such as 'Forsake' for 'For sake' (p. 38), 'mourne' and 'tourne' for 'morune' and 'torune' (p. 109). For this reason I am inclined to view its emendations, when they are an improvement, as more likely to be authorized than those of the later Quartos, e. g. 'delight' for 'delights' (Arg. to Jan.), 'Alas' for 'Als' (March 40), 'Phœbus' for 'Phæbus' (p. 43). But after all such cases are few, and we have much to set against them. For it leaves errors that it might easily have detected, e. g. 'not not' (p. 40) and three

[1] *The Shepheardes Calender.* Original Ed. in photographic facsimile, with an Introduction by H. Oskar Sommer. London, 1890, p. 12.

[2] Arber, op. cit. ii. 380.

others on p. 113, and it initiates several which persist in later texts. Two of these I have already noted. Others are 'guists' for 'giusts' (p. 98), 'wethered' for 'wrethed' (p. 42), and 'the' for 'thou' (p. 107). And its use of the Roman alphabet for Greek words, in which it is followed by all the later Quartos, is not only clumsy in itself but is responsible for some bad misprints.

Q 3 (1586).

Q 3 has the same title and dedication as Q 2, but at the bottom of the page it reads 'Imprinted at London by John Wolfe for John Harison the yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker. 1586.' Notwithstanding this, the colophon states Thomas East to be the printer. The letterpress of the title-page is surrounded by a new and elaborate woodcut design.

Perhaps the chief feature of this Quarto is its marked tendency towards modernization. Two examples of this are found on p. 7; others are the spelling of 'scarlet' (Feb. 168), 'hote' for 'whott' (March 41), 'foolish' for 'folish' (May 96), and 'without' for 'withouten', though the change mars the metre (May 146). In one or two places Q 3 improves a faulty punctuation, but its chief emendation is the reading of 'overcrawed' for 'overawed' (Feb. 142), which should, I think, be accepted. The proofs seem to have been read by a classical scholar, or at least by some one interested in Latin; the 'ferum' and 'quæ' (p. 121) and 'allissimus' (p. 77) of Qq 1, 2 are corrected; the Gloss on 'reeds: auena' (p. 101) is put into the plural; for 'Bucoliques' of Virgil, 'Georgics', which was obviously E. K.'s meaning, is substituted; and for the first time we are given the right forms 'sarcasmus', 'Castalias' and 'Atropos'. Even 'Tityrus' is only once misspelt in Q 3. But it was not so happy with Greek, coining the strange word 'lipiphonematicos' on

). 104, which Qq 4, 5 guilelessly accepted. And Q 3 is responsible for many errors which persisted in subsequent editions. Among the worst of these are 'cost' for 'cast' (March 63), 'delight' for 'delights' (April 13), 'Ylke' for 'Ylike' (May 4), 'sauenance' for 'souenance (ib. 82), though the word is printed correctly in the Gloss, 'strickling' for 'trickling' (July 8), which Grosart accepts, 'laurel' for 'rural' (Dec. 18), 'and bloosmes' for 'with bloosmes' (ib. 103).

On the whole Q 3 left the text a good deal worse than it found it.

Q 4 (1591).

Q 4 used the same woodcut as Q 3 to surround the letterpress of the title, which runs as in Q 3, save that for 'entitled' we read 'entituled' and at the foot of the page 'LONDON Printed by John Windet, for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anger. 1591'.

The misprint 'Anger' for 'Anker' upon the title-page is characteristic of the volume. It is reasonable to assume that the interest awakened by *The Faerie Queene*, of which Books I–III had appeared in the previous year, caused an unexpectedly rapid sale of the remaining copies of Q 3, so that Q 4 was produced with undue haste; however that may be, it is without question the most carelessly printed of all the Quartos. If, as some editors have held, Spenser saw to the printing of the different editions of the poem, this is the one which upon external evidence he would be the most likely to have read in proof, for he was probably in England at the time of its preparation for press, yet it is full of errors which make nonsense of many a passage, and some of these at least could not have failed to catch the eye of the author. Where these have been quietly corrected in Q 5 I have not always recorded them in my footnotes (e. g. 'nighe' and 'mow' for 'night'

and 'now', Nov. 165, 171), but many of them corrupted the texts of Q 5 and F. One of these I have already discussed. Other examples are 'wingdring' for 'wandring' (p. 34), 'goodly head' and 'beastly head' for 'goodlihead' (Feb. 184) and 'beastlyhead' (May 265), 'round delay' for 'roundelay' (Aug. 56) and 'thirling' for 'thrilling' (May 208), both of which Grosart accepts, and 'pond' for 'ponder' (Feb. 151), which thus gains a place in Johnson's Dictionary as a genuine Spenserian form.

Q 5 (1597).

Q 5, the last edition printed in the lifetime of the poet, appeared in 1597, the year after the issue of the second instalment of *The Faerie Queene*. The woodcut surrounding the title-pages of Qq 3, 4 was not used, but its absence is compensated by an elaborate emblem in the centre.

At the foot of the page we read: 'LONDON Printed by Thomas Creede, for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Row, at the signe of the Anchor. 1597.'

The spelling of the words 'Row' and 'Anchor' suggests the prevailing characteristic of this volume, which attempts throughout to bring the poem into line with the latest developments of Elizabethan spelling. Thus changes like 'eche one' to 'each one', 'bene' to 'be', 'lepped' to 'leaped' are common enough. It is to be noted that many of the modernizations, which are attributed by Todd and others to F, are in reality found for the first time in Q 5. Its chief corrections are 'fift' for 'first' (May: Arg.) and 'tickle' for 'trickle' (July 14). But its errors are many. Though it corrects some of Q 4's misprints, it incorporates a large number of them, and it adds others. It omits a whole stanza in June; it is peculiarly weak in the spelling of classical names, altering 'Pandares' to 'Pindares' (p. 3) and almost invariably stumbling over 'Tityrus'; and it per-

ɔetrates on its own account, among other errors, 'sheepe' for keepe', 'lowd' for 'lewd' (July 133, 151), 'Entraibed' for Entrailed' (Aug. 30), 'ystablished' for 'ystabled', and mournful' for 'mournfulst' (Nov. 15, 53). On the whole t is the most carelessly printed of all the Quartos save Q 4, ınd it presents the least Spenserian text of them all.

F (1611).

In 1611 a Folio volume appeared with this title: 'The Faerie Qveen: The Shepheards Calendar; Together with :he other Works of England's Arch-Poet, Edm. Spenser. Collected into one Volume, and carefully corrected. Printed ɔy H. L. for Mathew Lownes. Anno Dom. 1611, fol.'

The dedication which follows is copied from the 1596 :dition of *The Faerie Queene*. The *Faerie Queene* and *Shepheardes Calender* are separately paged, and the woodcuts to be found in all the Quartos are again used.

In the main F follows Q 5. It adopts, for the most part, the changes in the text which have gradually accumulated through the Quartos, and it carries still further the process of modernization. Judged as a whole it is a creditable piece of work; it adds few errors of its own, and not only makes many corrections where Q 5 is obviously at fault, but in places improves upon Q 1. Of these the chief to be noted are 'Abib' for 'Abil' (p. 12), 'Behight' for 'Bedight' (p. 44), 'shroud' for 'shouder' (June 16), 'rauenes' for 'rauene' (June 24), 'a starre' for 'the starres' (July 99), 'yead' for 'yeeld' (Sept. 145). The last of these alone seems to point to some independent source, for an archaism like 'yead' would hardly occur to the printer; the rest might easily be the corrections of any intelligent reader. Similarly the majority of F's corrections of Q 5 point rather to happy conjecture than to authority or research, though a few are more naturally regarded as the result of collation. Thus

such obvious reversions to an earlier Quarto as the rejection of 'as plying' in favour of 'applying' (p. 8), of 'round delay' in favour of 'rounddelay' (Aug. 56), or of 'sighes' in favour of 'sithes' (Jan. 49), are probably conjectures of the printers: whilst such reversions as those from 'unright' (Qq 3–5) to 'ungyrt' (Q 1) (p. 6), from 'wretched' to 'wreathed' (May 186), from 'sweeter' to 'she sweeter' (Aug. 72), from 'clad' to 'yclad' (Nov. 118), point to the study of a text behind Q 5; for whilst they are unquestionably right, the change is subtler, and the fault corrected not serious enough to occur to a reader on his own initiative. But any collation that there may have been was only of a fitful and most perfunctory kind. The emendations noted at the foot of pages 99, 102, suggest that F often preferred conjecture to research, and the number of times that a bad reading of Q 5 is cheerfully accepted is enough to prove that there was no systematic reference to the earlier copies.

My general inference is that F was printed from Q 5 with a real desire, as stated on its title-page, to present a copy 'carefully corrected'. In order to secure this end occasional reference was made, either to a Quarto earlier than Q 5 or to a copy of Q 5 with some few corrections noted in it. But if F has little claim to independent authority, it is in this respect no worse off than the later Quartos, and it offers on its own account a few emendations of more value than any to be found in its predecessors.

Complaints (1591).

In *The Printer to the Gentle Reader* (v. p. 125) William Ponsonbie informs us that we owe the publication of this volume to the success attending 'his late setting foorth of the *Faerie Queene*'. This induced him to procure and publish what poems of Spenser's he could find circulating in MS. among his friends. As in the same preface it is stated

that the venture has been undertaken 'since his departure over Sea',[1] we may conjecture that Spenser had no opportunity of correcting the proofs. My text of *Complaints* is based upon the Quarto of 1591; and its title-pages, both the frontispiece to the volume and that to those poems which have separate title-pages in the original, are reproduced in facsimile. It will be noted that the *Muiopotmos* is dated 1590; and it is possible that the poem was printed, though not published, separately in that year, so that Spenser had a chance of seeing it in proof. The point is interesting, as half of the passages, and the more important half, in which different copies of the Quarto have different readings (v. *infra*) are to be found in this short poem of 440 lines. *Muiopotmos*, *The Ruines of Time*, and *The Teares of the Muses* were probably of recent composition; though it is highly probable that in the two last was incorporated much earlier work—some of it doubtless that which E. K. had referred to in his letter to Harvey (p. 8, l. 200). *The Ruines of Time* is shown by its dedication to have been given at any rate its present form 'sithens my late coming to England' (i. e. in 1589). *The Teares of the Muses*, out of touch as it is with the development of poetry which finds such generous, if somewhat uncritical, recognition only a little later in *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*, was penned, I incline to believe, whilst Spenser was still in Ireland. *Virgils Gnat* and *Mother Hubberds Tale* are definitely spoken of, the one as 'long since dedicated', the other as written in the 'raw conceipt of youth'; and though it is wellnigh certain that *Mother Hubberds Tale* had undergone a recent revision and received much addition, one can understand that Spenser would have his reasons for keeping

[1] The view has been held that these words refer to Spenser's departure in 1580, and not in 1591, and also that the preface is by Spenser himself, and not by the printer in whose name it stands. But the evidence advanced does not convince me.

back this fact. The other poems in the volume are obviously of early date, probably before *The Shepheardes Calender*, and the rime-structure of *The Visiones of the Worlds Vanitie* suggests that it is later than the other four.

Previous editors of Spenser have not been slow in pointing out each other's inaccuracies in printing or quoting from Q, but no one of them has taken into account the fact that, as is not uncommon in Elizabethan books, different copies of the same edition present, in a few passages, different readings. Grosart, indeed, has referred to it in one place (*Muiopotmos* 370), but he made no collation, following the *Huth* copy throughout, and expressing scepticism or wonder at those who, unknown to him, were following other copies. My text has been printed from the Bodleian copy (quoted as Q), and I have compared it in all passages of difficulty with the copies in the British Museum (B.M.), the Rylands Library, Manchester (R.), and in the private collections of T. J. Wise, Esq. (W.), H. T. Butler, Esq. (B.), Alfred Huth, Esq. (*Huth* Q). To W. W. Greg, Esq., I am indebted for the readings of the Capell copy in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge (C.).[1] B.M. and R. agree with Q, whilst W. and C. have the same combinations of the readings to be found in Q and *Huth* Q. No copy that I have seen gives in every case the right reading, the natural inference being that the corrected and the uncorrected sheets were bound up indiscriminately.

There is among the *Harleian MSS.* at the British Museum a transcript of *Complaints* in a hand dating from 1596. I have not collated it in detail, but have been content with examining it on every passage which offers difficulty, or where Q, *Huth* Q, and F offer variants. It appears to be

[1] And also for a report upon the 'Wright' copy in the same library. This copy is identical with Q, save that in *Ruines of Time* 333 it has a turned period instead of a comma.

a careful copy of *Huth* Q, which it follows as a rule even in its errors [e.g. in 'raime' for 'crime' (*Teares of Muses* 435), and in 'words' for 'worlds' (*Ruines of Time* 574), and in the dropping of 'Dull' (*Muiop.* 196)]. It supplies two or three independent corrections (*Virgils Gnat* 575, 'Billows', *Mother Hubberd* 648, the dropped 'at', *Teares of Muses* 486, 'sovenance' for 'soverance'), and also some which are found in F; but its adherence to Q where F has supplied obvious corrections, e.g. of the mistakes of *Huth* Q, *supra*, of 'singulfs' for 'singults', and its preference for the spellings of Q rather than of F, e.g. 'Occæan' for 'Ocean', show that its occasional agreement with F is accidental.

Of *Mother Hubberds Tale* Grosart possessed a MS. (referred to by me as G. MS.), described by him as 'carefully written and prepared . . . which reveals itself as no mere transcript of the 1591 print'. It is dated 1607, and of quite unknown source. I have not seen the MS. and have only quoted its more important variants. Grosart was of opinion that it was a transcript of a MS. of Spenser's, and it is perhaps natural that he should be inclined to overrate its value. But it will be clear, I think, to any one who examines the poem in his edition, that he is far too ready to admit its readings into his text, sometimes indeed when the 1591 text is obviously superior. It offers one or two attractive variants (e. g. at ll. 418, 1204, and 1224) which escaped the notice of F; but many of its changes, in passages where Q's reading is unusual or difficult either in metre or in sense, seem to me less like emendations made by Spenser himself than modernizations or smoothenings of rhythm of the kind that Grosart himself so deeply resents when they occur in F. Anyhow, considering its late date and its unknown source, it can only be treated with the greatest reserve.

F supplies us with several obvious corrections of Q, and

a few of these may possibly be due to the recorded wishes of the author; but it is principally distinguished by its tendency to modernize, and to smooth over what appears to its editor an undue ruggedness of metre. Its punctuation in particular is more modern and more logical than Q's. Q has a partiality, though by no means systematically carried out, for ending a line with a comma and the second and fourth lines of a stanza with a colon or semi-colon. F rather seeks in punctuating to elucidate the sense. I have adhered to Q except where it leaves a line in serious danger of being misunderstood. Of F's desire to improve or to enforce the rhythm of the line there are numerous examples. In dealing with *The Shepheardes Calender* F made only one emendation with this object, the editor realizing, in all probability, that a certain ruggedness formed part of the poet's intention; in *Complaints* he introduces regularity into a line even at the expense of its meaning (cf. *Virgils Gnat* 609). At times he will emphasize the necessary pronunciation by phonetic spelling, e.g. 'fier' for 'fire', 'Heroës' for 'Heroes'; at others he will invert the order of words to normalize the rhythm, reading 'bred was' for 'was bred' (*Ruines of Time* 647, and cf. 664), and 'The Giants old' for 'The old Giants' (*Ruines of Rome* 48). Occasionally he will go still further, omitting a word or rearranging more elaborately, e.g. in *Ruines of Time* 455, 'Nor alive nor dead,' &c., omitting the first 'Nor', and altering l. 571:

Was but earth, and with her owne weightinesse

to

Was but of earth, and with her weightinesse.

Opinions may differ as to how far any of these changes had Spenser's authority behind them; it may possibly be urged that Spenser as a whole tends rather to an unvaried, even monotonous melodiousness than to rugged metrical experiment, and that these lines in Q would naturally seem

to him in need of correction. My own view is that even if Spenser is responsible for one or two of the emendations, e.g. 'subtile' for 'slye' in *Virgils Gnat* 536, F carried the process much too far, and often polished into the commonplace a really effective line. Anyhow, the general characteristics of F suggest that its editor gave himself more liberty than a modern textual critic can allow; and all those changes in F which are not obvious corrections must be viewed with some scepticism.

Daphnaida (1591).

Daphnaida commemorates the loss of Lady Douglas Howard, who died in August, 1590, and it is natural to suppose that it was written soon afterwards. But the dedication is given from London, January 1, 1591, and if we are to regard this date as old style, by which the year began in March, we must put the poem a year later (i. e. 1592). Now *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe* is dated from Kilcolman, December, 1591, and it is hardly possible that Spenser was in Ireland on December 27, and back in London five days later. We have therefore to choose between three possibilities: (1) That by 1591 Spenser is using the modern style, adopted by him in *The Shepheardes Calender*, and defended at great length by E. K. in his general Argument. Such a course would be unusual at the time, but it is not without precedent, nor would it be unlike Spenser, I think, in a matter of the kind to follow his own bent. (2) That 1591 is a mistake of the printers for 1590. If the type were set up a month or two after the writing of the Dedication (say in April), there would be nothing unlikely in the printer's thinking of the present date rather than of the date he ought to print, and so substituting a 1 for a 0. (3) That the date of *Daphnaida* as given is right and is to be interpreted as old style (i. e. 1592 modern style), but that *Colin Clout* was not

really dated from Kilcolman.[1] Whilst the difficulty cannot be set at rest, it is met, in my opinion, more satisfactorily by one of the two first hypotheses than by the third.

Of *Daphnaida* there are two Quartos, those of 1591 and 1596, to collate with F. I have printed from Q 1, as there is no

[1] Mr. Percy Long (*New York Nation*, Nov. 1, 1906: *Modern Languages Quarterly*, July, 1909) holds that the dating of *Daphnaida* as 1591 is meant for the old style, and that in dating *Colin Clout* from Kilcolman five days before Spenser is playing a ruse by which to conceal his whereabouts and to lead people to imagine that he was in Ireland, whereas in reality he was in London all the time, enjoying the triumph of his *Complaints*. To me at least, all probability is against this view. I. It is at least likely that *Daphnaida* should have been written and published soon after the death of Daphne. Against this Mr. Long argues that 'in that case it would have formed a very appropriate part of the *Complaints*' (1591). But (*a*) if by Jan. 1591 we are to understand modern style the poem was probably published *before Complaints* and not *after* it, for *Complaints* was only entered at the Stationers' Hall on Dec. 29, 1590; (*b*) the fact that *Daphnaida* was not entered at the Stationers' Hall suggests, as Grosart pointed out, that it was intended for private circulation, and anyhow it was natural that a poem, making a special appeal to a private circle of friends, should be published separately; (*c*) Mr. Long has already in the same article answered himself by pointing out that the *Complaints* were chiefly complaints against Burghley. II. Mr. Long suggests no valid reason why Spenser should wish to conceal his whereabouts. Nor can we believe that it would be easy for him to do it. Raleigh and all those who were interested in Spenser's poetry would almost certainly have known if the poet had been in London, and if they hadn't, it is difficult to see how Spenser would have 'enjoyed his triumph' any more than he would have enjoyed it in solitude at Kilcolman. Moreover if Spenser had really been anxious to conceal his whereabouts and put his friends off the scent by so elaborate a trick as the composition of a misleading dedication to *Colin Clout* on Dec. 27, he might surely be allowed credit for intelligence enough not to give away his whole case five days later by dating *Daphnaida* from London. III. The whole character and tone of *Colin Clout* favours our acceptance of its dedication as *bona fide*. This statement cannot of course be regarded as more than an expression of personal opinion; but it is based upon some study of Spenser's life and work as a whole; and it will, I believe, be found to be supported by most students of the poet, in the future as well as in the past.

evidence that Q 2 had the advantage of Spenser's revision; but I have recorded all but the most trivial divergences of spelling and punctuation to be found in Q 2. The punctuation of Q 2 is rather fuller and more modern than that of Q 1, and in certain places, judged by any standard, more correct; but the few verbal variations between them suggest that the readings of Q 2 are deteriorations and not authorized corrections. F makes a few necessary corrections of punctuation, besides a good many that are unnecessary.

Colin Clouts Come Home Againe (1595).

Colin Clouts Come Home Againe was written after Spenser's return to Ireland in 1591, and dedicated to Raleigh (v. p. 308) in the December of that year. But it is highly probable that it received some revision and additions before its publication by Ponsonbie in 1595. With *Colin Clout* was printed *Astrophell*, and certain poems in memory of Sidney which had been written by other of his friends. There is no means of dating the composition of *Astrophell*, but it is reasonable to regard it as belonging to the years 1591–5; for had it been written soon after the death of Sidney it would surely have been less entirely conventional in its expression of grief, and, moreover, would naturally have been published when the interest in its subject was at its keenest.

Of the Non-Spenserian poems some (pp. 357–67) had already appeared in a Miscellany entitled *The Phœnix Nest* (1593), and I have collated their text with that of the earlier version (referred to by me as P. N.), which is as a whole more correct. Q has several misprints, which will be found recorded in my footnotes. Most of them were corrected in F, which also modernizes a good many forms. F's more elaborate punctuation is well illustrated by *Colin Clout*, 18.

Amoretti and Epithalamion (1595).

The *Amoretti* are commonly supposed to have been written in 1591–4, to celebrate Spenser's courtship of that lady whose marriage with him is glorified in the *Epithalamion*. Modern criticism, however, which has made so damaging an onslaught upon the sincerity of Elizabethan sonneteers, could hardly be expected to leave this beautiful sequence unassailed; and the view has lately been advanced[1] that the *Amoretti* are addressed for the most part to Lady Carey, and hence were written during Spenser's residence in London (1589–91). But whilst it is possible that some few of the series were written in the first place for Lady Carey or, indeed, for others (for we know that Spenser often incorporated into his work unpublished material that he had by him) there seems no valid reason for suspecting the integrity of the series as a whole, or the generally accepted date of their composition.

These poems were first published in 1595, in a small volume variously described by bibliographers as 18°, 12mo, or 8vo. In the dedication to Sir Robert Needham, W. P. states definitely that he prints the volume in the absence of the author; and as Spenser did not reach London till the

[1] This view has been argued with great ability by Mr. P. W. Long in the *Modern Languages Review* (April 1908), and answered, to me convincingly, by Mr. J. C. Smith in the same journal (July 1910). I am not, indeed, inclined to concede as much to Mr. Long. For Mr. Smith's difficulties, that too large a proportion of the sonnets belong to the few months before the marriage, and that they end on the melancholy note of separation, are not, I think, difficult to meet. It is not unlikely that even after the marriage had been arranged the poet was slandered to the lady's family, and that a temporary severance was the result. Under such circumstances there would be nothing remarkable in a poet of Spenser's fluency writing a good many sonnets upon the theme, nor in his forgetting that by so doing he was spoiling the balance of the sonnet sequence. And when the trouble was over and the marriage hurried on (as Mr. Smith himself, with great plausibility, suggests), what more natural than to suppose that Spenser was content to leave his *Amoretti* ending in the minor key, and at once set about the composition of his triumphant *Epithalamion*, destined to be published with them?

close of the year it is unlikely that he was able in any way to supervise it. Its punctuation presents many difficulties, because the rhythmical punctuation characteristic of all the first editions of Spenser's poems is here complicated by so much carelessness of printing that it raises scepticism as to the importance attaching to its reading in any doubtful passage. It is obvious that the printer of 18° had in his mind a rigid conception of sonnet structure, with definite metrical pauses at the end of each line and requiring the following punctuation , : , . (or :) repeated three times and followed by the couplet , . He did not realize that a poet, accepting, perhaps, this conception as a basis, improvises upon it, his metrical success being in a great measure due to his variations from it, always supposing that his variations are not so licentious that we lose all sense of the rigid form of which his verse is the variation. Our printer, however, found that the sense of the *Amoretti*, even as he understood it, would not allow him to keep relentlessly to his rigid conception of punctuation, and accordingly he relaxed it. But even in this he is capricious. Apart from many cases in which he gives , for . and vice versa (as in xv. 12, xxiii. 4, xxxiv. 2, 3), which we may suppose to be unintentional, he will sometimes give the rigid metrical punctuation where it makes nonsense of the passage (e. g. xiii. 5, 6 ; xvii. 6) or depart from it where the sense requires it (e. g. xiv. 6). F was evidently in difficulties as to where it should follow 18° and where it should emend ; and it makes some attempt, as with the other poems, to punctuate according to logic rather than to metre. But the result is a not very successful compromise ; it has sometimes altered unnecessarily, and sometimes has retained punctuations which are impossible alike on its own principles and on those of 18°. My principle has been the same as in dealing with the other poems. I have retained the punctuation of the first edition except (*a*) where

it is obviously faulty from its own point of view, or (*b*) where it would be likely to obscure the sense from the modern reader. When possible I have emended from F ; but where F emends , to : or ; I have sometimes preferred to read a . as being the probable intention of 18°.

Fowre Hymnes (1596).

The Fowre Hymnes, the two first written early and the latter two of recent composition, appeared in 1596. Spenser dates his dedication from Greenwich, and his presence in England at the time of publication accounts in some measure, perhaps, for the excellent state of the text. It is noticeable that the punctuation is on the whole freer from difficulty than that of the Quartos of other poems, and in particular that the metrical use of the colon is nowhere found in it.

Prothalamion (1596).

Prothalamion, written in 1596, was printed for W. P. in the same year. F makes one or two obvious corrections, and is unusually profuse in commas.

Miscellaneous Sonnets.

The Miscellaneous Sonnets are printed from copies of the volumes in which they originally appeared. I. From *Foure Letters, and Certaine Sonnets: Especially touching Robert Greene, and other parties, by him abused:* &c., London. *Imprinted by John Wolfe*, 4to: *1592.*

II. From *Nennio, Or a Treatise of Nobility &c. Written in Italian by that famous Doctor and worthy Knight, Sir John Baptista Nenna of Bari. Done into English by William Jones, Gent., Q. 1595.*

III. From *Historie of George Castriot, surnamed Scanderbeg, King of Albanie and Containing his famous actes, &c. Newly translated out of French into English by Z. I., Gentleman. Imprinted for W. Ponsonby, 1596. F.*

IV. From *The Commonwealth and Government of Venice. Written by the Cardinall Gasper Contareno, and translated out of the Italian into English by Lewis Lewkenor, Esquire.* London. *Imprinted by John Windet for Edmund Mattes, &c. 1599.*

Theatre for Worldlings (1569).

The poems printed in *Appendix I* are reprinted from the *Theatre for Worldlings*, of which the title-page and illustrations are reproduced in facsimile. The *Epigrams* will be found to correspond, but with considerable variations of text, with the first six of the *Visions of Petrarch*, spoken of on their publication in *Complaints* as 'formerly translated'. For the seventh sonnet of *Complaints* is there substituted a quatrain. With the *Sonets* that follow, a blank verse rendering of the *Visions of Bellay*, these poems represent the earliest work of Spenser's that has come down to us, and must belong to his schooldays. It is true that Van der Noodt never suggested that Spenser was their author, and that the poet himself never claimed them; but when he speaks of them in 1591 as 'formerly translated' he can hardly mean formerly translated by some one not himself, and the similarity of the two versions is conclusive evidence that the one is dependent on the other.[1]

[1] Professor Koeppel, however, points out (*Englische Studien*, xv. 69) that the first version is more faithful and scholarly, though less poetic, than that of 1591, which not only fails to correct the errors of 1569, but in places departs from the meaning of the original where the earlier version has rendered it with accuracy. He concludes, therefore, that we can only suppose that the two versions were written by the same man if the second was written first (which is impossible). I admit Professor Koeppel's facts but dissent from his conclusion. Spenser's greater freedom in the later version, even where it has the appearance of mistranslation, is easily explained as deliberate rather than unconscious, due partly to the exigencies of rime, but chiefly to an independence natural to mature poetic genius, and to the formation of a highly individual rhythmic principle and sense of style.

A short history of the text of Spenser since the publication of F will be found in *Appendix II.*

The number of faults that I have detected in earlier editions of Spenser has impressed me with the difficulty of securing an accurate text. Like many former editors, I have found it easier, as well as more entertaining, to correct the errors of others than to detect my own; and if this volume represents what Spenser wrote more faithfully than its predecessors, the merit is due in part to the interest taken in my work by the staff of the Clarendon Press and to the care and technical skill with which they have produced it, and in part to the generous help which several distinguished scholars of English have accorded me in its preparation. To Miss Darbishire, of Somerville College, I am indebted for much assistance in the collation of the several texts and for checking my results, in particular the complicated textual notes to the *Shepheardes Calender.* Mr. J. C. Smith has read my proofs, and in the discussion of many difficult passages has given me the benefit of his special knowledge of the text of Spenser. Mr. W. W. Greg, Mr. P. Simpson, and Dr. Henry Bradley have made valuable suggestions, and helped me to decide upon doubtful points of reading, spelling, and punctuation. If I have not always been able to follow their advice it has been because I have found that at times the views of the best Elizabethan scholars are conflicting, and I have therefore been obliged in the end to rely upon my own judgement. For any errors that may be found in the volume I am alone responsible.

I desire to express my thanks to Mr. Alfred Huth, Mr. T. H. Wise, and Mr. Herbert Butler, for their courtesy in allowing me to examine copies of Spenser in their private libraries.

ERRATA

p. vi, l. 19 *for* 1589 *read* 1586
p. xxii, l. 6 for *Modern Languages Quarterly* read *Modern Language Review*
p. xxviii *for* T. H. Wise *read* T. J. Wise
p. 36 *April* 8 *for* thriftye *read* thristie
p. 53 *Maye* 228 *for* done, *read* done.
p. 73 *Iulye* 222 *for* and *read* an
p. 139 *Ruines of Time* 409 *for* Coloffes *read* Colosses
p. 143 „ 523 *for* flights *read* slights
p. 266 *Muiopotmos* 412 *for* runes *read* tunes
p. 317 *Colin Clout* 292 *for* son *read* fon
p. 424 *Epithalamion* 99 *for* loues *read* Ioues
p. 443 *Hymne of Love* 215 *for* faint *read* saint
p. 507 l. 15 for *Dec.* 7 read *Dec.* 76
l. 17 *after* 'thinken' *insert* (*Feb.* 24)

Spenser Minor Poems *face p. xxviii*
June 1913

CONTENTS.

PAGE

NTRODUCTION v

IST OF EDITIONS, ETC., OF SPENSER xxxii

HEPHEARDES CALENDER 1

OMPLAINTS 123

THE RVINES OF TIME 126

THE TEARES OF THE MVSES 151

VIRGILS GNAT 172

PROSOPOPOIA: OR MOTHER HVBBERDS TALE . 195

RVINES OF ROME: BY BELLAY 235

MVIOPOTMOS: OR THE FATE OF THE BVTTERFLIE 253

VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE . . . 268

THE VISIONS OF BELLAY 274

THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH 282

)APHNAIDA. AN ELEGIE VPON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND VERTVOVS DOVGLAS HOWARD 287

PAGE

COLIN CLOVTS COME HOME AGAIN . 307

Colin Clovts Come Home Again . . . 309

Astrophel. A Pastorall Elegie vpon the Death of the most Noble and Valorovs Knight, Sir Philip Sidney . . . 335

The Lay of Clorinda 345

The Movrning Mvse of Thestylis . . 347

A Pastorall Aeglogve vpon the Death of Sir Phillip Sidney Knight, etc. . . 352

An Elegie, or Friends passion, for his Astrophill 357

An Epitaph vpon the Right Honovrable Sir Phillip Sidney knight, Lord Governor of Flvshing 364

Another of the same 366

AMORETTI AND EPITHALAMION . . 369

Amoretti 372

Epithalamion 421

FOWRE HYMNES 435

An Hymne in Honovr of Love . . . 437

An Hymne in Honovr of Beavtie . . 446

An Hymne of Heavenly Love . . . 455

An Hymne of Heavenly Beavtie . . . 464

PROTHALAMION; or a Spovsall Verse . . 473

PAGE

MISCELLANEOVS SONNETS.

To the right worshipfvll my singvlar good Frend, M. Gabriell Harvey . . . 480

Prefixed to *Nennio, or A Treatise of Nobility, &c.* 480

Upon the Historie of George Castriot, alias Scanderbeg 481

Prefixed to the Commonwealth and Government of Venice 482

APPENDIX.

I. Epigrams and Sonnets 483

Metrical Experiments 505

II. On the Text of Spenser from 1617 to 1884 506

NOTES 511

INDEX OF FIRST LINES 524

SIGLA.

A List of editions &c. of Spenser consulted in the preparation of this text, with the abbreviations by which they are referred to in the Introduction and Notes.

The Shepheardes Calender. 1579 [Bodleian copy,† 4° F. 2. Art. B. S.]. *Q 1*

The Shepheardes Calender. 1581. *Q 2*

The Shepheardes Calender. 1586. *Q 3*

The Shepheards Calender. 1591. *Q 4*

The Shepheards Calendar. 1597. *Q 5*

Complaints. 1591 [Bodleian copy,† Malone 617]. *Q*

Huth copy *Huth Q*

(Other copies consulted—those in the British Museum and the Rylands Library, Manchester, the Capell and Wright copies, Trinity College, Cambridge, and those in the private libraries of T. H. Wise, Esq., and H. Butler, Esq.)

Harleian MS. 6910 (British Museum). 1596. *Harl. MS.*

MS. of Mother Hubberd's Tale referred to by Dr. Grosart. *G. MS.*

Daphnaida. 1591 [Brit. Mus.† G. 11538]. *Q 1*

Daphnaida. 1596. *Q 2*

Colin Clouts Come Home Again, &c. 1595 [Bodleian copy,† Malone 618]. *Q*

The Phoenix Nest. 1593. *P. N.*

Amoretti and Epithalamion. 1595 [Bodleian copy,† Malone 346]. *18°*

Fowre Hymnes. 1596 [Bodleian copy,† Malone 617]. *Q*

Prothalamion. 1596 [Bodleian copy,† Malone 617]. *Q*

Foure Letters, and Certaine Sonnets, &c. 1592 [Bodleian copy,† Tanner 744].

Nennio, Or a Treatise of Nobility, &c. 1595 [Brit. Mus.† 8407. d. 13].

Historie of George Castriot, &c. 1596 [Bodleian copy,† A.A. 37 Art. Seld.]. *1596*

The Commonwealth and Government of Venice, &c. 1599 [Bodleian copy,† Radcl. e. 19]. *1599*

A Theatre of Worldlings, &c. 1569 [Bodleian copy,† Douce N. 36].

The Faerie Queen: The Shepheards Calendar: Together with the other Works of England's Arch-Poët Edm. Spenser. 1611. *F*

The Works of Spenser. 1617. *F 2*

The Shepheards Calendar &c., with Latin translation. 1653.

The Works of Spenser. 1679. *F 3*

The Works of Spenser, ed. by Hughes, 6 vols., 1715. *Hughes*

The Works of Spenser, ed. by H. J. Todd, 8 vols., 1805. *Todd*

The Works of Spenser, ed. by F. J. Child, 5 vols., 1855. *Child*

The Works of Spenser, ed. by J. P. Collier, 5 vols., 1862. *Collier*

The Works of Spenser, ed. by R. Morris, Globe ed., 1 vol., 1869. *Morris*

The Works of Spenser, ed. by A. B. Grosart, 8 vols., 1882–4. *Grosart*

The Poetical Works of Spenser, ed. by R. E. Neil Dodge, 1 vol. 1908. *Dodge*

These books are more fully described in the Introduction and Appendix II. The sign † indicates the copies from which my text has been printed.

THE
Shepheardes Calender

Conteyning twelue Æglogues proportionable
to the twelue monethes.

Entitled

TO THE NOBLE AND VERTV-
ous Gentleman moſt worthy of all titles
both of learning and cheualrie M.
Philip Sidney.
(··)

AT LONDON.
Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in
Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the
ſigne of the gylden Tunne, and
are there to be ſolde.
1579.

TO HIS BOOKE.

Goe little booke: thy selfe present,
As child whose parent is vnkent:
To him that is the president
Of noblesse and of cheualree,
And if that Enuie barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succoure flee
Vnder the shadow of his wing,
And asked, who thee forth did bring,
A shepheards swaine saye did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And when his honor has thee redde,
Craue pardon for my hardyhedde.
But if that any aske thy name,
Say thou wert base begot with blame:
For thy thereof thou takest shame.
And when thou art past ieopardee,
Come tell me, what was sayd of mee:
And I will send more after thee.

Immeritô.

4 *Of noblesse and of cheualree, Qq 1, 2: Of nobleness and of cheualree: Q 3, 4: Of noblenesse and chiualrie. Q 5, F* 11 *has Qq 1–4: hath Q 5, F* 12 *my Qq 1–5: thy F* 15 *For thy Qq 1–4: For why Q 5, F*

¶ *To the most excellent and learned both* Orator and Poete, Mayster Gabriell Haruey, his verie special and singular good frend E. K. commendeth the good lyking of this his labour, and the patronage of the new Poete.

(·.·)

NCOVTHE VNKISTE, Sayde the olde famous Poete Chaucer: whom for his excellencie and wonderfull skil in making, his scholler Lidgate, a worthy scholler of so excellent a maister, calleth the Loade-starre of our Language: and whom our Colin clout in his Æglogue calleth Tityrus the God of shepheards, comparing hym to the worthines of the Roman Tityrus Virgile. Which prouerbe, myne owne good friend Ma. Haruey, as in that good old Poete it serued well Pandares purpose, for the bolstering of his baudy brocage, so very well taketh place in this our new Poete, who for that he is vncouthe (as said Chaucer) is vnkist, and vnknown to most men, is regarded but of few. But I dout not, so soone as his name shall come into the knowledg of men, and his worthines be sounded in the tromp of fame, but that he shall be not onely kiste, but also beloued of all, embraced of the most, and wondred at of the best. No lesse I thinke, deserueth his wittinesse in deuising, his pithinesse in vttering, his complaints of loue so louely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastorall rudenesse, his morall wisenesse, his dewe obseruing of Decorum euerye where, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speach, and generally in al seemely simplycitie of handeling his matter, and framing his words:

4 labour *Qq 1, 2*: good labour *Qq 3–5, F* 13, 15 Tityrus *Qq 1–4*: Tytirus, *Titirus Q 5*: Tytirus, *Tytirus F* 17 *Pandares Qq 1–4*: *Pindares Q 5*: *Pindarus F* 21 of few *Qq 1–4*: of a few *Q 5, F* 30 matter *Qq 1–4*: matters *Q 5, F*

the which of many thinges which in him be straunge, I know will seeme the straungest, the words them selues being so auncient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the whole Periode and compasse of speache so delightsome for the roundnesse, and so graue for the straungenesse. And firste of the wordes to speake, I graunt they be somethinge hard, and of most men vnused, yet both English, and also vsed of most excellent Authors and most famous Poetes. In whom whenas this our Poet hath bene much traueiled and throughly redd, how could it be, (as that worthy Oratour sayde) but that walking in the sonne although for other cause he walked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt; and hauing the sound of those auncient Poetes still ringing in his eares, he mought needes in singing hit out some of theyr tunes. But whether he vseth them by such casualtye and custome, or of set purpose and choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of shepheards, eyther for that theyr rough sounde would make his rymes more ragged and rustical, or els because such olde and obsolete wordes are most vsed of country folke, sure I think, and think I think not amisse, that they bring great grace and, as one would say, auctoritie to the verse. For albe amongst many other faultes it specially be obiected of Valla against Liuie, and of other against Saluste, that with ouer much studie they affect antiquitie, as coueting thereby credence and honor of elder yeeres, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the lyke, that those auncient solemne wordes are a great ornament both in the one and in the other; the one labouring to set forth in hys worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of grauitie and importaunce. For if my memory fayle not, Tullie in that booke, wherein he endeuoureth to set forth the paterne of a perfect Oratour, sayth that ofttimes an auncient worde maketh the style seeme graue, and as it were reuerend: no otherwise then we honour and reuerence gray heares for a certein religious regard, which we haue of old age. Yet nether euery where

43 mought *Qq 1–5*: must *F*
56 coueting *Qq 1–4*: couering *Q 5*, *F*
63 memory *Qq 1–5*: opinion *F*

must old words be stuffed in, nor the commen Dialecte and maner of speaking so corrupted therby, that as in old buildings it seme disorderly and ruinous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they vse to blaze and portraict not onely the daintie lineaments of beautye, but also rounde about it to shadow the rude thickets and craggy clifts, that by the basenesse of such parts, more excellency may accrew to the principall; for oftimes we fynde ourselues, I knowe not how, singularly delighted with the shewe of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Euen so doe those rough and harsh termes enlumine and make more clearly to appeare the brightnesse of braue and glorious words. So oftentimes a dischorde in Musick maketh a comely concordaunce: so great delight tooke the worthy Poete Alceus to behold a blemish in the ioynt of a wel shaped body. But if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choyse of old and vnwonted words, him may I more iustly blame and condemne, or of witlesse headinesse in iudging, or of heedelesse hardinesse in condemning for not marking the compasse of hys bent, he wil iudge of the length of his cast. For in my opinion it is one special prayse, of many whych are dew to this Poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to theyr rightfull heritage such good and naturall English words, as haue ben long time out of vse and almost cleane disherited. Which is the onely cause, that our Mother tonge, which truely of it self is both ful enough for prose and stately enough for verse, hath long time ben counted most bare and barrein of both. Which default when as some endeuoured to salue and recure, they patched vp the holes with peces and rags of other languages, borrowing here of the french, there of the Italian, euery where of the Latine, not weighing how il, those tongues accorde with themselues, but much worse with ours: So now they haue made our English tongue, a gallimaufray or hodgepodge of al other speches. Other some not so wel seene in the English tonge as perhaps

73 of *Qq 1–3*: or *Qq 4, 5, F* 76 oftimes *Q 1*: oftentimes *Qq 2–5, F* 81 oftentimes *Qq 2–5, F*: ofentimes *Q 1* 86 or *Qq 1–5*: either *F* 92 cleane *Qq 3–5, F*: cleare *Q 1*: clean *Q 2* 100 il, *Qq 1–4*: ill *Q 5, F* 103 not . . . seene *Qq 3–5, F*: no . . . seme *Qq 1, 2*

in other languages, if they happen to here an olde word albeit very naturall and significant, crye out streight way, that we speak no English, but gibbrish, or rather such, as in old time Euanders mother spake. Whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tonge straungers to be counted and alienes. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what so they vnderstand not, they streight way deeme to be sencelesse, and not at al to be vnderstode. Much like to the Mole in Æsopes fable, that being blynd her selfe, would in no wise be perswaded, that any beast could see. The last more shameful then both, that of their owne country and natural speach, which together with their Nources milk they sucked, they haue so base regard and bastard iudgement, that they will not onely themselues not labor to garnish and beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it shold be embellished. Like to the dogge in the maunger, that him selfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock, that so faine would feede : whose currish kind though it cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke that they refrain from byting.

Now for the knitting of sentences, whych they call the ioynts and members therof, and for al the compasse of the speach, it is round without roughnesse, and learned wythout hardnes, such indeede as may be perceiued of the leaste, vnderstoode of the moste, but iudged onely of the learned. For what in most English wryters vseth to be loose, and as it were vngyrt, in this Authour is well grounded, finely framed, and strongly trussed vp together. In regard wherof, I scorne and spue out the rakehellye route of our ragged rymers (for so themselues vse to hunt the letter) which without learning boste, without iudgement iangle, without reason rage and fome, as if some instinct of Poeticall spirite had newly rauished them aboue the meanenesse of commen capacitie. And being in the middest of all theyr brauery, sodenly eyther for want of matter, or of ryme, or hauing for-

109 straungers to be counted *Qq 1–4*: to bee counted strangers *Q 5*, *F* 117 *F omits* regard 122 though it cannot *Qq 3–5*, *F*: though cannot *Qq 1, 2* 131 vngyrt *Q 1*: vnright *Qq 2–5*, *F*

gotten theyr former conceipt, they seeme to be so pained and traueiled in theyr remembrance, as it were a woman in childebirth or as that same Pythia, when the traunce came vpon her.

Os rabidum fera corda domans &c.

Nethelesse let them a Gods name feede on theyr owne folly, so they seeke not to darken the beames of others glory. As for Colin, vnder whose person the Author selfe is shadowed, how furre he is from such vaunted titles and glorious showes, both him selfe sheweth, where he sayth.

Of Muses Hobbin. I conne no skill. And,
Enough is me to paint out my vnrest, &c.

And also appeareth by the basenesse of the name, wherein, it semeth, he chose rather to vnfold great matter of argument couertly, then professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. Which moued him rather in Æglogues, then other wise to write, doubting perhaps his habilitie, which he little needed, or mynding to furnish our tongue with this kinde, wherein it faulteth, or following the example of the best and most auncient Poetes, which deuised this kind of wryting, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to trye theyr habilities: and as young birdes, that be newly crept out of the nest, by little first to proue theyr tender wyngs, before they make a greater flyght. So flew Theocritus, as you may perceiue he was all ready full fledged. So flew Virgile, as not yet well feeling his winges. So flew Mantuane, as being not full somd. So Petrarque. So Boccace; So Marot, Sanazarus, and also diuers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, whose foting this Author euery where followeth, yet so as few, but they be wel sented can trace him out. So finally flyeth this our new Poete, as a bird, whose principals be scarce growen out, but yet as that in time shall be hable to keepe wing with the best.

144 corda *Qq 1, 2, F*: *cordā Q 3*: *cordam Qq 4, 5* 147 Authour *Qq 1, 2*: Authors *Qq 3–5, F* 150 Hobbin. *Qq 1, 2*: Hobbin, *Qq 3–5, F* 161 habilities: *Qq 3–5, F*: habilities? *Qq 1, 2* and as *Qq 1–5*: like as *F* 162 little first to proue *Qq 1–4*: little first proue *Q 5*: little and little first prooue *F* 172 yet as that *Qq 1, 2*: yet as one that *Qq 3–5, F*

Now as touching the generall dryft and purpose of hi
Æglogues, I mind not to say much, him selfe labouring t
conceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his vnstayed yougth
had long wandred in the common Labyrinth of Loue
in which time to mitigate and allay the heate of his passion
or els to warne (as he sayth) the young shepheards .s. his
equalls and companions of his vnfortunate folly, he compiled
these xij. Æglogues, which for that they be proportioned
to the state of the xij. monethes, he termeth the SHEP-
HEARDS CALENDAR, applying an olde name to a new
worke. Hereunto haue I added a certain Glosse or scholion
for thexposition of old wordes and harder phrases: which
maner of glosing and commenting, well I wote, wil seeme
straunge and rare in our tongue: yet for somuch as I knew
many excellent and proper deuises both in wordes and matter
would passe in the speedy course of reading, either as vn-
knowen, or as not marked, and that in this kind, as in other
we might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought
good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by
meanes of some familiar acquaintaunce I was made priuie to
his counsell and secret meaning in them, as also in sundry
other works of his. Which albeit I know he nothing so much
hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured
vpon his frendship, him selfe being for long time furre
estraunged, hoping that this will the rather occasion him, to
put forth diuers other excellent works of his, which slepe in
silence, as his Dreames, his Legendes, his Court of Cupide,
and sondry others; whose commendations to set out, were
verye vayne; the thinges though worthy of many, yet being
knowen to few. These my present paynes if to any they
be pleasurable or profitable, be you iudge, mine own good
Maister Haruey, to whom I haue both in respect of your
worthinesse generally, and otherwyse vpon some particular
and special considerations voued this my labour, and the
maydenhead of this our commen frends Poetrie, himselfe
hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble

182 termeth *Qq 1, 2*: termeth it *Qq 3–5, F* 183 applying *Qq 1–4, F*: as plying *Q 5* 204 good Maister Haruey *Q 1*: good M. Haruey *Qq 2–4*: maister Haruey *Q 5, F*

nd worthy Gentleman, the right worshipfull Ma. Phi. 210
idney, a special fauourer and maintainer of all kind of
earning. Whose cause I pray you Sir, yf Enuie shall stur
p any wrongful accusasion, defend with your mighty
Rhetorick and other your rare gifts of learning, as you can,
nd shield with your good wil, as you ought, against the
nalice and outrage of so many enemies, as I know wilbe set
n fire with the sparks of his kindled glory. And thus
ecommending the Author vnto you, as vnto his most special
good frend, and my selfe vnto you both, as one making singuler
ccount of two so very good and so choise frends, I bid you 220
oth most hartely farwel, and commit you and your most
ommendable studies to the tuicion of the greatest.

Your owne assuredly to
be commaunded E. K.

Post scr

NOw I trust M. Haruey, that vpon sight of your speciall frends and fellow Poets doings, or els for enuie of so many vnworthy Quidams, which catch at the garlond, which o you alone is dewe, you will be perswaded to pluck out of the hateful darknesse, those so many excellent English poemes of 230 yours, which lye hid, and bring them forth to eternall light. I trust me you doe both them great wrong, in depriuing hem of the desired sonne, and also your selfe, in smoothering your deserued prayses, and all men generally, in withholding from them so diuine pleasures, which they might conceiue of your gallant English verses, as they haue already doen of your Latine Poemes, which in my opinion both for inuention and Elocution are very delicate, and superexcellent. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good Mayster Haruey. From my lodging at London thys 10. of Aprill. 240 1579.

214 rare *Qq 1–4*: rath *Q 5*, *F* 232 *F omits* both 240 thys 10 *Qq 1–4*: the tenth *Q 5*, *F*

The generall argument of
the whole booke.

Ittle I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first Originall of Æglogues, hauing alreadie touched the same. But for the word Æglogues I know is vnknowen to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they think) I wyl say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes the inuentours of them called Æglogaj as it were *αἴγον* or *αἰγονόμων*. *λόγοι*. that is Gotheards tales. For although in Virgile and others the speakers be more shepheards, then Gotheards, yet Theocritus in whom is more ground of authoritie, then in Virgile, this specially from that deriuing, as from the first head and welspring the whole Inuention of his Æglogues, maketh Gotheards the persons and authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grossenesse of such as by colour of learning would make vs beleeue that they are more rightly termed Eclogai, as they would say, extraordinary discourses of vnnecessarie matter, which difinition albe in substaunce and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the *ἀνάλυσις* and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed Eclogues, but Æglogues. Which sentence this authour very well obseruing, vpon good iudgement, though indeede few Gotheards haue to doe herein, nethelesse doubteth not to cal them by the vsed and best knowen name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserue to greater occasion. These xij. Æclogues euery where answering to the seasons of the twelue monthes may be well

11 Æglogaj *Qq 1, 2*: Æglogas *Qq 3–5, F* *αἴγον, &c. Q 1 alone gives Greek characters for Greek words throughout the volume.* *αἰγονόμων Q 1*: Aeginomon *Qq 2–5, F* 13 more Shepherds, then Goatheards *Q 5, F*: most shepheards, and Gotheards *Qq 1–4* 16 inuention *Qq 2–5, F*: inuericion *Q 1* his *Qq 1–4*: these *Q 5, F* 24 Eclogues, but Æglogues *Qq 1–3*: Eclogæ, Aeglogues *Qq 4, 5, F* 27 nethelesse *Qq 1, 2*: neuerthelesse *Qq 3–5, F*

deuided into three formes or ranckes. For eyther they be Plaintiue, as the first, the sixt, the eleuenth, and the twelfth, or recreatiue, such as al those be, which conceiue matter of loue, or commendation of special personages, or Moral: which for the most part be mixed with some Satyrical bitternesse, namely the second of reuerence dewe to old age, the fift of coloured deceipt, the seuenth and ninth of dissolute shepheards and pastours, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie and pleasaunt wits. And to this diuision may euery thing herein be reasonably applyed: A few onely except, whose speciall purpose and meaning I am not priuie to. And thus much generally of these xij. Æclogues. Now will we speake particularly of all, and first of the first. Which he calleth by the first monethes name Ianuarie: wherein to some he may seeme fowly to haue faulted, in that he erroniously beginneth with that moneth, which beginneth not the yeare. For it is wel known, and stoutely mainteyned with stronge reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March. For then the sonne reneweth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the plesaunce thereof being buried in the sadnesse of the dead winter now worne away, reliueth. This opinion maynteine the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely the reuerend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Saturne, which accoumpt also was generally obserued both of Grecians and Romans. But sauing the leaue of such learned heads, we mayntaine a custome of coumpting the seasons from the moneth Ianuary, vpon a more speciall cause, then the heathen Philosophers euer coulde conceiue, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Sauiour and eternall redeemer the L. Christ, who as then renewing the state of the decayed world, and returning the compasse of expired yeres to theyr former date and first commencement, left to vs his heires a memoriall of his birth in the ende of the last yeere and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our saluation, leaneth also vppon good proofe of special

33 conceiue *Qq 1, 2*: conteine *Qq 3, 4*: containe *Q 5, F* 54 accoumpt *Q 1*: account *Qq 2–5, F* 57 coumpting *Q 1*: counting *Qq 2–5, F* 60 L. Christ *Q 1*: Lorde Christe *Qq 2–5, F*

iudgement. For albeit that in elder times, when as yet the coumpt of the yere was not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Iulius Cæsar, they began to tel the monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the same God (as is sayd in Scripture) comaunded the people of the Iewes to count the moneth Abib, that which we call March, for the first moneth, in remembraunce that in that moneth he brought them out of the land of Ægipt: yet according to tradition of latter times it hath bene otherwise obserued, both in gouernment of the church, and rule of Mightiest Realmes. For from Iulius Cæsar who first obserued the leape yeere which he called Bissextilem Annum, and brought in to a more certain course the odde wandring dayes which of the Greekes were called *ὑπερβαίνοντες*. Of the Romanes intercalares (for in such matter of learning I am forced to vse the termes of the learned) the monethes haue bene nombred xij. which in the first ordinaunce of Romulus were but tenne, counting but CCCiiij. dayes in euery yeare, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, who was the father of al the Romain ceremonies and religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the sonne, nor of the Moone, therevnto added two monethes, Ianuary and February: wherin it seemeth, that wise king minded vpon good reason to begin the yeare at Ianuarie, of him therefore so called tanquam Ianua anni the gate and entraunce of the yere, or of the name of the god Ianus, to which god for that the old Paynims attributed the byrth and beginning of all creatures new comming into the worlde, it seemeth that he therfore to him assigned the beginning and first entraunce of the yeare. Which account for the most part hath hetherto continued. Notwithstanding that the Ægiptians beginne theyr yeare at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbins, and very purpose of the scripture selfe, God made the worlde in that Moneth, that is called of them Tisri. And therefore he commaunded them, to keepe the feast of Pauilions in the end of the yeare, in the xv. day of the seuenth moneth, which before that time was the first.

68 coumpt *Qq 1–4*: count *Q 5*, *F* 72 Abib *F*: Abil *Qq 1–5* 99 selfe *Qq 1, 2*: it selfe *Qq 3–5*, *F*

But our Authour respecting nether the subtiltie of thone
arte, nor the antiquitie of thother, thinketh it fittest
ccording to the simplicitie of commen vnderstanding, to
egin with Ianuarie, wening it perhaps no decorum, that
hepheard should be seene in matter of so deepe insight, or
anuase a case of so doubtful iudgment. So therefore be-
inneth he, and so continueth he throughout.

104–5 thone . . . thother *Q 1*: the one . . . the other *Qq 2–5*, *F*
hepheard *Q 2*: Sepheard *Q 1*: shepheards *Qq 3–5*, *F*

Januarye.

Ægloga prima.

ARGVMENT.

IN this fyrst Æglogue Colin cloute *a shepheardes boy complaineth him of his vnfortunate loue, being but newly* (*as semeth*) *enamoured of a countrie lasse called* Rosalinde: *with which strong affection being very sore traueled, he compareth his carefull case to the sadde season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frosen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke. And lastlye, fynding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, hee breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground.*

COLIN CLOVTE.

A Shepeheards boye (no better doe him call)
when Winters wastful spight was almost spent,
All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent.
So faynt they woxe, and feeble in the folde,
That now vnnethes their feete could them [vphold.

All as the Sheepe, such was the shepeheards looke,
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while,)

ARG. 1 *him Qq 1, 2: himselfe Qq 3–5, F* 2 *as semeth Qq 1–4: as it seemeth Q 5, F* 6 *delights Q 1: delight Qq 2–5, F*

May seeme he lovd, or els some care he tooke:
Well couth he tune his pipe, and frame his stile.
Tho to a hill his faynting flocke he ledde,
And thus him playnd, the while his shepe there fedde.

Ye Gods of loue, that pitie louers payne,
(If any gods the paine of louers pitie:)
Looke from aboue, where you in ioyes remaine,
And bowe your eares vnto my dolefull dittie.
And *Pan* thou shepheards God, that once didst loue,
Pitie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst proue.

Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a myrrhour, to behold my plight:
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted
Thy sommer prowde with Daffadillies dight.
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedst late.

Such rage as winters, reigneth in my heart,
My life bloud friesing with vnkindly cold:
Such stormy stoures do breede my balefull smart,
As if my yeare were wast, and woxen old.
And yet alas, but now my spring begonne,
And yet alas, yt is already donne.

You naked trees, whose shady leaues are lost,
Wherein the byrds were wont to build their bowre:
And now are clothd with mosse and hoary frost,
Instede of bloosmes, wherwith your buds did flowre:
I see your teares, that from your boughes doe raine,
Whose drops in drery ysicles remaine.

All so my lustfull leafe is drye and sere,
My timely buds with wayling all are wasted:
The blossome, which my braunch of youth did beare,
With breathed sighes is blowne away, and blasted
And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,
As on your boughes the ysicles depend.

17 didst *Qq 1–4*: did *Q 5*, *F* 27 stoures *Qq 1–3*, *F*: stourdes *Qq 4*, *5*
28 yeare *Qq 1–4*: yeares *Q 5*, *F* 29, 30 yet alas, *Qq 1–4*: yet, alas, *Q 5*, *F*
34 bloosmes *Q 1*: blosomes *Q 2*: blossomes *Qq 3–5*, *F* 37 All so
Qq 1–3: Also *Qq 4*, *5*, *F*

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weake through fast and euill fare:
Mayst witnesse well by thy ill gouernement,
Thy maysters mind is ouercome with care.
Thou weake, I wanne: thou leane, I quite forlorne:
With mourning pyne I, you with pyning mourne.

A thousand sithes I curse that carefull hower,
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see:
And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure,
Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight, as shee.
Yet all for naught: such sight hath bred my bane.
Ah God, that loue should breede both ioy and payne.

It is not *Hobbinol*, wherefore I plaine,
Albee my loue he seeke with dayly suit:
His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdaine,
His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.
Ah foolish *Hobbinol*, thy gyfts bene vayne:
Colin them giues to *Rosalind* againe.

I loue thilke lasse, (alas why doe I loue?)
And am forlorne, (alas why am I lorne?)
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reproue,
And of my rurall musick holdeth scorne.
Shepheards deuise she hateth as the snake,
And laughes the songes, that *Colin Clout* doth make.

Wherefore my pype, albee rude *Pan* thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not, where most I would:
And thou vnlucky Muse, that wontst to ease
My musing mynd, yet canst not, when thou should:
Both pype and Muse, shall sore the while abye.
So broke his oaten pype, and downe dyd lye.

By that, the welked *Phœbus* gan availe,
His weary waine, and nowe the frosty *Night*
Her mantle black through heauen gan ouerhaile.
Which seene, the pensife boy halfe in despight

49, 51 sithes *Qq 1–3*, *F*: sighes *Qq 4, 5* 49 hower, *Qq 2–5*, *F*: hower. *Q 1*

Arose, and homeward droue his sonned sheepe,
Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to weepe.

Colins Embleme.

Anchôra speme.

GLOSSE.

COLIN CLOVTE) is a name not greatly vsed, and yet haue I sene a Poesie of M. Skeltons vnder that title. But indeede the word Colin is Frenche, and vsed of the French Poete Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a Poete) in a certein Æglogue. Vnder which name this Poete secretly shadoweth himself, as sometime did Virgil vnder the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter, then such Latine names, for the great vnlikelyhoode of the language.

nnethes) scarcely.

outhe) commeth of the verbe Conne, that is, to know or to haue skill. As well interpreteth the same the worthy Sir Tho. Smith in his booke of gouerment: wherof I haue a perfect copie in wryting, lent me by his kinseman, and my verye singular good freend, M. Gabriel Haruey: as also of some other his most graue and excellent wrytings.

ythe) time. Neighbour towne) the next towne: expressing the Latine Vicina.

toure) a fitt. Sere) withered.

His clownish gyfts) imitateth Virgils verse,
Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbinol) is a fained country name, whereby, it being so commune and vsuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very speciall and most familiar freend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloued, as peraduenture shall be more largely declared hereafter. In thys place seemeth to be some sauour of disorderly loue, which the learned call pæderastice: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For who that hath red Plato his dialogue called Alcybiades, Xenophon and Maximus Tyrius of Socrates opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is muche to be alowed and liked of, specially so meant, as Socrates vsed it: who sayth, that in deede he loued Alcybiades extremely, yet not Alcybiades person, but hys soule, which is Alcybiades owne selfe. And so is pæderastice much to be præferred before gynerastice, that is the loue whiche enflameth men with lust toward woman kind. But yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand with Lucian or hys deuelish disciple Vnico Aretino, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes of forbidden and vnlawful fleshlinesse. Whose abominable errour is fully confuted of Perionius, and others.

loue) a prety Epanorthosis in these two verses, and withall a Paronomasia or playing with the word, where he sayth (I loue thilke lasse (alas &c.

77 sonned *Q 1*: sunned *Qq 2–5, F* 84 of the name *Qq 1–4*: the ame *Q 5, F* 107 *Q 5, F omit* muche 116 Epanorthosis *Qq 3, F*: Eponorihosis *Qq 4, 5*

Rosalinde) is also a feigned name, which being wel ordered, wil bewray the very name of hys loue and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth. So as Ouide shadoweth hys loue vnder the name of Corynna, which of some is supposed to be Iulia, themperor Augustus his daughter, and wyfe to Agryppa. So doth Aruntius Stella euery where call his Lady Asteris and Ianthis, albe it is wel knowen that her right name was Violantilla: as witnesseth Statius in his Epithalamium. And so the famous Paragone of Italy, Madonna Cœlia in her letters enuelopeth her selfe vnder the name of Zima: and Petrona vnder the name of Bellochia. And this generally hath bene a common custome of counterfeicting the names of secre Personages.

Auail) bring downe.

Embleme.

Ouerhaile) drawe ouer.

His Embleme or Poesye is here vnder added in Italian, Anchóra speme: the meaning wherof is, that notwithstande his extreme passion and luckless loue, yet leaning on hope, he is some what recomforted.

Februarie.

Ægloga Secunda.

ARGVMENT.

THis Ægloque is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secrete o particular purpose. It specially conteyneth a discourse of old age, in th persone of Thenot *an olde Shepheard, who for his crookednesse and vnlustinesse is scorned of* Cuddie *an vnhappy Heardmans boye. The matter very we*

132 Poesye *Q 1*: Poesie *Qq 2–4*: Posie *Q 5*, *F* 133 notwithstand *Qq 1, 2*: notwithstanding *Qq 3–5*, *F*

accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now drouping, and as it were, drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeare, so then in our bodies there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and frieseth the wetherbeaten flesh, with stormes of Fortune, and hoare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, so liuely and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

CVDDIE.

AH for pittie, wil rancke Winters rage,
These bitter blasts neuer ginne tasswage?
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
All as I were through the body gryde.
My ragged rontes all shiver and shake,
As doen high Towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wagge their wrigle tailes,
Perke as Peacock: but nowe it auales.

THENOT.

Lewdly complainest thou laesie ladde,
Of Winters wracke, for making thee sadde.
Must not the world wend in his commun course
From good to badd, and from badde to worse,
From worse vnto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,
Where will he liue tyll the lusty prime?
Selfe haue I worne out thrise threttie yeares,
Some in much ioy, many in many teares:
Yet neuer complained of cold nor heate,
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat:
Ne euer was to Fortune foeman,
But gently tooke, that vngently came.
And euer my flocke was my chiefe care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

CVDDIE.

No marueile *Thenot*, if thou can beare
Cherefully the Winters wrathfull cheare:

6 doen *Qq 1–4*: done *Q 5*, *F* 8 Perke as Peacock *Q 1*: Perke a Peacocke *Q 2*: Pearke as a Peacocke *Qq 3–5*, *F* 17 threttie *Q 1*: thirtie *Qq 2–5*, *F* 21 Ne euer *Qq 1–4*: Ne neuer *Q 5*, *F*

For Age and Winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrye.
And as the lowring Wether lookes downe,
So semest thou like good fryday to frowne.
But my flowring youth is foe to frost,
My shippe vnwont in stormes to be tost.

THENOT.

The soueraigne of seas he blames in vaine,
That once seabeate, will to sea againe.
So loytring liue you little heardgroomes,
Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes:
And when the shining sunne laugheth once,
You deemen, the Spring is come attonce.
Tho gynne you, fond flyes, the cold to scorne,
And crowing in pypes made of greene corne,
You thinken to be Lords of the yeare.
But eft, when ye count you freed from feare,
Comes the breme winter with chamfred browes,
Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes:
Drerily shooting his stormy darte,
Which cruddles the blood, and pricks the harte.
Then is your carelesse corage accoied,
Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied.
Then paye you the price of your surquedrie,
With weeping, and wayling, and misery.

CVDDIE.

Ah foolish old man, I scorne thy skill,
That wouldest me, my springing youngth to spil.
I deeme, thy braine emperished bee
Through rusty elde, that hath rotted thee:
Or sicker thy head veray tottie is,
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,
Als my budding braunch thou wouldest cropp:

38 attonce *Qq 1–4*: at once *Q 5*, *F* 40 corne, *Q 1*, *F*: corne: *Q 2*: corne. *Qq 3–5* 42 feare, *Qq 1, 4*, *F*: feare. *Qq 2, 3, 5* 48 bene annoied *Qq 1, 2*: be annoyed *Qq 3–5*, *F* 52 youngth *Q 1*: youth *Qq 2–5*, *F*

But were thy yeares greene, as now bene myne,
To other delights they would encline.
Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of Loue,
And hery with hymnes thy lasses gloue.
Tho wouldest thou pype of *Phyllis* prayse:
But *Phyllis* is myne for many dayes:
I wonne her with a gyrdle of gelt,
Embost with buegle about the belt.
Such an one shepeheards woulde make full faine:
Such an one would make thee younge againe.

THENOT.

Thou art a fon, of thy loue to boste,
All that is lent to loue, wyll be lost.

CVDDIE.

Seest, howe brag yond Bullocke beares,
So smirke, so smoothe, his pricked eares?
His hornes bene as broade, as Rainebowe bent,
His dewelap as lythe, as lasse of Kent.
See howe he venteth into the wynd.
Weenest of loue is not his mynd?
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
So lustlesse bene they, so weake so wan,
Clothed with cold, and hoary wyth frost.
Thy flocks father his corage hath lost:
Thy Ewes, that wont to haue blowen bags,
Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags:
The rather Lambes bene starued with cold,
All for their Maister is lustlesse and old.

THENOT.

Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,
So vainely taduaunce thy headlesse hood.
For Youngth is a bubble blown vp with breath,
Whose witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wildernesse, whose ynne Penaunce,
And stoopegallaunt Age the hoste of Greeuaunce.

81 blowen *Qq 1, 2*: blowne *Qq 3–5, F* 86 taduaunce *Qq 1, 2*: to
luance *Qq 3–5, F* 87 Youngth *Qq 1, 2*: ynough *Qq 3–5*: youth *F*

But shall I tel thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of *Tityrus* in my youth,
Keeping his sheepe on the hils of Kent?

CVDDIE.

To nought more *Thenot*, my mind is bent,
Then to heare nouells of his deuise:
They bene so well thewed, and so wise,
What euer that good old man bespake.

THENOT.

Many meete tales of youth did he make,
And some of loue, and some of cheualrie:
But none fitter then this to applie.
Now listen a while, and hearken the end.

THere grewe an aged Tree on the greene,
A goodly Oake sometime had it bene,
With armes full strong and largely displayd,
But of their leaues they were disarayde:
The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wonderous hight:
Whilome had bene the King of the field,
And mochell mast to the husband did yielde,
And with his nuts larded many swine.
But now the gray mosse marred his rine,
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His toppe was bald, and wasted with wormes,
His honor decayed, his braunches sere.
Hard by his side grewe a bragging brere,
Which proudly thrust into Thelement,
And seemed to threat the Firmament.
Yt was embellisht with blossomes fayre,
And thereto aye wonned to repayre
The shepheards daughters, to gather flowres,
To peinct their girlonds with his colowres.
And in his small bushes vsed to shrowde
The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde:

92 *Tityrus Qq 1–4*: Tytirus *Q 5*, *F* 107 wonderous *Qq 1–4* wondrous *Q 5*, *F*

Which made this foolish Brere wexe so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold,
And snebbe the good Oake, for he was old.
Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish blocke?
Nor for fruict, nor for shadowe serues thy stocke:
Seest, how fresh my flowers bene spredde,
Dyed in Lilly white, and Cremsin redde,
With Leaues engrained in lusty greene,
Colours meete to clothe a mayden Queene.
Thy wast bignes but combers the grownd,
And dirks the beauty of my blossomes rownd.
The mouldie mosse, which thee accloieth,
My Sinamon smell too much annoieth.
Wherefore soone I rede thee, hence remoue,
Least thou the price of my displeasure proue.
So spake this bold brere with great disdaine:
Little him answered the Oake againe,
But yielded, with shame and greefe adawed,
That of a weede he was ouercrawed.
Yt chaunced after vpon a day,
The Hus-bandman selfe to come that way,
Of custome for to seruewe his grownd,
And his trees of state in compasse rownd.
Him when the spitefull brere had espyed,
Causlesse complained, and lowdly cryed
Vnto his Lord, stirring vp sterne strife:
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
Pleaseth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,
Caused of wrong, and cruell constraint,
Which I your poore Vassall dayly endure:
And but your goodnes the same recure,
Am like for desperate doole to dye,
Through felonous force of mine enemie.
Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the goodman on the lea,

127 quoth he *Q 1, F*: quoth *Qq 2–5* 130 Cremsin *Qq 1–4*: Crimsin *Q 5, F* 137 Wherefore I rede thee hence to remoue *F* 142 ouercrawed *Qq 3–5, F*: ouerawed *Qq 1, 2* 144 Hus-bandman *Qq 1–4*: husbandmans *Q 5, F* 145 for to *Qq 1–4*: to *Q 5, F* 151 ponder *Qq 1–3*: pond *Qq 4, 5, F* 152 constraint *Qq 1–5*: complaint *F*

And badde the Brere in his plaint proceede.
With painted words tho gan this proude weede,
(As most vsen Ambitious folke:)
His colowred crime with craft to cloke.
Ah my soueraigne, Lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land,
With flowring blossomes, to furnish the prime,
And scarlot berries in Sommer time?
How falls it then, that this faded Oake,
Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke,
Whose naked Armes stretch vnto the fyre,
Vnto such tyrannie doth aspire;
Hindering with his shade my louely light,
And robbing me of the swete sonnes sight?
So beate his old boughes my tender side,
That oft the bloud springeth from woundes wyde:
Vntimely my flowres forced to fall,
That bene the honor of your Coronall.
And oft he lets his cancker wormes light
Vpon my braunches, to worke me more spight:
And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
Where with my fresh flowretts bene defast.
For this, and many more such outrage,
Crauing your goodlihead to aswage
The ranckorous rigour of his might,
Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right:
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be garded from greeuance.
To this the Oake cast him to replie
Well as he couth: but his enemie
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,

166 land, *Q 1*: land. *Qq 2–5, F* 168 scarlot *Qq 1, 2*: scarlet *Qq 3, 4*: skarlet *Q 5, F* 173 Hindering *Qq 1–4*: Hindring *Q 5, F* 176 woundes *Qq 2–4*: wounds *Qq 1, 5, F* 181 oft *Q 1, F*: of *Qq 2–5* 182 flowretts *Q 1*: flowrets *Qq 2–4*: Florets *Q 5, F* 184 goodlihead *Q 1*: goodlyhead *Qq 2, 3, F*: goodly head *Qq 4, 5* 189 this the *Q 1*: this this *Qq 2, 3*: this, this *Qq 4, 5, F*

That the good man noulde stay his leasure,
But home him hasted with furious heate,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threate.
His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas, that it so ready should stand)
And to the field alone he speedeth.
(Ay little helpe to harme there needeth)
Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee:
But to the roote bent his sturdy stroke,
And made many wounds in the wast Oake.
The Axes edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe vnwilling to cutte the graine:
Semed, the sencelesse yron dyd feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbeare.
For it had bene an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a mysteree,
And often crost with the priestes crewe,
And often halowed with holy water dewe.
But sike fancies weren foolerie,
And broughten this Oake to this miserye.
For nought mought they quitten him from decay:
For fiercely the good man at him did laye.
The blocke oft groned vnder the blow,
And sighed to see his neare ouerthrow.
In fine the steele had pierced his pitth,
Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith:
His wonderous weight made the grounde to quake,
Thearth shronke vnder him, and seemed to shake.
There lyeth the Oake, pitied of none.
Now stands the Brere like a Lord alone,
Puffed vp with pryde and vaine pleasaunce:
But all this glee had no continuaunce.
For eftsones Winter gan to approche,
The blustring Boreas did encroche,

193–4 heate, threate. *Qq 1–3*: heate. threate, *Qq 4, 5, F* 209 riestes *Qq 1–3*: priests *Qq 4, 5, F* 218 earth *Qq 1–5*: ground *F* 26 blustring *Qq 1–4*: blustering *Q 5, F*

And beate vpon the solitarie Brere:
For nowe no succoure was seene him nere.
Now gan he repent his pryde to late:
For naked left and disconsolate,
The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,
The watrie wette weighed downe his head,
And heaped snowe burdned him so sore,
That nowe vpright he can stand no more:
And being downe, is trodde in the durt
Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
Such was thend of this Ambitious brere,
For scorning Eld

CVDDIE.

Now I pray thee shepheard, tel it not forth:
Here is a long tale, and little worth.
So longe haue I listened to thy speche,
That graffed to the ground is my breche:
My hartblood is welnigh frorne I feele,
And my galage growne fast to my heele:
But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted.
Hye thee home shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

Thenots Embleme.

Iddio perche è vecchio,
Fa suoi al suo essempio.

Cuddies Embleme.

Niuno vecchio,
Spaventa Iddio.

GLOSSE.

Kene) sharpe.
Gride) perced: an olde word much vsed of Lidgate, but not found (that know of) in Chaucer. Ronts) young bullockes.
Wracke) ruine or Violence, whence commeth shipwracke: and not wreake that is vengeaunce or wrath.
Foeman) a foe.
Thenot) the name of a shepheard in Marot his Æglogues.

228 was seene *Qq 1–4*: was *Q 5*, *F* 229–30 late: For . . . disconsolate, *Qq 1–3*: late: Yor . . . disconsolate, *Q 4*: late, Yore . . . disconsolate. *Q 5*, *F*

The soueraigne of Seas) is Neptune the God of the seas. The saying is borowed of Mimus Publianus, which vsed this prouerb in a verse.
Improbè Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.
Heardgromes) Chaucers verse almost whole.
Fond Flyes) He compareth carelesse sluggardes or ill husbandmen to flyes, that so soone as the sunne shineth, or yt wexeth any thing warme, begin to flye abroade, when sodeinly they be ouertaken with cold.
But eft when) A verye excellent and liuely description of Winter, so as may bee indifferently taken, eyther for old Age, or for Winter season.
Breme) chill, bitter. Chamfred) chapt, or wrinckled.
Accoied) plucked downe and daunted. Surquedrie) pryde.
Elde) olde age. Sicker) sure. Tottie) wauering.
Corbe) crooked. Herie) worshippe.
Phyllis) the name of some mayde vnknowen, whom Cuddie, whose person is secrete, loued. The name is vsuall in Theocritus, Virgile, and Mantuane.
Belte) a girdle or wast band. A fon) a foole. lythe) soft and gentile.
Venteth) snuffeth in the wind. Thy flocks Father) the Ramme. Crags) neckes.
Rather Lambes) that be ewed early in the beginning of the yeare.
Youth is) A verye moral and pitthy Allegorie of youth, and the lustes thereof, compared to a wearie wayfaring man.
Tityrus) I suppose he meane Chaucer, whose prayse for pleasaunt tales cannot dye, so long as the memorie of hys name shal liue, and the name of Poetrie shal endure.
Well thewed) that is, Bene moratæ, full of morall wisenesse.
There grew) This tale of the Oake and the Brere, he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to Æsopes fables. It is very excellente for pleasaunt descriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon or Hypotyposis of disdainfull younkers.
Embellisht) beautified and adorned. To wonne) to haunt or frequent. Sneb) checke.
Why standst) The speach is scorneful and very presumptuous. Engrained) dyed in grain.
Accloieth) encombreth. Adawed) daunted and confounded.
Trees of state) taller trees fitte for timber wood. Sterne strife) said Chaucer .s. fell and sturdy. O my liege) A maner of supplication, wherein is kindly coloured the affection and speache of Ambitious men.
Coronall) Garlande. Flourets) young blossomes.
The Primrose) The chiefe and worthiest.
Naked armes) metaphorically ment of the bare boughes, spoyled of leaues. This colourably he speaketh, as adiudging hym to the fyre.
The blood) spoken of a blocke, as it were of a liuing creature, figuratiuely, and (as they saye) *κατ' εἰκασμόν.*
Hoarie lockes) metaphorically for withered leaues.
Hent) caught. Nould) for would not. Ay) euermore. Wounds) gashes.
Enaunter) least that.

282 meane *Qq 1–5*: meanes *F* 285 moratæ *Qq 1–3*: morata *Qq 4, 5, F* 294 encombreth *Q 1*: accombreth *Qq 2–5, F* 303 *κατ' εἰκασμόν* *Q 1*: kat' eikasmon *Q 2*: kat' etkasmon *Qq 3–5*: kat' exochen *F*

The priestes crewe) holy water pott, wherewith the popishe priest vsed to sprinckle and hallowe the trees from mischaunce. Such blindnesse was in those times, which the Poete supposeth, to haue bene the finall decay of this auncient Oake.

The blocke oft groned) A liuelye figure, whiche geueth sence and feeling to vnsensible creatures, as Virgile also sayeth: Saxa gemunt grauido &c.

Boreas) The Northerne wynd, that bringeth the moste stormie weather.

Glee) chere and iollitie.

For scorning Eld) And minding (as shoulde seme) to haue made ryme to the former verse, he is conningly cutte of by Cuddye, as disdayning to here any more.

Galage) a startuppe or clownish shoe.

Embleme.

This embleme is spoken of Thenot, as a moral of his former tale: namelye, that God, which is himselfe most aged, being before al ages, and without beginninge, maketh those, whom he loueth like to himselfe, in heaping yeares vnto theyre dayes, and blessing them wyth longe lyfe. For the blessing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto those, whome God will so blesse: and albeit that many euil men reache vnto such fulnesse of yeares, and some also wexe olde in myserie and thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the lesse blessing. For euen to such euill men such number of yeares is added, that they may in their last dayes repent, and come to their first home. So the old man checketh the rashheaded boy, for despysing his gray and frostye heares.

Whom Cuddye doth counterbuff with a byting and bitter prouerbe, spoken indeede at the first in contempt of old age generally. For it was an old opinion, and yet is continued in some mens conceipt, that men of yeares haue no feare of god at al, or not so much as younger folke. For that being rypened with long experience, and hauing passed many bitter brunts and blastes of vengeaunce, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrathe of Gods, nor daunger of menne, as being eyther by longe and ripe wisedome armed against all mischaunces and aduersitie, or with much trouble hardened against all troublesome tydes: lyke vnto the Ape, of which is sayd in Æsops fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lyon, he was at first sore aghast and dismayed at the grimnes and austeritie of hys countenance, but at last being acquainted with his lookes, he was so furre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and iest with him: Suche longe experience breedeth in some men securitie. Although it please Erasimus a great clerke and good old father, more fatherly and fauourablye to construe it in his Adages for his own behoofe, That by the prouerbe Nemo Senex metuit Iouem, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at al, but that they be furre from superstition and Idolatrous regard of false Gods, as is Iupiter. But his greate learning notwithstanding, it is to plaine, to be gainsayd, that olde men are muche more enclined to such fond fooleries, then younger heades.

316–17 he is . . . more *Qq 1–3*: *om. Qq 4, 5, F* 329 rashheaded *Qq 1, 2*: raw-headed *Qq 3–5, F* 337 Gods *Qq 1–4*: God *Q 5, F* 338 aduersitie *Qq 1–4*: aduersities *Q 5* 343 iest with him *Qq 1–4*: ieast at him *Q 5, F*

Ægloga Tertia.

ARGVMENT.

IN this Æglogue two shepheards boyes taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of loue and other plesaunce, which to springtime is most greeable. The speciall meaning hereof is, to giue certaine markes and tokens, to now Cupide the Poets God of Loue. But more particularlye I thinke, in the rson of Thomalin is meant some secrete freend, who scorned Loue and his ights so long, till at length him selfe was entangled, and vnwares wounded with e dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupides arrowe.

WILLYE. THOMALIN.

THomalin, why sytten we soe,
As weren ouerwent with woe,
Vpon so fayre a morow?
The ioyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall alegge this bitter blast,
And slake the winters sorowe.

THOMALIN.

Sicker Willye, thou warnest well:
For Winters wrath beginnes to quell,

ARG. 3 *hereof is, Qq 1, 2: hereof is Qq 3, 4: hereof, is Q 5, F* weren *Qq 1–3, F*: were *Qq 4, 5* 4 nigheth *F*: nighest *Qq 1–5* 6 inters *Q 1*: winter *Qq 2–5, F*

And pleasant spring appeareth.
The grasse nowe ginnes to be refresht,
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

WILLYE.

Seest not thilke same Hawthorne studde,
How bragly it beginnes to budde,
And vtter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make ready *Maias* bowre,
That newe is vpryst from bedde.
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to wexe light,
That scornefully lookes askaunce,
Tho will we little Loue awake,
That nowe sleepeth in *Lethe* lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

THOMALIN.

Willye, I wene thou bee assott:
For lustie Loue still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

WILLYE.

How kenst thou, that he is awoke?
Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke?
Or made preuie to the same?

THOMALIN.

No, but happely I hym spyde,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With winges of purple and blewe.
And were not, that my sheepe would stray,
The preuie marks I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knewe.

21 askaunce, *Qq 1, 2*: askaunce: *Qq 3–5, F* 30, 35 preuie *Q 1*: priuie *Qq 2–5, F* 31 happely *Qq 1, 2*: happily *Qq 3, 5, F*

WILLYE.

Thomalin, haue no care for thy,
My selfe will haue a double eye,
Ylike to my flocke and thine:
For als at home I haue a syre,
A stepdame eke as whott as fyre,
That dewly adayes counts mine.

THOMALIN.

Nay, but thy seeing will not serue,
My sheepe for that may chaunce to swerue,
And fall into some mischiefe.
For sithens is but the third morowe,
That I chaunst to fall a sleepe with sorowe,
And waked againe with griefe:
The while thilke same vnhappye Ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,
Fell headlong into a dell.
And there vnioynted both her bones:
Mought her necke bene ioynted attones,
She shoulde haue neede no more spell.
Thelf was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good)
She mought ne gang on the greene.

WILLYE.

Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let be forecast.
Now tell vs, what thou hast seene.

THOMALIN.

It was vpon a holiday,
When shepheardes groomes han leaue to playe,
I cast to goe a shooting.
Long wandring vp and downe the land,
With bowe and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooting:

40 als *Qq 1, 5, F*: alas *Qq 2–4* 41 whott *Qq 1, 2*: hote *Qq 3–5, F*
2 dewly *Qq 1–4*: duly *Q 5, F* 55 Thelf *Q 1*: Thelfe *Qq 2–4*: Th'elfe
5, *F* 57 greene. *Qq 3–5, F*: greene, *Qq 1, 2* 60 vs, *Qq 1–4*:
Q 5, *F* seene. *Qq 1–3, F*: seene, *Qq 4, 5* 63 cast *Qq 1, 2, F*:
st *Qq 3–5*

At length within an Yuie todde
(There shrouded was the little God) ○
I heard a busie bustling.
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listening if any thing did rushe,
But then heard no more rustling.
Tho peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the mouing of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not:
But were it faerie, feend, or snake, ○
My courage earnd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shotte.
With that sprong forth a naked swayne,
With spotted winges like Peacocks trayne,
And laughing lope to a tree.
His gylden quiuer at his backe,
And siluer bowe, which was but slacke,
Which lightly he bent at me.
That seeing, I leuelde againe,
And shott at him with might and maine,
As thicke, as it had hayled.
So long I shott, that al was spent:
Tho pumie stones I hastly hent,
And threwe: but nought availed:
He was so wimble, and so wight,
From bough to bough he lepped light,
And oft the pumies latched.
Therewith affrayd I ranne away:
But he, that earst seemd but to playe,
A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running in the heele:
For then I little smart did feele:
But soone it sore encreased.
And now it ranckleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth sore, ○
Ne wote I, how to cease it.

67 an *Qq 1, 2*: the *Qq 3–5, F* 85 seeing, I *Q 5, F*: seeing I, *Qq 1–4* 89 hastly *Qq 1–4*: hastely *Q 5, F* hent, *Qq 1–3, F*: hent: *Qq 4, 5* 92 lepped *Qq 1–4*: leaped *Q 5, F*

WILLYE.

Thomalin, I pittie thy plight.
Perdie with loue thou diddest fight:
I know him by a token.
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught vpon a day,
(Whereof he wilbe wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion Crowes had set,
That in our Peeretree haunted.
Tho sayd, he was a winged lad,
But bowe and shafts as then none had:
Els had he sore be daunted.
But see the Welkin thicks apace,
And stouping *Phebus* steepes his face:
Yts time to hast vs homeward.

Willyes Embleme.

To be wise and eke to loue,
Is graunted scarce to God aboue.

Thomalins Embleme.

Of Hony and of Gaule in loue there is store:
The Honye is much, but the Gaule is more.

GLOSS.

HIS Æglogue seemeth somewhat to resemble that same of Theocritus, wherein the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shot at a winged boy in a tree, was by hym warned, to beware of mischiefe to come.

uer went) ouergone.

ɔ quell) to abate.

Alegge) to lessen or aswage.

Welkin) the skie.

he swallow) which bird vseth to be counted the messenger, and as it were, the fore runner of springe.

ora) the Goddesse of flowres, but indede (as saith Tacitus) a famous harlot, which with the abuse of her body hauing gotten great riches, made the people of Rome her heyre: who in remembraunce of so great beneficence, appointed a yearely feste for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some doe think, Andronica, but Flora: making her the Goddesse of all floures, and doing yerely to her solemne sacrifice.

aias bowre) that is the pleasaunt fielde, or rather the Maye bushes. Maia is a Goddes and the mother of Mercurie, in honour of whome the moneth of Maye is of her name so called, as sayth Macrobius.

116 *Phebus Q 1*: *Phœbus Qq 2–5, F*

Lettice) the name of some country lasse.

Ascaunce) askewe or asquint. For thy) therefore.

Lethe) is a lake in hell, which the Poetes call the lake of forgetfulnes. Fo Lethe signifieth forgetfulnes. Wherein the soules being dipped, did forge the cares of their former lyfe. So that by loue sleeping in Lethe lake, h meaneth he was almost forgotten and out of knowledge, by reason c winters hardnesse, when al pleasures, as it were, sleepe and weare oute c mynde.

Assotte) to dote.

His slomber) To breake Loues slomber, is to exercise the delightes of Lou and wanton pleasures.

Winges of purple) so is he feyned of the Poetes.

For als) he imitateth Virgils verse.

Est mihi namque domi pater, est iniusta nouerca &c.

A dell) a hole in the ground.

Spell) is a kinde of verse or charme, that in elder tymes they vsed often t say ouer euery thing, that they would haue preserued, as the Nightspel fo theeues, and the woodspell. And herehence I thinke is named the gospell as it were Gods spell or worde. And so sayth Chaucer, Listenetl Lordings to my spell.

Gange) goe. An Yuie todde) a thicke bushe.

Swaine) a boye: For so is he described of the Poetes, to be a boye .s. alwaye freshe and lustie: blindfolded, because he maketh no difference of Person ages: wyth diuers coloured winges, .s. ful of flying fancies: with bow and arrow, that is with glaunce of beautye, which prycketh as a forke arrowe. He is sayd also to haue shafts, some leaden, some golden: tha is, both pleasure for the gracious and loued, and sorow for the louer that i disdayned or forsaken. But who liste more at large to behold Cupid colours and furniture, let him reade ether Propertius, or Moschus hi Idyllion of wandring loue, being now most excellently translated int Latine by the singuler learned man Angelus Politianus: whych work I haue seene amongst other of thys Poets doings, very wel translated als into Englishe Rymes.

Wimble and wighte) Quicke and deliuer.

In the heele) is very Poetically spoken, and not without speciall iudgement For I remember, that in Homer it is sayd of Thetis, that shee tooke he young babe Achilles being newely borne, and holding him by the heele dipped him in the Riuer of Styx. The vertue whereof is, to defend an keepe the bodyes washed therein from any mortall wound. So Achille being washed al ouer, saue onely his hele, by which his mother held, was i the rest invulnerable: therfore by Paris was feyned to bee shotte wit a poysoned arrowe in the heele, whiles he was busie about the marying o

145 by loue sleeping *Qq 1, 2*: by our sleeping *Qq 3, 4*: by sleeping *Q 5, F*
147 pleasures, *Q 5, F*: pleasures *Qq 1–4* 150 is to exercise *Qq 1, 2*: to exercise *Qq 3–5, F* 158–9 gospell, as it were *Qq 1, 2*: *Qq 3–5, F omit*
170 wandring *Qq 1–3*: wingdring *Q 4*: winged *Q 5, F*

Polyxena in the temple of Apollo. Which mysticall fable Eustathius vnfolding, sayth: that by wounding in the hele, is meant lustfull loue. For from the heele (as say the best Phisitions) to the preuie partes there passe certaine veines and slender synnewes, as also the like come from the head, and are carryed lyke little pypes behynd the eares: so that (as sayth Hipocrates) yf those veynes there be cut a sonder, the partie straighte becommeth cold and vnfruiteful. Which reason our Poete wel weighing, maketh this shepheards boye of purpose to be wounded by Loue in the heele.

.atched) caught. Wroken) reuenged.

'or once) In this tale is sette out the simplicitye of shepheards opinion of Loue.

touping Phæbus) Is a Periphrasis of the sunne setting.

Embleme.

Iereby is meant, that all the delights of Loue, wherein wanton youth walloweth, be but follye mixt with bitternesse, and sorow sawced with repentaunce. For besides that the very affection of Loue it selfe tormenteth the mynde, and vexeth the body many wayes, with vnrestfulnesse all night, and wearines all day, seeking for that we can not haue, and fynding that we would not haue: euen the selfe things which best before vs lyked, in course of time and chaung of ryper yeares, whiche also therewithall chaungeth our wonted lyking and former fantasies, will then seeme lothsome and breede vs annoyaunce, when yougthes flowre is withered, and we fynde our bodyes and wits aunswere not to suche vayne iollitie and lustfull pleasaunce.

190 *F omits* by Loue 205 yougthes *Q 1*: youthes *Qq 2–4*: youths *5*, *F*

Ægloga Quarta.

ARGVMENT.

THis Æglogue is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our mos. gracious souereigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinol and Thenott, two shepheardes: the which Hobbinoll being before mentioned greatly to haue loued Colin, is here set forth more largely, complayning him of tha. boyes great misaduenture in Loue, whereby his mynd was alienate and with drawen not onely from him, who moste loued him, but also from all former delighte. and studies, aswell in pleasaunt pyping, as conning ryming and singing, and othe his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for proofe of his mor excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a songe, which the sayd Colin sometim made in honor of her Maiestie, whom abruptely he termeth Elysa.

THENOT. HOBBINOLL.

TEll me good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete?
What? hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes ytorne?
Or is thy Bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete?
Or art thou of thy loued lasse forlorne?

Or bene thine eyes attempred to the yeare,
Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne?
Like April shoure, so stremes the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, to quenche thy thriftye payne.

ARG. 2 *herein Qq 1–4*: *hereof Q 5, F* 5 *alienate Qq 1–4*: *alienated Q 5, F*

HOBBINOLL.

Nor thys, nor that, so muche doeth make me mourne,
But for the ladde, whome long I lovd so deare,
Nowe loues a lasse, that all his loue doth scorne:
He plongd in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forsweare,
Hys pleasaunt Pipe, whych made vs meriment,
He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

THENOT.

What is he for a Ladde, you so lament?
Ys loue such pinching payne to them, that proue?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to brydle loue?

HOBBINOLL.

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepheardes boye:
Him Loue hath wounded with a deadly darte.
Whilome on him was all my care and ioye,
Forcing with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me hys madding mynd is starte,
And woes the Widdowes daughter of the glenne:
So nowe fayre *Rosalind* hath bredde hys smart,
So now his frend is chaunged for a frenne.

THENOT.

But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,
I pray thee *Hobbinoll*, recorde some one:
The whiles our flockes doe graze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

HOBBINOL.

Contented I: then will I singe his laye
Of fayre *Eliza*, Queene of shepheardes all:
Which once he made, as by a spring he laye,
And tuned it vnto the Waters fall.

13 delights *Qq 1, 2, F*: delight *Qq 3–5* 36 tuned *Qq 1, 2, F*: urned *Qq 3–5*

YE dayntye Nymphs, that in this blessed Brooke
doe bathe your brest,
Forsake your watry bowres, and hether looke,
at my request:
And eke you Virgins, that on *Parnasse* dwell,
Whence floweth *Helicon* the learned well,
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of fayre *Elisa* be your siluer song,
that blessed wight:
The flowre of Virgins, may shee florish long,
In princely plight.
For shee is *Syrinx* daughter without spotte,
Which *Pan* the shepheards God of her begot:
So sprong her grace
Of heauenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

See, where she sits vpon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight)
Yclad in Scarlot like a mayden Queene,
And Ermines white.
Vpon her head a Cremosin coronet,
With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set:
Bayleaues betweene,
And Primroses greene
Embellish the sweete Violet.

Tell me, haue ye seene her angelick face,
Like *Phœbe* fayre?
Her heauenly haueour, her princely grace
can you well compare?

38 bathe *Qq 1–4, F*: bath *Q 5* 39 Forsake *Qq 2–5, F*: For sake *Q 1* hether *Qq 1–4*: hither *Q 5, F* 57 Scarlot *Qq 1–4*: scarlet *Q 5, F* 58 Ermines *Qq 1, 2*: Eremines *Qq 3, 4*: Erimines *Q 5, F* 59 Cremosin *Qq 1–4*: Crimosin *Q 5, F* 64 angelick *Q 1*: angelike *Q 2*: angellike *Qq 3–5*: angel-like *F* 66 haueour *Qq 1–4*: hauiour *Q 5, F*

The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten liuely chere.
Her modest eye,
Her Maiestie,
Where haue you seene the like, but there?

I sawe *Phœbus* thrust out his golden hedde,
vpon her to gaze:
But when he sawe, how broade her beames did spredde,
it did him amaze.
He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fyrye face out showe:
Let him, if he dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to haue the ouerthrowe.

Shewe thy selfe *Cynthia* with thy siluer rayes,
and be not abasht:
When shee the beames of her beauty displayes,
O how art thou dasht?
But I will not match her with *Latonaes* seede,
Such follie great sorow to *Niobe* did breede.
Now she is a stone,
And makes dayly mone,
Warning all other to take heede.

Pan may be proud, that euer he begot
such a Bellibone,
And *Syrinx* reioyse, that euer was her lot
to beare such an one.
Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milkwhite Lamb:
Shee is my goddesse plaine,
And I her shepherds swayne,
Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.

I see *Calliope* speede her to the place,
where my Goddesse shines:
And after her the other Muses trace,
with their Violines.

72 like, but *Qq 1–4*: like but *Q 5*, *F*

Bene they not Bay braunches, which they doe beare,
All for *Elisa* in her hand to weare?
So sweetely they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heauen is to heare.

Lo how finely the graces can it foote
to the Instrument:
They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,
in their meriment.
Wants not a fourth grace, to make the daunce euen?
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeuen:
She shalbe a grace,
To fyll the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither rennes this beuie of Ladies bright,
raunged in a rowe?
They bene all Ladyes of the lake behight,
that vnto her goe.
Chloris, that is the chiefest Nymph of al,
Of Oliue braunches beares a Coronall:
Oliues bene for peace,
When wars doe surcease:
Such for a Princesse bene principall.

Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
hye you there apace:
Let none come there, but that Virgins bene,
to adorne her grace.
And when you come, whereas shee is in place,
See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:
Binde your fillets faste,
And gird in your waste,
For more finesse, with a tawdrie lace.

106 play, *Qq 1, 2*: play: *Qq 3–5, F* 113 not not *Qq 1–2* 115 shalbe *Qq 1–4*: shall be *Q 5* 134 in your waste, *Qq 1–3, F*: on your wast *Qq 4, 5* 135 finesse, *Qq 1–4*: finenesse, *Q 5, F*

Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
With Gelliflowres:
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
worne of Paramoures.
Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:
The pretie Pawnce,
And the Cheuisaunce,
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.

Now ryse vp *Elisa*, decked as thou art,
in royall aray:
And now ye daintie Damsells may depart
echeone her way,
I feare, I haue troubled your troupes to longe:
Let dame *Eliza* thanke you for her song.
And if you come hether,
When Damsines I gether,
I will part them all you among.

THENOT.

And was thilk same song of *Colins* owne making?
Ah foolish boy, that is with loue yblent:
Great pittie is, he be in such taking,
For naught caren, that bene so lewdly bent.

HOBBINOL.

Sicker I hold him, for a greater fon,
That loues the thing, he cannot purchase.
But let vs homeward: for night draweth on,
And twincling starres the daylight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

O quam te memorem virgo?

Hobbinols Embleme.

O dea certe.

137 Gelliflowres *Qq 1–4*: Gilliflours *Q 5, F* 144 Delice. *Q 5, F*: Delice, *Qq 1–4* 146 aray *Qq 1–4*: ray *Q 5, F* 148 echeone *Q 1*: che one *Qq 2–4*: each one *Q 5, F* 153 all you among *Qq 1, 2, F*: ll among *Qq 3–5*

GLOSSE.

Gars thee greete) causeth thee weepe and complain.

Forlorne) left and forsaken.

Attempred to the yeare) agreeable to the season of the yeare, that is Aprill which moneth is most bent to shoures and seasonable rayne: to quench, that is, to delaye the drought, caused through drynesse of March wyndes.

The Ladde) Colin Clout. The Lasse) Rosalinda.

Tressed locks) wrethed and curled.

Is he for a ladde) A straunge manner of speaking .s. what maner of Ladde is he?

To make) to rime and versifye. For in this word making, our olde Englishe Poetes were wont to comprehend all the skil of Poetrye, according to the Greeke woorde ποιεῖν, to make, whence commeth the name of Poetes.

Colin thou kenst) knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin perteyneth to some Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surrye or Kent, the rather bicause he so often nameth the Kentish downes, and before, As lythe as lasse of Kent.

The Widowes) He calleth Rosalind the Widowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a country Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to coloure and concele the person, then simply spoken. For it is well knowen, euen in spighte of Colin and Hobbinoll, that shee is a Gentle woman of no meane house, nor endewed with anye vulgare and common gifts both of nature and manners: but suche indeede, as neede nether Colin be ashamed to haue her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinol be greued, that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singular Vertues: Specially deseruing it no lesse, then eyther Myrto the most excellent Poete Theocritus his dearling, or Lauretta the diuine Petrarches Goddesse, or Himera the worthye Poete Stesichorus hys Idole: Vpon whom he is sayd so much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scorned and wrote against the beauty of Helena. For which his præsumptuous and vnheedie hardinesse, he is sayde by vengeaunce of the Gods, thereat being offended, to haue lost both his eyes.

Frenne) a straunger. The word I thinke was first poetically put, and afterwarde vsed in commen custome of speach for forenne.

Dight) adorned. Laye) a songe. As Roundelayes and Virelayes. In all this songe is not to be respected, what the worthinesse of her Maiestie deserueth, nor what to the highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but what is moste comely for the meanesse of a shepheards witte, or to conceiue, or to vtter. And therefore he calleth her Elysa, as through rudenesse tripping in her name: and a shepheards daughter, it being very vnfit, that a shepheards boy brought vp in the shepefold, should know, or euer seme to haue heard of a Queenes roialty.

Ye daintie) is, as it were an Exordium ad preparandos animos.

Virgins) the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo and Memorie, whose abode the

173 wrethed *Q 1*: wethered *Qq 2–4*: withered *Q 5*, *F* 181 As lythe as *Qq 1–3*, *F*: A slithe, as *Q 4*: As lithe a *Q 5* 202 meanesse *Qq 1–4*: meannes *Q 5*: meannesse *F*

Poets faine to be on Parnassus, a hill in Grece, for that in that countrye specially florished the honor of all excellent studies.

Helicon) is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnassus, and also of a mounteine in Bæotia, out of which floweth the famous Spring Castalius, dedicate also to the Muses: of which spring it is sayd, that when Pegasus the winged horse of Perseus (whereby is meant fame and flying renowme) strooke the grownde with his hoofe, sodenly thereout sprange a wel of moste cleare and pleasaunte water, which fro thence forth was consecrate to the Muses and Ladies of learning.

Your siluer song) seemeth to imitate the lyke in Hesiodus ἀργυρέον μέλος.

Syrinx) is the name of a Nymphe of Arcadie, whom when Pan being in loue pursued, she flying from him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. So that Pan catching at the Reedes in stede of the Damosell, and puffing hard (for he was almost out of wind) with hys breath made the Reedes to pype: which he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembraunce of his lost loue, made him a pype thereof. But here by Pan and Syrinx is not to bee thoughte, that the shephearde simplye meante those Poetical Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be diuine and immortall (so as the Paynims were wont to iudge of all Kinges and Princes, according to Homeres saying.

Θυμὸς δὴ μέγας ἐστὶ διοτρεφέως βασιλῆος,
τιμὴ δ' ἐκ διός ἐστι, φιλεῖ δὲ ὁ μητίετα Ζεύς.)

could deuise no parents in his iudgement so worthy for her, as Pan the shepeheards God, and his best beloued Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious King, her highnesse Father, late of worthy memorye K. Henry the eyght. And by that name, oftymes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mighty Potentates: And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the verye Pan and god of Shepheardes.

Cremosin coronet) he deuiseth her crowne to be of the finest and most delicate flowers, instede of perles and precious stones, wherewith Princes Diademes vse to bee adorned and embost.

Embellish) beautifye and set out.

Phebe) the Moone, whom the Poets faine to be sister vnto Phæbus, that is the Sunne.

Medled) mingled.

Yfere) together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the White, is meant the vniting of the two principall houses of Lancaster and of Yorke: by whose longe discord and deadly debate, this realm many yeares was sore traueiled, and almost cleane decayed. Til the famous Henry the seuenth, of the line of Lancaster, taking to wife the most vertuous Princesse Elisabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the house of Yorke, begat the

212 Bæotia *Q 1*: Boætia *Qq 2–5, F* 225 simplye *Qq 1–4*: plainly *Q 5, F* 234 oftymes *Q 1*: oftimes *Q 2*: oftentimes *Qq 3–5, F* 240 Embellish) beautifye *Qq 1, 2*: Emblemish) beautifie *Q 3*: Emblemish) beautified *Q 4*: Embellisht) beautified *Q 5*: Embellisht, beautified *F* 241 Phæbus *Q 1*: Phœbus *Qq 2–5, F*

most royal Henry the eyght aforesayde, in whom was the firste vnion of th Whyte Rose and the Redde.

Calliope) one of the nine Muses: to whome they assigne the honor of al Poetical Inuention, and the firste glorye of the Heroicall verse. Other say that shee is the Goddesse of Rhetorick: but by Virgile it is manifeste, tha they mystake the thyng. For there in hys Epigrams, that arte semeth t be attributed to Polymnia, saying:

Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu.

which seemeth specially to be meant of Action and elocution, both specia partes of Rhetorick: besyde that her name, which (as some construe it importeth great remembraunce, conteineth another part. But I holde rathe with them, which call her Polymnia or Polyhymnia of her good singing.

Bay branches) be the signe of honor and victory, and therfore of myghty Conquerors worn in theyr triumphes, and eke of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in hys Sonets.

Arbor vittoriosa triomphale,
Honor d' Imperadori & di Poëti, &c.

The Graces) be three sisters, the daughters of Iupiter, (whose names are Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, and Homer onely addeth a fourth .s. Pasithea) otherwise called Charites, that is thanks. Whom the Poetes feyned to be the Goddesses of al bountie and comelines, which therefore (as sayth Theodontius) they make three, to wete, that men first ought to be gracious and bountiful to other freely, then to receiue benefits at other mens hands curteously, and thirdly to requite them thankfully: which are three sundry Actions in liberalitye. And Boccace saith, that they be painted naked, (as they were indeede on the tombe of C. Iulius Cæsar) the one hauing her backe toward vs, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from vs: the other two toward vs, noting double thanke to be due to vs for the benefit, we haue done.

Deaffly) Finelye and nimbly. Soote) Sweete. Meriment) Mirth.

Beuie) A beauie of Ladyes, is spoken figuratiuely for a company or troupe. The terme is taken of Larkes. For they say a Beuie of Larkes, euen as a Couey of Partridge, or an eye of Pheasaunts.

Ladyes of the lake) be Nymphes. For it was an olde opinion amongste the Auncient Heathen, that of euery spring and fountaine was a goddesse the Soueraigne. Whiche opinion stucke in the myndes of men not manye yeares sithence, by meanes of certain fine fablers and lowd lyers, such as were the Authors of King Arthure the great and such like, who tell many an vnlawfull leasing of the Ladyes of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the word Nymphe in Greeke signifieth Well water, or otherwise a Spouse or Bryde.

Behight) called or named.

Cloris) the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greenesse, of whome is sayd,

255 thyng *Qq 1–3*, *F*: king *Qq 4, 5* there in *Qq 1–4*: there is in *Q 5*, *F* 270 bountie *Qq 1–3*: beautie *Qq 4, 5*, *F* 271 *F omits* first 277 due to vs *Qq 1–4*: due *Q 5*, *F* 291 *Behight F*: Bedight *Qq 1–5*

that Zephyrus the Westerne wind being in loue with her, and coueting her to wyfe, gaue her for a dowrie, the chiefedome and soueraigntye of al flowres and greene herbes, growing on earth.

Oliues bene) The Oliue was wont to be the ensigne of Peace and quietnesse, eyther for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to, as it ought, but in time of peace: or els for that the Oliue tree, they say, will not growe neare the Firre tree, which is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vsed most for speares and other instruments of warre. Where- 300
upon is finely feigned, that when Neptune and Minerua stroue for the naming of the citie of Athens, Neptune striking the ground with his mace, caused a horse to come forth, that importeth warre, but at Mineruaes stroke sprong out an Oliue, to note that it should be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

Binde your) Spoken rudely, and according to shepheardes simplicitye.

Bring) all these be names of flowers. Sops in wine a flowre in colour much like to a Coronation, but differing in smel and quantitye. Flowre delice, that which they vse to misterme, Flowre de luce, being in Latine called Flos delitiarum. 310

A Bellibone) or a Bonibell. Homely spoken for a fayre mayde or Bonilasse.

Forswonck and forswatt) ouerlaboured and sunneburnt.

I saw Phæbus) the sunne. A sensible Narration, and present view of the thing mentioned, which they call παρουσία.

Cynthia) the Moone so called of Cynthus a hyll, where she was honoured.

Latonaes seede) Was Apollo and Diana. Whom when as Niobe the wife of Amphion scorned, in respect of the noble fruict of her wombe, namely her seuen sonnes, and so many daughters, Latona being therewith displeased, commaunded her sonne Phœbus to slea al the sonnes, and Diana all the daughters: whereat the vnfortunate Niobe being sore dismayed, and 320
lamenting out of measure, was feigned of the Poetes, to be turned into a stone vpon the sepulchre of her children. For which cause the shepheard sayth, he will not compare her to them, for feare of like mysfortune.

Now rise) is the conclusion. For hauing so decked her with prayses and comparisons, he returneth all the thanck of hys laboure to the excellencie of her Maiestie.

When Damsins) A base reward of a clownish giuer.

Yblent) Y, is a poeticall addition. Blent blinded.

Embleme.

This Poesye is taken out of Virgile, and there of him vsed in the person of 330
Æneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likenesse of one of Dianaes damosells: being there most diuinely set forth. To which similitude of diuinitie Hobbinoll comparing the excelency of Elisa, and being through the worthynes of Colins song, as it were, ouercome with the hugenesse of his imagination, brusteth out in great admiration, (O quam te

308 Coronation *Qq 1–4*: Carnation *Q 5*, *F* 321 of the *Qq 1–4*: by he *Q 5*, *F* 323 of like mysfortune *Qq 1*, *2*: of misfortune *Qq 3–5*, *F* 328 blinded *Qq 1–5*: blended *F* 330 of him *Qq 1–3*: of himselfe *Qq 4*, *5*, *F*

memorem virgo?) being otherwise vnhable, then by soddein silence, t expresse the worthinesse of his conceipt. Whom Thenot answereth witl another part of the like verse, as confirming by his graunt and approuaunce that Elisa is no whit inferiour to the Maiestie of her, of whome that Poet so boldly pronounced, O dea certe.

Maye.

Ægloga Quinta.

ARGVMENT.

In this fift Æglogue, vnder the persons of two shepheards Piers and Palinodie, be represented two formes of pastoures or Ministers, or the protestant and the Catholique: whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other. With whom hauing shewed, that it is daungerous to mainteine any felowship, or giue too much credit to their colourable and feyned goodwill, he telleth him a tale of the foxe, that by such a counterpoynt of craftines deceiued and deuoured the credulous kidde.

PALINODE. PIERS.

IS not thilke the mery moneth of May,
When loue lads masken in fresh aray?

ARG. 1 fift *Q 5*, *F*: firste *Qq 1–4* persons *Qq 1–4*: person *Q 5*, *F*
1 thilke . . . moneth *Qq 1–4*: this . . . month *Q 5*, *F*

How falles it then, we no merrier bene,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene?
Our bloncket liueryes bene all to sadde,
For thilke same season, when all is ycladd
With pleasaunce: the grownd with grasse, the Woods
With greene leaues, the bushes with bloosming Buds.
Yougthes folke now flocken in euery where,
To gather may buskets and smelling brere:
And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the Kirke pillours eare day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglantine,
And girlonds of roses and Sopps in wine.
Such merimake holy Saints doth queme,
But we here sytten as drownd in a dreme.

PIERS.

For Younkers *Palinode* such follies fitte,
But we tway bene men of elder witt.

PALINODE.

Sicker this morrowe, ne lenger agoe,
I sawe a shole of shepeheardes outgoe,
With singing, and shouting, and iolly chere:
Before them yode a lusty Tabrere,
That to the many a Horne pype playd,
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
To see those folkes make such iouysaunce,
Made my heart after the pype to daunce.
Tho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall:
And home they bringen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king: and his Queene attone
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fayre flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend

4 Ylike *Qq 1, 2, F*: Ylke *Qq 3–5* 5 to sadde *Qq 1–4*: too sad *5, F* 7, 8 woods . . . buds *Q 5, F*: Wods . . . Buds *Qq 1–3*: Woods . . . Boods *Q 4* 8 bloosming *Qq 1–3*: blossoming *Qq 4, 5, F* 9 ougthes *Q 1*: Youghthes *Qq 2–4*: Youthes *Q 5, F* 19 ne lenger *q 1, 2*: no lenger *Qq 3, 4*: no longer *Q 5, F* 23 many *Qq 1–3*: anie *Q 4*: meynie *Q 5, F* 25 those *Qq 1–4*: these *Q 5, F*

Of louely Nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the Ladyes their Maybush beare)
Ah *Piers*, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke,
How great sport they gaynen with little swinck?

PIERS.

Perdie so farre am I from enuie,
That their fondnesse inly I pitie.
Those faytours little regarden their charge,
While they letting their sheepe runne at large,
Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
In lustihede and wanton meryment.
Thilke same bene shepeheards for the Deuils stedde,
That playen, while their flockes be vnfedde.
Well is it seene, theyr sheepe bene not their owne,
That letten them runne at randon alone.
But they bene hyred for little pay
Of other, that caren as little as they,
What fallen the flocke, so they han the fleece,
And get all the gayne, paying but a peece.
I muse, what account both these will make,
The one for the hire, which he doth take,
And thother for leauing his Lords taske,
When great *Pan* account of shepeherdes shall aske.

PALINODE.

Sicker now I see thou speakest of spight,
All for thou lackest somedele their delight.
I (as I am) had rather be enuied,
All were it of my foe, then fonly pitied:
And yet if neede were, pitied would be,
Rather, then other should scorne at me:
For pittied is mishappe, that nas remedie,
But scorned bene dedes of fond foolerie.

35 bene not *Qq 1–4*: beene *Q 5*, *F* 36 swinke? *Q 5*, *F*: swinck. *Qq 1–4* 42 lustihede *Qq 1–4*: lustinesse *Q 5*, *F* 45 is it *Qq 1*, *2*: it is *Qq 3–5*, *F* bene *Qq 1*, *2*: be *Qq 3*, *4*: is *Q 5*, *F* 51 account *Qq 1*, *2*, *5*, *F*: accompt *Qq 3*, *4* 54 great *Q 5*, *F*: gread *Qq 1–4* shall *Qq 1*, *2*, *F*: should *Qq 3–5*

What shoulden shepheards other things tend,
Then sith their God his good does them send,
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,
The while they here liuen, at ease and leasure?
For when they bene dead, their good is ygoe,
They sleepen in rest, well as other moe.
Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,
But what they left behind them, is lost.
Good is no good, but if it be spend:
God giueth good for none other end.

PIERS.

Ah *Palinodie*, thou art a worldes childe:
Who touches Pitch mought needes be defilde.
But shepheards (as Algrind vsed to say,)
Mought not liue ylike, as men of the laye:
With them it sits to care for their heire,
Enaunter their heritage doe impaire:
They must prouide for meanes of maintenaunce,
And to continue their wont countenaunce.
But shepheard must walke another way,
Sike worldly souenance he must foresay.
The sonne of his loines why should he regard
To leaue enriched with that he hath spard?—
Should not thilke God, that gaue him that good,
Eke cherish his child, if in his wayes he stood?
For if he misliue in leudnes and lust,
Little bootes all the welth and the trust,
That his father left by inheritaunce:
All will be soone wasted with misgouernaunce.
But through this, and other their miscreaunce,
They maken many a wrong cheuisaunce,
Heaping vp waues of welth and woe,
The floddes whereof shall them ouerflowe.
Sike mens follie I cannot compare
Better, then to the Apes folish care,
That is so enamoured of her young one,
(And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)

67 bene *Qq 1–4*: be *Q 5*, *F* 82 worldly *Qq 2–5*, *F*: wordly *Q 1*
sauenance *Qq 1*, *2*, *F*: sauenance *Qq 3–5* 83 should he *Qq 1*, *5*, *F*:
should *Qq 2–4* 96 folish *Qq 1*, *2*: foolish *Qq 3–5*, *F*

That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,
She stoppeth the breath of her youngling.
So often times, when as good is meant,
Euil ensueth of wrong entent.
The time was once, and may againe retorne,
(For ought may happen, that hath bene beforne)
When shepeheards had none inheritaunce,
Ne of land, nor fee in sufferaunce:
But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
(Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
Well ywis was it with shepheards thoe:
Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgoe.
For *Pan* himselfe was their inheritaunce,
And little them serued for their mayntenaunce.
The shepheards God so wel them guided,
That of nought they were vnprouided,
Butter enough, honye, milke, and whay,
And their flockes fleeces, them to araye.
But tract of time, and long prosperitie:
That nource of vice, this of insolencie,
Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,
That not content with loyall obeysaunce,
Some gan to gape for greedie gouernaunce,
And match them selfe with mighty potentates,
Louers of Lordship and troublers of states:
Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke a loft,
And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge soft:
Tho vnder colour of shepeheards, somewhile
There crept in Wolues, ful of fraude and guile,
That often deuoured their owne sheepe,
And often the shepheards, that did hem keepe.
This was the first sourse of shepheards sorowe,
That now nill be quitt with baile, nor borrowe.

PALINODE.

Three thinges to beare, bene very burdenous,
But the fourth to forbeare, is outragious.

104 ought *Qq 1–5*: oft *F* 109 with *Qq 1–4*: with the *Q 5*, *F* 113 shepheards *Qq 2–5*, *F*: shephears *Q 1* 116 flockes *Qq 1–4*: flocke *Q 5*, *F* 123 Lordship *Qq 1–4*: Lordships *Q 5*, *F* 129 hem *Qq 1*, *2* him *Qq 3*, *4*: them *Q 5*, *F*

Wemen that of Loues longing once lust,
Hardly forbearen, but haue it they must:
So when choler is inflamed with rage,
Wanting reuenge, is hard to asswage:
And who can counsell a thristie soule,
With patience to forbeare the offred bowle?
But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
Moste is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I wene the Geaunt has not such a weight,
That beares on his shoulders the heauens height.
Thou findest faulte, where nys to be found,
And buildest strong warke vpon a weake ground:
Thou raylest on right withouten reason,
And blamest hem much, for small encheason.
How shoulden shepheardes liue, if not so?
What? should they pynen in payne and woe? –
Nay sayd I thereto, by my deare borrowe,
If I may rest, I nill liue in sorrowe.
Sorrowe ne needе be hastened on:
For he will come without calling anone.
While times enduren of tranquillitie,
Usen we freely our felicitie.
For when approchen the stormie stowres,
We mought with our shoulders beare of the sharpe showres.
And sooth to sayne, nought seemeth sike strife,
That shepheardes so witen ech others life,
And layen her faults the world beforne,
The while their foes done eache of hem scorne.
Let none mislike of that may not be mended:
So conteck soone by concord mought be ended.

PIERS.

Shepheard, I list none accordaunce make
With shepheard, that does the right way forsake.

134 Wemen *Qq 1–4*: Women *Q 5, F* 138 thristie *Q 1*: thirstie *Qq 2–5, F* 146 withouten *Qq 1, 2*: without *Qq 3–5, F* 148 shoulden *Qq 1–3*: woulden *Qq 4, 5, F* 150 sayd *Qq 1–4*: saie *Q 5*: say *F* 159 witen *Qq 1–5*: twiten *F* 160 her *Qq 1–4*: their *Q 5, F* 161 hem *Qq 1–4*: them *Q 5, F* 162 mended *Qq 1, 2*: amended *Qq 3–5, F* 164 none *Qq 1, 2*: no *Qq 3–5, F*

And of the twaine, if choice were to me,
Had leuer my foe, then my freend he be.
For what concord han light and darke sam?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?
Such faitors, when their false harts bene hidde.
Will doe, as did the Foxe by the Kidde.

PALINODE.

Now *Piers*, of felowship, tell vs that saying:
For the Ladde can keepe both our flocks from straying.

PIERS.

THilke same Kidde (as I can well deuise)
Was too very foolish and vnwise.
For on a tyme in Sommer season,
The Gate her dame, that had good reason,
Yode forth abroade vnto the greene wood,
To brouze, or play, or what shee thought good.
But for she had a motherly care
Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
Shee set her youngling before her knee,
That was both fresh and louely to see,
And full of fauour, as kidde mought be:
His Vellet head began to shoote out,
And his wrethed hornes gan newly sprout:
The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,
And spring forth ranckly vnder his chinne.
My sonne (quoth she) (and with that gan weepe:
For carefull thoughts in her heart did creepe)
God blesse thee poore Orphane, as he mought me,
And send thee ioy of thy iollitee.
Thy father (that word she spake with payne:
For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)
Thy father, had he liued this day,
To see the braunche of his body displaie,

177 Gate *Qq 1–4*: Goat *Q 5*, *F* reason, *Q 5*, *F*: reason. *Qq 1–4*, *F*
185 Vellet *Qq 1–3*: veluet *Qq 4*, *5*, *F* 186 wrethed *Qq 1*, *2*, *5*: wretched *Qq 3*, *4*: wreathed *F* 188 spring *Qq 1–4*: sprung *Q 5*, *F*
192 iollitee. *Qq 1–5*, *F omit full stop* 196 braunche *Qq 1–3*: branches *Qq 4*, *5*, *F*

How would he haue ioyed at this sweete sight?
But ah false Fortune such ioy did him spight,
And cutte of hys dayes with vntimely woe,
Betraying him into the traines of hys foe.
Now I a waylfull widdowe behight,
Of my old age haue this one delight,
To see thee succeede in thy fathers steade,
And florish in flowres of lusty head.
For euen so thy father his head vpheld,
And so his hauty hornes did he weld.
Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throbbe from her hart did aryse,
And interrupted all her other speache,
With some old sorowe, that made a newe breache:
Seemed shee sawe in the younglings face
The old lineaments of his fathers grace.
At last her solein silence she broke,
And gan his newe budded beard to stroke.
Kiddie (quoth shee) thou kenst the great care,
I haue of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wyld beastes liggen in waite,
For to entrap in thy tender state:
But most the Foxe, maister of collusion:
For he has voued thy last confusion.
For thy my Kiddie be ruld by mee,
And neuer giue trust to his trecheree.
And if he chaunce come, when I am abroade,
Sperre the yate fast for feare of fraude:
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the dore at his request.
So schooled the Gate her wanton sonne,
That answerd his mother, all should be done,
Tho went the pensife Damme out of dore,
And chaunst to stomble at the threshold flore:
Her stombling steppe some what her amazed,
(For such, as signes of ill luck bene dispraised)

208 thrilling *Qq 1–3, F*: thirling *Qq 4, 5* 211 in the younglings face *Qq 1, 2*: in (the younglings face *Qq 3, 4*: (in the yonglings face) *Q 5*: *F* s *Q 5, but* her *for* the 213 solein *Qq 1, 2*: soleine *Qq 3, 4*: sullein *Q 5*: sullen *F* 214 stroke. *Qq 1–5, F omit full stop* 227 Gate *Qq –4*: goate *Q 5, F* 229 Damme *Qq 1–3*: Dame *Qq 4, 5, F* 232 ene *Qq 1–4*: hath beene *Q 5, F*

Yet forth shee yode thereat halfe aghast:
And Kiddie the dore sperred after her fast.
It was not long, after shee was gone,
But the false Foxe came to the dore anone:
Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore pedler he did wend,
Bearing a trusse of tryfles at hys backe,
As bells, and babes, and glasses in hys packe.
A Biggen he had got about his braine,
For in his headpeace he felt a sore payne.
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had gotte the gout.
There at the dore he cast me downe hys pack,
And layd him downe, and groned, Alack, Alack.
Ah deare Lord, and sweete Saint Charitee,
That some good body woulde once pitie mee.
Well heard Kiddie al this sore constraint,
And lengd to know the cause of his complaint:
Tho creeping close behind the Wickets clinck,
Preuilie he peeped out through a chinck:
Yet not so preuilie, but the Foxe him spyed:
For deceifull meaning is double eyed.
Ah good young maister (then gan he crye)
Iesus blesse that sweete face, I espye,
And keepe your corpse from the carefull stounds,
That in my carrion carcas abounds.
The Kidd pittying hys heauinesse,
Asked the cause of his great distresse,
And also who, and whence that he were.
Tho he, that had well ycond his lere,
Thus medled his talke with many a teare,
Sicke, sicke, alas, and little lack of dead,
But I be relieued by your beastlyhead.
I am a poore Sheepe, albe my coloure donne:
For with long traueile I am brent in the sonne.

238 wend, *Qq 1–4*: wend. *Q 5*: wend: *F* 240 babes *Qq 1–4*: babies *Q 5*, *F* 252 Preuilie *Qq 1–4*: Priuily *Q 5*, *F* 261 were. *Q 5*, *F*: were, *Qq 1–4* 264 and little *Qq 1–3*: a litle *Qq 4*, *5*, *F* 265 beastlyhead *Qq 1–3*: beastly head *Qq 4*, *5*: beastlie-head *F*

And if that my Grandsire me sayd, be true,
Sicker I am very sybbe to you:
So be your goodlihead doe not disdayne
The base kinred of so simple swaine.
Of mercye and fauour then I you pray,
With your ayd to forstall my neere decay.
Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke:
Wherein while kiddie vnwares did looke,
He was so enamored with the newell,
That nought he deemed deare for the iewell.
Tho opened he the dore, and in came
The false Foxe, as he were starke lame.
His tayle he clapt betwixt his legs twayne,
Lest he should be descried by his trayne.
Being within, the Kidde made him good glee,
All for the loue of the glasse he did see.
After his chere the Pedler can chat,
And tell many lesings of this, and that:
And how he could shewe many a fine knack.
Tho shewed his ware, and opened his packe,
All saue a bell, which he left behind
In the bas-ket for the Kidde to fynd.
Which when the Kidde stooped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his basket did latch,
Ne stayed he once, the dore to make fast,
But ranne awaye with him in all hast.
Home when the doubtfull Damme had her hyde,
She mought see the dore stand open wyde.
All agast, lowdly she gan to call
Her Kidde: but he nould answere at all.
Tho on the flore she sawe the merchandise,
Of which her sonne had sette to dere a prise.
What helpe? her Kidde shee knewe well was gone:
Shee weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned be
Of craft, coloured with simplicitie:

288 left *Q 1*, *F*: had left *Qq 2–5* 300 was *Qq 1, 2*: is *Qq 3–5*, *F*

And such end perdie does all hem remayne,
That of such falsers freendship bene fayne.

PALINODIE.

Truly *Piers*, thou art beside thy wit,
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit,
Now I pray thee, lette me thy tale borrowe
For our sir Iohn, to say to morrowe
At the Kerke, when it is holliday:
For well he meanes, but little can say.
But and if Foxes bene so crafty, as so,
Much needeth all shepheards hem to knowe.

PIERS.

Of their falshode more could I recount.
But now the bright Sunne gynneth to dismount:
And for the deawie night now doth nye,
I hold it best for vs, home to hye.

Palinodes Embleme.

Πὰς μὲν ἄπιστος ἀπιστεῖ.

Piers his Embleme.

Τὶς δ' ἄρα πίστις ἀπίστῳ;

GLOSSE.

Thilke) this same moneth. It is applyed to the season of the moneth, when all menne delight them selues with pleasaunce of fieldes, and gardens, and garments.
Bloncket liueries) gray coates. Yclad) arrayed, Y, redoundeth, as before.
In euery where) a straunge, yet proper kind of speaking.
Buskets) a Diminutiue .s. little bushes of hauthorne.
Kirke) church. Queme) please.
A shole) a multitude; taken of fishe, whereof some going in great companies, are sayde to swimme in a shole.
Yode) went. Iouyssance) ioye. Swinck) labour.
Inly) entirely. Faytours) vagabonds.
Great pan) is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth himselfe the greate and good shepherd. The name is most rightly (me thinkes) applyed to him, for Pan signifieth all or omnipotent, which is onely the Lord Iesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of Eusebius in his

313 hem *Q 1*, *F*: him *Qq 2–5* 316 doth *Qq 1–4*: draw'th *Q 5*, *F*

fifte booke de Preparat. Euang; who thereof telleth a proper storye to that purpose. Which story is first recorded of Plutarch, in his booke of the ceasing of oracles, and of Lauetere translated, in his booke of walking sprightes. Who sayth, that about the same time, that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion for the redemtion of man, certein passengers sayling from Italy to Cyprus and passing by certain Iles called Paxæ, heard a voyce calling alowde Thamus, Thamus, (now Thamus was the name of an Ægyptian, which was Pilote of the ship,) who giuing eare to the cry, was bidden, when he came to Palodes, to tel, that the great Pan was dead: which he doubting to doe, yet for that when he came to Palodes, there sodeinly was such a calme of winde, that the shippe stoode still in the sea vnmoued, he was forced to cry alowd, that Pan was dead: wherewithall there was heard suche piteous outcryes and dreadfull shriking, as hath not bene the like. By whych Pan, though of some be vnderstoode the great Satanas, whose kingdome at that time was by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time, as he sayth, all Oracles surceased, and enchaunted spirits, that were wont to delude the people, thenceforth held theyr peace) and also at the demaund of the Emperoure Tiberius, who that Pan should be, answere was made him by the wisest and best learned, that it was the sonne of Mercurie and Penelope, yet I think it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the onely and very Pan, then suffering for his flock.

as I am) seemeth to imitate the commen prouerb, Malim Inuidere mihi omnes quam miserescere.

Nas) is a syncope, for ne has, or has not: as nould, for would not.

Tho with them) doth imitate the Epitaphe of the ryotous king Sardanapalus, whych caused to be written on his tombe in Greeke: which verses be thus translated by Tullie.

„ Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido
„ Hausit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta.

which may thus be turned into English.

„ All that I eate did I ioye, and all that I greedily gorged:
„ As for those many goodly matters left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good olde Erle of Deuonshire, which though much more wisedome bewraieth, then Sardanapalus, yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delights and beastlinesse. The rymes be these.

„ Ho, Ho, who lies here?
„ I the good Erle of Deuonshere,
„ And Maulde my wife, that was ful deare,
„ We liued together lv. yeare.
„ That we spent, we had:
„ That we gaue, we haue:
„ That we lefte, we lost.

Algrind) the name of a shepheard. Men of the Lay) Lay men.

Enaunter) least that.

340 oracles, *Qq 1, 3*: Itacles, *Qq 2, 4*: miracles: *Q 5*, *F* 342 passengers *Qq 1–4*: persons *Q 5*, *F* 380 *Algrind Q 5*, *F*: *Algrim Qq 1–4*

Souenaunce) remembraunce. Miscreaunce) despeire or misbeliefe.

Cheuisaunce) sometime of Chaucer vsed for gaine: sometime of other fo spoyle, or bootie, or enterprise, and sometime for chiefdome.

Pan himselfe) God. According as is sayd in Deuteronomie, That in diuisio of the lande of Canaan, to the tribe of Leuie no portion of heritage shoul bee allotted, for GOD himselfe was their inheritaunce.

Some gan) meant of the Pope, and his Antichristian prelates, which vsurp a tyrannical dominion in the Churche, and with Peters counterfet keyes open a wide gate to al wickednesse and insolent gouernment. Nought her spoken, as of purpose to deny fatherly rule and godly gouernaunce (as som malitiously of late haue done to the great vnreste and hinderaunce of th Churche) but to displaye the pride and disorder of such, as in steede o feeding their sheepe, indeede feede of theyr sheepe.

Sourse) welspring and originall. Borrowe) pledge or suertie.

The Geaunte) is the greate Atlas, whom the poetes feign to be a huge geaunt that beareth Heauen on his shoulders: being in deede a merueilous high mountaine in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie, which to mans seeming perceth the cloudes, and seemeth to touch the heauens. Other thinke, anc they not amisse, that this fable was meant of one Atlas king of the same countrye, (of whome may bee, that that hil had his denomination) brother tc Prometheus who (as the Grekes say) did first fynd out the hidden courses of the starres, by an excellent imagination. Wherefore the poetes feigned, that he susteyned the firmament on hys shoulders. Many other coniectures needelesse be told hereof.

Warke) worke. Encheason) cause, occasion.

Deare borow) that is our sauiour, the commen pledge of all mens debts to death.

Wyten) blame. Nought seemeth) is vnseemely. Conteck) strife contention.

Her) theyr, as vseth Chaucer. Han) for haue. Sam) together.

This tale is much like to that in Æsops fables, but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde may be vnderstoode the simple sorte of the faythfull and true Christians. By hys dame Christe, that hath alreadie with carefull watchewords (as heere doth the gote) warned his little ones, to beware of such doubling deceit. By the Foxe, the false and faithlesse Papistes, to whom is no credit to be giuen, nor felowshippe to be vsed.

The gate) the Gote: Northernely spoken to turne O into A.

Yode) went. Afforesayd.

She set) A figure called Fictio. Which vseth to attribute reasonable actions and speaches to vnreasonable creatures.

The bloosmes of lust) be the young and mossie heares, which then beginne to sproute and shoote foorth, when lustfull heate beginneth to kindle.

And with) A very Poeticall *πάθος*.

382 despeire *Q 1*: dispaire *Qq 2–4*: dispraise *Q 5*, *F* 391 *Qq 2–5*, *F omit* godly 401 countrye . . . courses *Qq 1, 2*: countrey, (who as the Greekes say) did first finde out the hidden courses *Qq 3, 4*. *So Q 5*, *F*, *but with* who (as *for* (who as 409 Wyten *Qq 1–5*: Twiten *F* 413 dame *Qq 1, 2*: damme *Qq 3–5*, *F* 414 hys *Q 1*: her *Qq 2–5*, *F* 423 *πάθος*] *παφός Q 1*: Pathos *Qq 2, 3, 5*, *F*: Patdos *Q 4*

Orphane) A youngling or pupill, that needeth a Tutour and gouernour.
That word) A patheticall parenthesis, to encrease a carefull Hyperbaton.
The braunch) of the fathers body, is the child.
For euen so) Alluded to the saying of Andromache to Ascanius in Virgile.

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.

A thrilling throb) a percing sighe. Liggen) lye.
Maister of collusion) .s. coloured guile, because the Foxe of al beasts is most wily and crafty.
Sperre the yate) shut the dore.
For such) The gotes stombling is here noted as an euill signe. The like to be marked in all histories: and that not the leaste of the Lorde Hastingues in king Rycharde the third his dayes. For beside his daungerous dreame (whiche was a shrewde prophecie of his mishap, that folowed) it is sayd that in the morning ryding toward the tower of London, there to sitte vppon matters of counsell, his horse stombled twise or thrise by the way: which of some, that ryding with hym in his company, were priuie to his neere destenie, was secretly marked, and afterward noted for memorie of his great mishap, that ensewed. For being then as merye, as man might be, and least doubting any mortall daunger, he was within two howres after, of the Tyranne put to a shamefull deathe.
As belles) by such trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popish superstition, which put no smal religion in Belles: and Babies .s. Idoles: and glasses .s. Paxes, and such lyke trumperies.
Great cold.) For they boast much of their outward patience, and voluntarye sufferaunce as a worke of merite and holy humblenesse.
Sweete S. Charitie. The Catholiques comen othe, and onely speache, to haue charitye alwayes in their mouth, and sometime in their outward Actions, but neuer inwardly in fayth and godly zeale.
Clincke.) a key hole. Whose diminutiue is clicket, vsed of Chaucer for a Key.
Stoundes) fittes: aforesayde. His lere) his lesson. Medled) mingled.
Bestlihead.) agreeing to the person of a beast. Sibbe.) of kynne.
Newell) a newe thing. To forestall) to præuent. Glee) chere, afforesayde.
Deare a price.) his lyfe, which he lost for those toyes.
Such ende) is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale, whose purpose is to warne the protestaunt beware, howe he geueth credit to the vnfaythfull Catholique: whereof we haue dayly proofes sufficient, but one moste famous of all, practised of Late yeares in Fraunce by Charles the nynth.
Fayne) gladde or desyrous.
Our sir Iohn) a Popishe priest. A saying fit for the grosenesse of a shepheard, but spoken to taunte vnlearned Priestes.
Dismount) descende or set. Nye) draweth nere.

Embleme.

Both these Emblemes make one whole Hexametre. The first spoken of Palinodie, as in reproche of them, that be distrustfull, is a peece of

443 Tyranne *Q 1*: tyraunt *Qq 2–4*: tyrant *Q 5*, *F* 454 of kynne *Qq 1–4*: a kinne *Q 5*, *F* 460 in Fraunce *Qq 1*, *2*: *om. Qq 3–5*, *F*

Theognis verse, intending, that who doth most mistrust is most false. Fo such experience in falsehod breedeth mistrust in the mynd, thinking no less guile to lurke in others, then in hymselfe. But Piers thereto strongl replyeth with another peece of the same verse, saying as in his forme fable, what fayth then is there in the faythlesse. For if fayth be th ground of religion, which fayth they dayly false, what hold then is there o theyr religion. And thys is all that they saye.

Iune.

Ægloga sexta.

ARGVMENT.

THis Ægloque is wholly vowed to the complayning of Colins ill successe i his loue. For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a Country lass Rosalind, and hauing (as seemeth) founde place in her heart, he lamenteth to hi deare frend Hobbinoll, that he is nowe forsaken vnfaithfully, and in his steed Menalcas, another shepheard receiued disloyally. And this is the whole Argumen of this Ægloque.

HOBBINOL. COLIN CLOVTE.

LO *Colin*, here the place, whose pleasaunt syte
From other shades hath weand my wandring mynde.
Tell me, what wants me here, to worke delyte?
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,

1 syte *Qq 1, 2*: sight *Qq 3–5, F* 2 hath *Qq 1–4, F*: hast *Q 5* delyte *Qq 1, 2*: delight *Qq 3–5, F*

So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde:
The grassye ground with daintye Daysies dight,
The Bramble bush, where Byrds of euery kynde
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COLLIN.

O happy *Hobbinoll*, I blesse thy state,
That Paradise hast found, whych *Adam* lost.
Here wander may thy flock early or late,
Withouten dreade of Wolues to bene ytost:
Thy louely layes here mayst thou freely boste.
But I vnhappy man, whom cruell fate,
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can nowhere fynd, to shroude my lucklesse pate.

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou list aduised be,
Forsake the soyle, that so doth the bewitch:
Leaue me those hilles, where harbrough nis to see,
Nor holybush, nor brere, nor winding witche:
And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritch,
And fruictfull flocks bene euery where to see.
Here no night Rauens lodge more black then pitche,
Nor eluish ghosts, nor gastly owles doe flee.

But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfote Nymphes can chace the lingring night,
With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst systers nyne, which dwell on *Parnasse* hight,
Doe make them musick, for their more delight:
And *Pan* himselfe to kisse their christall faces,
Will pype and daunce, when *Phœbe* shineth bright:
Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in these places.

COLLIN.

And I, whylst youth, and course of carelesse yeeres
Did let me walke withouten lincks of loue,

11 early *Qq 1–4*, *F*: or early *Q 5* 13 boste. *Qq 1–4*: boste, *Q 5*: oste: *F* 16 shroud *F*: shouder *Qq 1–5* 18 the soyle *Qq 1–4*: thy oyle *Q 5*, *F* 21 shipheardes *Q 1* 23 Rauens *F*: Rauene *Qq 1, 2*: Rauen *Qq 3–5* 27 Heydeguyes *Qq 1–4*: Heydeguyues *Q 5*: heydegiues *F*

In such delights did ioy amongst my peeres:
But ryper age such pleasures doth reproue,
My fancye eke from former follies moue
To stayed steps: for time in passing weares
(As garments doen, which wexen old aboue)
And draweth newe delightes with hoary heares.

Tho couth I sing of loue, and tune my pype
Vnto my plaintiue pleas in verses made:
Tho would I seeke for Queene apples vnrype,
To giue my *Rosalind*, and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudy Girlonds, was my comen trade,
To crowne her golden locks, but yeeres more rype,
And losse of her, whose loue as lyfe I wayd,
Those weary wanton toyes away dyd wype.

HOBBINOLL.

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes,
Which thou were wont on wastfull hylls to singe,
I more delight, then larke in Sommer dayes:
Whose Echo made the neyghbour groues to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring
Did shroude in shady leaues from sonny rayes,
Frame to thy songe their chereful cheriping,
Or hold theyr peace, for shame of thy swete layes.

I sawe *Calliope* wyth Muses moe,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to sound,
Theyr yuory Luyts and Tamburins forgoe:
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,
Renne after hastely thy siluer sound.
But when they came, where thou thy skill didst showe,
They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound,
Shepheard to see, them in theyr art outgoe.

COLLIN.

Of Muses *Hobbinol*, I conne no skill:
For they bene daughters of the hyghest *Ioue*,

38 steps: *F*: steps *Qq 1–5* 45 comen *Qq 1, 2*: common *Qq 3–5, F* 58 thy *Q 1, F*: the *Qq 2–5* 59 Tamburins *Qq 1–3*: Timburins *Qq 4, 5, F* 63 drewe *Qq 1–3, F*: drawe *Qq 4, 5* 66 daughters *Qq 1, 3–5, F*: daughter *Q 2*

And holden scorne of homely shepheards quill.
For sith I heard, that *Pan* with *Phœbus* stroue,
Which him to much rebuke and Daunger droue:
I neuer lyst presume to *Parnasse* hyll,
But pyping lowe in shade of lowly groue,
I play to please my selfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth prayse or blame,
Ne striue to winne renowne, or passe the rest:
With shepheard sittes not, followe flying fame:
But feede his flocke in fields, where falls hem best.
I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest:
The fytter they, my carefull case to frame:
Enough is me to paint out my vnrest,
And poore my piteous plaints out in the same.

The God of shepheards *Tityrus* is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make.
He, whilst he liued, was the soueraigne head
Of shepheards all, that bene with loue ytake:
Well couth he wayle hys Woes, and lightly slake
The flames, which loue within his heart had bredd,
And tell vs mery tales, to keepe vs wake,
The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde.

Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,
(O why should death on hym such outrage showe?)
And all hys passing skil with him is fledde,
The fame whereof doth dayly greater growe.
But if on me some little drops would flowe,
Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,
I soone would learne these woods, to wayle my woe,
And teache the trees, their trickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaints, causd of discurtesee,
As messengers of all my painfull plight,
Flye to my loue, where euer that she bee,
And pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight:

74 winne *Qq 1–3*, *F*: winnes, *Q 4*: winne, *Q 5* 75 followe *Qq 1–4*, : flowing *Q 5* 89 Now dead he is, &c. *This stanza is omitted from Q 5 nd F.* 95 woods *Qq 1, 3–5*, *F*: words *Q 2* 98 of all my painfull *1*: of my plainful *Q 2*: of my plaineful *Qq 3, 4*: of my painful *Q 5*, *F*

As shee deserues, that wrought so deadly spight.
And thou *Menalcas*, that by trecheree
Didst vnderfong my lasse, to wexe so light,
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villanee.

— But since I am not, as I wish I were,
Ye gentle shepheards, which your flocks do feede,
Whether on hylls, or dales, or other where,
Beare witnesse all of thys so wicked deede:
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is woxe a weede,
And faultlesse fayth, is turned to faithlesse fere,
That she the truest shepheards hart made bleede,
That lyues on earth, and loued her most dere.

HOBBINOL.

O carefull *Colin*, I lament thy case,
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe.
Ah faithlesse Rosalind, and voide of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe.
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
Then ryse ye blessed flocks, and home apace,
Least night with stealing steppes doe you forsloe,
And wett your tender Lambes, that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.

Gia speme spenta.

GLOSSE.

Syte) situation and place.

Paradise) A Paradise in Greeke signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compareth the soile, wherin Hobbinoll made his abode, to that earthly Paradise, in scripture called Eden; wherein Adam in his first creation was placed. Which of the most learned is thought to be in Mesopotamia, the most fertile and pleasaunte country in the world (as may appeare by Diodorus Syculus description of it, in the hystorie of Alexanders conquest thereof) lying betweene the two famous Ryuers (which are sayd in scripture to flowe out of Paradise) Tygris and Euphrates, whereof it is so denominate.

Forsake the soyle) This is no poetical fiction, but vnfeynedly spoken of the

126 compareth *Q 1*: compared *Qq 2–5*, *F* 131 thereof) lying *Qq 4, 5*, *F*: thereof.) Lying *Q 1*: thereof.) Lieng *Q 2*: thereof) lieng *Q 3*

Poete selfe, who for speciall occasion of priuate affayres (as I haue bene partly of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment remouing out of the Northparts came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede aduised him priuately.

Those hylles) that is the North countrye, where he dwelt. N'is) is not.

The Dales) The Southpartes, where he nowe abydeth, which thoughe they be full of hylles and woodes (for Kent is very hyllye and woodye; and therefore so called: for Kantsh in the Saxons tongue signifieth woodie) yet in respecte of the Northpartes they be called dales. For indede the North is counted the higher countrye.

Night Rauens &c.) by such hatefull byrdes, hee meaneth all misfortunes (Whereof they be tokens) flying euery where.

Frendly faeries) the opinion of Faeries and elfes is very old, and yet sticketh very religiously in the myndes of some. But to roote that rancke opinion of Elfes oute of mens hearts, the truth is, that there be no such thinges, nor yet the shadowes of the things, but onely by a sort of bald Friers and knauish shauelings so feigned; which as in all other things, so in that, soughte to nousell the comen people in ignorounce, least being once acquainted with the truth of things, they woulde in tyme smell out the vntruth of theyr packed pelfe and Massepenie religion. But the sooth is, that when all Italy was distraicte into the Factions of the Guelfes and the Gibelins, being two famous houses in Florence, the name began through their great mischiefes and many outrages, to be so odious or rather dreadfull in the peoples eares, that if theyr children at any time were frowarde and wanton, they would say to them that the Guelfe or the Gibeline came. Which words nowe from them (as many thinge els) be come into our vsage, and for Guelfes and Gibelines, we say Elfes and Goblins. No otherwise then the Frenchmen vsed to say of that valiaunt captain, the very scourge of Fraunce, the Lord Thalbot, afterward Erle of Shrewsbury; whose noblesse bred such a terrour in the hearts of the French, that oft times euen great armies were defaicted and put to flyght at the onely hearing of hys name. In somuch that the French wemen, to affray theyr chyldren, would tell them that the Talbot commeth.

Many Graces) though there be indeede but three Graces or Charites (as afore is sayd) or at the vtmost but foure, yet in respect of many gyftes of bounty, there may be sayde more. And so Musæus sayth, that in Heroes eyther eye there satte a hundred graces. And by that authoritye, thys same Poete in his Pageaunts sayth.

An hundred Graces on her eyeledde satte. &c.

Maydeguies) A country daunce or rownd. The conceipt is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce vnto the Muses, and Pan his musicke all night by Moonelight. To signifie the pleasauntnesse of the soyle.

Peeres) Equalles and felow shepheards.

Quueneapples vnripe) imitating Virgils verse.

Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.

136 remouing *Q 1*: remooued *Qq 2–5*: remoued *F* 138 that is *Qq 2*: that is in *Qq 3–5*, *F* 150 in all other *Qq 1–4*: in other *Q 5*, *F* 152 Lord Thalbot *Qq 1*, *2*, *F*: Lorde of Thalbot *Qq 3–5* 163 noblesse *q 1–3*: noblenesse *Qq 4*, *5*, *F* 170 hundred *Qq 1–4*: hundreth *Q 5*, *F*

Neighbour groues) a straunge phrase in English, but word for word expressing the Latine vicina nemora.

Spring) not of water, but of young trees springing. Calliope) afforesayde. Thys staffe is full of verie poetical inuention. Tamburines) an olde kind of instrument, which of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

Pan with Phœbus) the tale is well knowne, howe that Pan and Apollo striuing for excellencye in musicke, chose Midas for their iudge. Who being corrupted wyth partiall affection, gaue the victorye to Pan vndeserued: for which Phœbus sette a payre of Asses eares vpon hys head &c.

Tityrus) That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath bene already sufficiently sayde, and by thys more playne appeareth, that he sayth, he tolde merye tales. Such as be hys Canterburie tales. Whom he calleth the God of Poetes for hys excellencie, so as Tullie calleth Lentulus, Deum vitæ suæ .s. the God of hys lyfe.

To make) to versifie. O why) A pretye Epanorthosis or correction.

Discurtesie) he meaneth the falsenesse of his louer Rosalinde, who forsaking hym, hadde chosen another.

Poynte of worthy wite) the pricke of deserued blame.

Menalcas) the name of a shephearde in Virgile; but here is meant a person vnknowne and secrete, agaynst whome he often bitterly inuayeth.

vnderfonge) vndermine and deceiue by false suggestion.

Embleme.

You remember, that in the fyrst Æglogue, Colins Poesie was Anchora speme: for that as then there was hope of fauour to be found in tyme. Bu nowe being cleane forlorne and reiected of her, as whose hope, that was, i cleane extinguished and turned into despeyre, he renounceth all comfort anc hope of goodnesse to come. Which is all the meaning of thys Embleme.

182 is is *Q 1* 190 God of *Q 1*: God of the *Qq 2–5*, *F* 19
vndermine *Q 5*, *F*: vndermynde *Qq 1*, *2*: vnderminde *Qq 3*, *4* 201 it
the *Q 1*, *F*: the *Qq 2–5* 202 for that as *Qq 1–4*: for as *Q 5*, *F*

Ægloga septima.

ARGVMENT.

THis Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepeheardes, and to the shame and disprayse of proude and ambitious Pastours. Such is Morrell is here imagined to bee.

THOMALIN. MORRELL.

IS not thilke same a goteheard prowde,
that sittes on yonder bancke,
Whose straying heard them selfe doth shrowde
emong the bushes rancke?

MORRELL.

What ho, thou iollye shepheards swayne,
come vp the hyll to me:
Better is, then the lowly playne,
als for thy flocke, and thee.

THOMALIN.

Ah God shield, man, that I should clime,
and learne to looke alofte,
This reede is ryfe, that oftentime
great clymbers fall vnsoft.

In humble dales is footing fast,
the trode is not so tickle:
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the Sonne hath reared vp
his fyriefooted teme,
Making his way betweene the Cuppe,
and golden Diademe:
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
with Dogge of noysome breath,
Whose balefull barking bringes in hast
pyne, plagues, and dreery death.
Agaynst his cruell scortching heate
where hast thou couerture?
The wastefull hylls vnto his threate
is a playne ouerture.
But if thee lust, to holden chat
with seely shepherds swayne,
Come downe, and learne the little what,
that Thomalin can sayne.

MORRELL.

Syker, thous but a laesie loord,
and rekes much of thy swinck,
That with fond termes, and weetlesse words
to blere myne eyes doest thinke.
In euill houre thou hentest in hond
thus holy hylles to blame,
For sacred vnto saints they stond,
and of them han theyr name.
S. Michels mount who does not know,
that wardes the Westerne coste?
And of S. Brigets bowre I trow,
all Kent can rightly boaste:
And they that con of Muses skill,
sayne most what, that they dwell

14 tickle *Q 5*, *F*: trickle *Qq 1–4* 22 Dogge *Q 1*: Dogges *Qq 2–5*, *F* 26 hast thou couerture? *Qq 1, 2*: thou hast couerture? *Qq 3, 4*: thou hast couerture; *Q 5*, *F* 29 chat *Qq 1–3*, *F*: that *Qq 4, 5*

(As goteheards wont) vpon a hill,
beside a learned well.
And wonned not the great God *Pan*,
vpon mount *Oliuet*:
Feeding the blessed flocke of *Dan*,
which dyd himselfe beget?

THOMALIN.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,
that bought his flocke so deare,
And them did saue with bloudy sweat
from Wolues, that would them teare.

MORREL.

Besyde, as holy fathers sayne,
there is a hyllye place,
Where *Titan* ryseth from the mayne,
to renne hys dayly race.
Vpon whose toppe the starres bene stayed,
and all the skie doth leane,
There is the caue, where *Phebe* layed,
the shepheard long to dreame. —
Whilome there vsed shepheards all
to feede theyr flocks at will, —
Till by his foly one did fall,
that all the rest did spill.
And sithens shepheardes bene foresayd
from places of delight:
For thy I weene thou be affrayd,
to clime this hilles height.
Of *Synah* can I tell thee more,
and of our Ladyes bowre:
But little needes to strow my store,
suffice this hill of our.
Here han the holy *Faunes* resourse,
and *Syluanes* haunten rathe.
Here has the salt Medway his sourse,
wherein the Nymphes doe bathe.

50 mount *Qq 1–3*: the mount *Qq 4, 5, F* 58 hyllye *Qq 1, 2*: holy *Qq 3–5, F* 59 the *Qq 1–3, F*: this *Q 4*: his *Q 5* 77 recourse *Qq 1, 2*: recourse *Qq 3–5, F*

The salt Medway, that trickling stremis
adowne the dales of Kent:
Till with his elder brother Themis
his brackish waues be meynt.
Here growes *Melampode* euery where,
and *Teribinth* good for Gotes:
The one, my madding kiddes to smere,
the next, to heale theyr throtes.
Hereto, the hills bene nigher heuen,
and thence the passage ethe.
As well can proue the piercing leuin,
that seeldome falls bynethe.

THOMALIN.

Syker thou speakes lyke a lewde lorrell,
of Heauen to demen so:
How be I am but rude and borrell,
yet nearer wayes I knowe.
To Kerke the narre, from God more farre,
has bene an old sayd sawe.
And he that striues to touch the starres,
oft stombles at a strawe,
Alsoone may shepheard clymbe to skye,
that leades in lowly dales,
As Goteherd prowd that sitting hye,
vpon the Mountaine sayles.
My seely sheepe like well belowe,
they neede not *Melampode*:
For they bene hale enough, I trowe,
and liken theyr abode.
But if they with thy Gotes should yede,
they soone myght be corrupted:
Or like not of the frowie fede,
or with the weedes be glutted.
The hylls, where dwelled holy saints,
I reuerence and adore:
Not for themselfe, but for the sayncts,
Which han be dead of yore.

81 trickling *Qq 1, 2, F*: strickling *Qq 3–5* 83 his *Qq 1–4*: the *Q 5*, *F* 97 from *Qq 1–4*: to *Q 5*, *F* 99 the starres *Qq 1–5*: a starre *F* 116 be *Qq 1, 2*: bene *Qq 3–5*: been *F*

And nowe they bene to heauen forewent,
theyr good is with them goe:
Theyr sample onely to vs lent,
that als we mought doe soe.
Shepheards they weren of the best,
and liued in lowlye leas:
And sith theyr soules bene now at rest,
why done we them disease?
Such one he was, (as I haue heard
old Algrind often sayne)
That whilome was the first shepheard,
and liued with little gayne:
As meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
simple, as simple sheepe,
Humble, and like in eche degree
the flocke, which he did keepe.
Often he vsed of hys keepe
a sacrifice to bring,
Nowe with a Kidde, now with a sheepe
the Altars hallowing.
So lowted he vnto hys Lord,
such fauour couth he fynd,
That sithens neuer was abhord,
the simple shepheards kynd.
And such I weene the brethren were,
that came from *Canaan*:
The brethren twelue, that kept yfere
the flockes of mighty *Pan*.
But nothing such thilk shephearde was,
whom *Ida* hyll dyd beare,
That left hys flocke, to fetch a lasse,
whose loue he bought to deare:
For he was proude, that ill was payd,
(no such mought shepheards bee)
And with lewde lust was ouerlayd:
tway things doen ill agree:

126 Algrind *Qq 1–4*, *F*: Algrin *Q 5* 127 the *Qq 1–4*, *F*: the the *Q 5* 129 As *Qq 1*, *2*: And *Qq 3–5*, *F* 133 keepe *Qq 1–4*: sheepe, *Q 5*, *F* 137 hys *Qq 1–5*: the *F* 139 sithens neuer *Qq 1*, *2*: euer sithens *Qq 3–5*, *F* 151 lewde *Qq 1*, *2*: lewd *Qq 3*, *4*: lowd *Q 5*, *F*

But shepheard mought be meeke and mylde,
well eyed, as *Argus* was,
With fleshly follyes vndefyled,
and stoute as steede of brasse.
Sike one (sayd *Algrin*) *Moses* was,
that sawe hys makers face,
His face more cleare, then Christall glasse,
and spake to him in place.
This had a brother, (his name I knewe)
the first of all his cote,
A shepheard trewe, yet not so true,
as he that earst I hote.
Whilome all these were lowe, and lief,
and loued their flocks to feede,
They neuer strouen to be chiefe,
and simple was theyr weede.
But now (thanked be God therefore)
the world is well amend,
Their weedes bene not so nighly wore,
such simplesse mought them shend:
They bene yclad in purple and pall,
so hath theyr god them blist,
They reigne and rulen ouer all,
and lord it, as they list:
Ygyrt with belts of glitterand gold,
(mought they good sheepeheards bene)
Theyr Pan theyr sheepe to them has sold,
I saye as some haue seene.
For Palinode (if thou him ken)
yode late on Pilgrimage
To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then
he sawe thilke misusage.
For shepeheards (sayd he) there doen leade,
as Lordes done other where,
Theyr sheepe han crustes, and they the bread:
the chippes, and they the chere:

160 place. *Qq 1–4, F*: place, *Q 5* 161 knewe *Qq 1–4*: know *Q 5, F*
167 chiefe, *Qq 1–4*: chiefe: *Q 5, F* 177 glitterand *Q 1*: glitter and *Qq 2–5, F* gold, *Qq 4, 5, F*: gold. *Qq 1–3*

They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
(O seely sheepe the while)
The corne is theyrs, let other thresh,
their hands they may not file.
They han great stores, and thriftye stockes,
great freendes and feeble foes: —
What neede hem caren for their flocks? —
theyr boyes can looke to those.
These wisards weltre in welths waues,
pampred in pleasures deepe,
They han fatte kernes, and leany knaues,
their fasting flockes to keepe.
Sike mister men bene all misgone,
they heapen hylles of wrath:
Sike syrlye shepheards han we none,
they keepen all the path.

MORRELL.

Here is a great deale of good matter,
lost for lacke of telling,
Now sicker I see, thou doest but clatter:
harme may come of melling.
Thou medlest more, then shall haue thanke,
to wyten shepheards welth:
When folke bene fat, and riches rancke,
it is a signe of helth. ——
But say me, what is *Algrin* he,
that is so oft bynempt.

THOMALIN.

He is a shepheard great in gree,
but hath bene long ypent.
One daye he sat vpon a hyll,
(as now thou wouldest me:
But I am taught by *Algrins* ill,
to loue the lowe degree.)
For sitting so with bared scalpe,
and Eagle sored hye,

191 other *Qq 1–4*: others *Q 5*, *F* 193 stores *Q 1*: store *Qq 2–5*, *F* 195 flocks? *Qq 1–3*: flocks, *Qq 4*, *5*, *F* 203 syrlye *Qq 1*, *2*: syrlie *Qq 3–5*: silie *F* 208 melling. *Qq 2–5*, *F*: melling, *Q 1* 215 gree, *Qq 3–5*, *F*: gree. *Qq 1*, *2* 219 ill, *Qq 2–5*, *F*: ill. *Q 1*

That weening hys whyte head was chalke,
a shell fish downe let flye:
She weend the shell fishe to haue broake,
but therewith bruzd his brayne,
So now astonied with the stroke,
he lyes in lingring payne.

MORRELL.

Ah good *Algrin*, his hap was ill,
but shall be better in time.
Now farwell shepheard, sith thys hyll
thou hast such doubt to climbe.

Thomalins Embleme.

In medio virtus.

Morrells Embleme.

In summo fælicitas.

GLOSSE.

A Goteheard) By Gotes in scrypture be represented the wicked and reprobate, whose pastour also must needes be such.

Banck) is the seate of honor. Straying heard) which wander out of the waye of truth.

Als) for also. Clymbe) spoken of Ambition. Great clymbers) according to Seneca his verse, Decidunt celsa grauiore lapsu. Mickle) much.

The sonne) A reason, why he refuseth to dwell on Mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scortching sunne. According to the time of the yeare, whiche is the whotest moneth of all.

The Cupp and Diademe) Be two signes in the Firmament, through which the sonne maketh his course in the moneth of Iuly.

Lion) Thys is Poetically spoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion with one Dogge. The meaning whereof is, that in Iuly the sonne is in Leo. At which tyme the Dogge starre, which is called Syrius or Canicula reigneth, with immoderate heate causing Pestilence, drougth, and many diseases.

Ouerture) an open place. The word is borrowed of the French, and vsed in good writers. To holden chatt) to talke and prate.

A loorde) was wont among the old Britons to signifie a Lorde. And therefore the Danes, that long time vsurped theyr Tyrannie here in Brytanie, were called for more dread then dignitie, Lurdanes .s. Lord Danes. At which time it is sayd, that the insolencie and pryde of that nation was so outragious in thys Realme, that if it fortuned a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, and sawe the Dane set foote vpon the same, he muste retorne

228 *a* Morrell. *Qq 1–4* 233 *Thomalins* (*conj.*, v. 340): *Palinodes Qq 1–5*, *F* 243 Seneneca *Q 1* lapsu *Qq 3–5*, *F*: lapsus *Qq 1*, *2* 257 then *Qq 3–5*, *F*: and *Qq 1*, *2*

back, till the Dane were cleane ouer, or els abyde the pryce of his displeasure, which was no lesse, then present death. But being afterwarde expelled that name of Lurdane became so odious vnto the people, whom they had long oppressed, that euen at this daye they vse for more reproche, to call the Quartane ague the Feuer Lurdane.

Recks much of thy swinck) counts much of thy paynes. Weetelesse) not vnderstoode.

S. Michels mount) is a promontorie in the West part of England.

A hill) Parnassus afforesayd. Pan Christ. Dan) One trybe is put for the whole nation per Synecdochen.

Where Titan) the Sonne. Which story is to be redde in Diodorus Syc. of the hyl Ida; from whence he sayth, all night time is to bee seene a mightye fire, as if the skye burned, which toward morning beginneth to gather into a rownd forme, and thereof ryseth the sonne, whome the Poetes call Titan:

The Shepheard) is Endymion, whom the Poets fayne, to haue bene so beloued of Phœbe .s. the Moone, that he was by her kept a sleepe in a caue by the space of xxx. yeares, for to enioye his companye.

There) that is in Paradise, where through errour of shepheards vnderstanding, he sayth, that all shepheards did vse to feede theyr flocks, till one, (that is Adam) by hys follye and disobedience, made all the rest of hys ofspring be debarred and shutte out from thence.

Synah) a hill in Arabia, where God appeared.

Our Ladyes bowre) a place of pleasure so called.

Faunes or Syluanes) be of Poetes feigned to be Gods of the Woode.

Medway) the name of a Ryuer in Kent, which running by Rochester, meeteth with Thames; whom he calleth his elder brother, both because he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the Sea.

Meynt) mingled. Melampode and Terebinth) be hearbes good to cure diseased Gotes. Of thone speaketh Mantuane, and of thother Theocritus.

τερμινθου τράγων ἴσχατον ἀκρέμονα.

Nigher heauen) Note the shepheards simplenesse, which supposeth that from the hylls is nearer waye to heauen.

Leuin) Lightning; which he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighnes to heauen, because the lightning doth comenly light on hygh mountaynes, according to the saying of the Poete. Feriuntque summos fulmina montes.

Lorrell) A losell. A borell.) a playne fellowe. Narre) nearer.

Hale) for hole. Yede) goe. Frowye) mustye or mossie.

Of yore) long agoe. Forewente) gone afore.

The firste shepheard) was Abell the righteous, who (as scripture sayth) bent hys mind to keeping of sheepe, as did hys brother Cain to tilling the grownde.

His keepe) hys charge s. his flocke. Lowted) did honour and reuerence.

The brethren) the twelue sonnes of Iacob, whych were shepemaisters, and lyued onelye thereupon.

279 errour of *Qq 1–4*: errour of the *Q 5*, *F* 280 (that is Adam): that is Adam *Qq 1, 2*: (that is) Adam *Qq 3–5*, *F* 291 acremona *Qq 2–4*: acremonia *Q 5*, *F* 293 nearer *Qq 1–5*: nigher *F*

Whom Ida) Paris, which being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother Hecubas dreame, which being with child of hym, dreamed shee broughte forth a firebrand, that set all the towre of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hyll Ida; where being fostered of shepheards, he eke in time became a shepheard, and lastly came to knowledge of his parentage.

A lasse) Helena the wyfe of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, was by Venus for the golden Aple to her geuen, then promised to Paris, who thereupon with a sorte of lustye Troyanes, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troye. Which was the cause of the tenne yeares warre in Troye, and the moste famous citye of all Asia most lamentably sacked and defaced.

Argus) was of the Poets deuised to be full of eyes, and therefore to hym was committed the keeping of the transformed Cow Io: So called because that in the print of a Cowes foote, there is figured an I in the middest of an O.

His name) he meaneth Aaron: whose name for more Decorum, the shephearde sayth he hath forgot, lest his remembraunce and skill in antiquities of holy writ should seeme to exceede the meanenesse of the Person.

Not so true) for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed Idolatry.

In purple) Spoken of the Popes and Cardinalles, which vse such tyrannical colours and pompous paynting. Belts) Girdles.

Glitterand) Glittering. A Participle vsed sometime in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Goore.

Theyr Pan) that is the Pope, whom they count theyr God and greatest shepheard.

Palinode) A shephearde, of whose report he seemeth to speake all thys.

Wisards) greate learned heads. Welter) wallowe. Kerne) a Churle or Farmer.

Sike mister men) such kinde of men. Surly) stately and prowde. Melling) medling.

Bett) better. Bynempte) named. Gree) for degree.

Algrin the name of a shepheard afforesayde, whose myshap he alludeth to the chaunce, that happened to the Poet Æschylus, that was brayned with a shellfishe.

Embleme.

By thys poesye Thomalin confirmeth that, which in hys former speach by sondrye reasons he had proued. For being both hymselfe sequestred from all ambition and also abhorring it in others of hys cote, he taketh occasion to prayse the meane and lowly state, as that wherein is safetie without feare, and quiet without danger, according to the saying of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the middest, being enuironed with two contrary vices: whereto Morrell replieth with continuaunce of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bountye dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicitye dwelleth in supremacie. For they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree, so as if any thing be higher or better, then that streight way ceaseth to be perfect happines. Much like to that, which

310 knowledge *Qq 1, 2*: the knowledge *Qq 3–5, F*

once I heard alleaged in defence of humilitye out of a great doctour, Suorum Christus humillimus: which saying a gentle man in the company taking at the rebownd, beate backe again with lyke saying of another Doctoure, as he sayde. Suorum deus altissimus.

August.

Ægloga octaua.

ARGVMENT.

IN this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controuersie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgile fashioned his third and seuenth Æglogue. They choose for vmpere of their strife, Cuddie a neatheards boye, who hauing ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whereof Colin he sayth was Authour.

WILLYE. PERIGOT. CVDDIE.

TEll me *Perigot*, what shalbe the game,
Wherefore with myne thou dare thy musick matche?
Or bene thy Bagpypes renne farre out of frame?
Or hath the Crampe thy ioynts benomd with ache?

354 altissimus *Qq 3–5, F*: allissimus *Qq 1, 2* ARG. 3 *choose Qq 1, 2*: *chose Qq 3–5, F*

PERIGOT.

Ah *Willye*, when the hart is ill assayde,
How can Bagpipe, or ioynts be well apayd?

WILLYE.

What the foule euill hath thee so bestadde?
Whilom thou was peregall to the best,
And wont to make the iolly shepeheards gladde
With pyping and dauncing, didst passe the rest.

PERIGOT.

Ah *Willye* now I haue learnd a newe daunce:
My old musick mard by a newe mischaunce.

WILLYE.

Mischiefe mought to that newe mischaunce befall,
That so hath raft vs of our meriment.
But reede me, what payne doth thee so appall?
Or louest thou, or bene thy younglings miswent?

PERIGOT.

Loue hath misled both my younglings, and mee:
I pyne for payne, and they my payne to see.

WILLYE.

Perdie and wellawaye: ill may they thriue:
Neuer knewe I louers sheepe in good plight.
But and if in rymes with me thou dare striue,
Such fond fantsies shall soone be put to flight.

PERIGOT.

That shall I doe, though mochell worse I fared:
Neuer shall be sayde that *Perigot* was dared.

WILLYE.

Then loe *Perigot* the Pledge, which I plight:
A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre:
Wherein is enchased many a fayre sight
Of Beres and Tygres, that maken fiers warre:

10 didst *Qq 1–3*: did *Qq 4, 5, F* 13 newe *Qq 1, 2*: *om. Qq 3–5, F* 16*a* PERIGOR *Q 1* 18 my payne *Qq 1, 2*: may paine *Q 3*: may plaine *Qq 4, 5*: my plaint *F* 21 if in rymes *Qq 1–3*: if rymes *Qq 4, 5, F* 22 fantsies *Qq 1, 2*: fantasies *Qq 3–5, F*

And ouer them spred a goodly wild vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Yuie twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolues iawes:
But see, how fast renneth the shepheard swayne,
To saue the innocent from the beastes pawes:
And here with his shepehooke hath him slayne.
Tell me, such a cup hast thou euer sene?
Well mought it beseme any haruest Queene.

PERIGOT.

Thereto will I pawne yonder spotted Lambe,
Of all my flocke there nis sike another:
For I brought him vp without the Dambe.
But *Colin Clout* rafte me of his brother,
That he purchast of me in the playne field:
Sore against my will was I forst to yield.

WILLYE.

Sicker make like account of his brother.
But who shall iudge the wager wonne or lost?

PERIGOT.

That shall yonder heardgrome, and none other,
Which ouer the pousse hetherward doth post.

WILLYE.

But for the Sunnebeame so sore doth vs beate,
Were not better, to shunne the scortching heate?

PERIGOT.

Well agreed *Willy:* then sitte thee downe swayne:
Sike a song neuer heardest thou, but *Colin* sing.

CVDDIE.

Gynne, when ye lyst, ye iolly shepheards twayne:
Sike a iudge, as *Cuddie*, were for a king.

Perigot. IT fell vpon a holly eue,
Willye. hey ho hollidaye,

30 Entrailed *Qq 1–4, F*: Entraibed *Q 5* 53 holly *Qq 1, 2*: holy *Qq 3–5, F* 53, 54 *Per. Will. Qq 1–4, F*: Will. Per. *Q 5 and so to* l. 78

Per. When holly fathers wont to shrieue:
Wil. now gynneth this roundelay.
Per. Sitting vpon a hill so hye
Wil. hey ho the high hyll,
Per. The while my flocke did feede thereby,
Wil. the while the shepheard selfe did spill:
Per. I saw the bouncing Bellibone,
Wil. hey ho Bonibell,
Per. Tripping ouer the dale alone,
Wil. she can trippe it very well:
Per. Well decked in a frocke of gray,
Wil. hey ho gray is greete,
Per. And in a Kirtle of greene saye,
Wil. the greene is for maydens meete:
Per. A chapelet on her head she wore,
Wil. hey ho chapelet,
Per. Of sweete Violets therein was store,
Wil. she sweeter then the Violet.
Per. My sheepe did leaue theyr wonted foode,
Wil. hey ho seely sheepe,
Per. And gazd on her, as they were wood,
Wil. woode as he, that did them keepe.
Per. As the bonilasse passed bye,
Wil. hey ho bonilasse,
Per. She roude at me with glauncing eye,
Wil. as cleare as the christall glasse:
Per. All as the Sunnye beame so bright,
Wil. hey ho the Sunne beame,
Per. Glaunceth from *Phœbus* face forthright,
Wil. so loue into thy hart did streame:
Per. Or as the thonder cleaues the cloudes,
Wil. hey ho the Thonder,
Per. Wherein the lightsome leuin shroudes,
Wil. so cleaues thy soule a sonder:
Per. Or as Dame *Cynthias* siluer raye
Wil. hey ho the Moonelight,
Per. Vpon the glyttering waue doth playe:
Wil. such play is a pitteous plight.

56 roundelay *Qq 1–3, F*: round delay *Qq 4, 5* 70 chapelet *Qq 1–3, F*: chaplet *Qq 4, 5* 72 she sweeter *Qq 1, 2, F*: the sweeter *Q 3*: sweeter *Qq 4, 5* 79 roude *Qq 1, 2, 4, 5*: rou'de *Q 3*: rovde *F* 84 thy *F*: my *Qq 1–5*

Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
Wil. hey ho the glyder,
Per. Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
Wil. such woundes soone wexen wider.
Per. Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
Wil. hey ho Perigot.
Per. I left the head in my hart roote:
Wil. it was a desperate shot.
Per. There it ranckleth ay more and more,
Wil. hey ho the arrowe,
Per. Ne can I find salue for my sore:
Wil. loue is a curelesse sorrowe. ——
Per. And though my bale with death I bought,
Wil. hey ho heauie cheere,
Per. Yet should thilk lasse not from my thought:
Wil. so you may buye gold to deare.
Per. But whether in paynefull loue I pyne,
Wil. hey ho pinching payne,
Per. Or thriue in welth, she shalbe mine.
Wil. but if thou can her obteine.
Per. And if for gracelesse greefe I dye,
Wil. hey ho gracelesse griefe,
Per. Witnesse, shee slewe me with her eye:
Wil. let thy follye be the priefe.
Per. And you, that sawe it, simple shepe,
Wil. hey ho the fayre flocke,
Per. For priefe thereof, my death shall weepe,
Wil. and mone with many a mocke.
Per. So learnd I loue on a hollye eue,
Wil. hey ho holidaye,
Per. That euer since my hart did greue.
Wil. now endeth our roundelay.

CVDDYE.

Sicker sike a roundle neuer heard I none.
Little lacketh *Perigot* of the best.
And *Willye* is not greatly ouergone,
So weren his vndersongs well addrest.

104 curelesse *conj. Collier*: carelesse *Qq 1–5 F* 105 bought, *Qq 2–5, F*: bought. *Q 1* 111 she *Qq 1, 2, F*: ye *Qq 3–5* 121 hollye *Qq 1, 2*: olly *Qq 3, 4*: holy *Q 5, F* 122 holidaye *Q 1*: hollidaye *Q 2*: holy-day *Qq 3–5, F*

WILLYE.

Herdgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye:
Areede vprightly, who has the victorye?

CVDDIE.

Fayth of my soule, I deeme ech haue gayned.
For thy let the Lambe be *Willye* his owne:
And for *Perigot* so well hath hym payned,
To him be the wroughten mazer alone.

PERIGOT.

Perigot is well pleased with the doome:
Ne can *Willye* wite the witelesse herdgroome.

WILLYE.

Neuer dempt more right of beautye I weene,
The shepheard of *Ida*, that iudged beauties Queene.

CVDDIE.

But tell me shepherds, should it not yshend
Your roundels fresh, to heare a doolefull verse
Of Rosalend (who knowes not Rosalend?)
That Colin made, ylke can I you rehearse.

PERIGOT.

Now say it *Cuddie*, as thou art a ladde:
With mery thing its good to medle sadde.

WILLY.

Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrouned be
In *Colins* stede, if thou this song areede:
For neuer thing on earth so pleaseth me,
As him to heare, or matter of his deede.

CVDDIE.

Then listneth ech vnto my heauy laye,
And tune your pypes as ruthful, as ye may.

YE wastefull woodes beare witnesse of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:
Ye carelesse byrds are priuie to my cryes,

134 hm *Q 1* 138 iudged *Qq 1–3*: iudge *Qq 4, 5*: iudg'd
148 deede. *Qq 3–5, F*: deede, *Qq 1, 2*

Which in your songs were wont to make a part:
Thou pleasaunt spring hast luld me oft a sleepe,
Whose streames my tricklinge teares did ofte augment.
Resort of people doth my greefs augment,
The walled townes do worke my greater woe:
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow Echo of my carefull cryes,
I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,
Whose waylefull want debarres myne eyes from sleepe.
Let stremes of teares supply the place of sleepe:
Let all that sweete is, voyd: and all that may augment
My doole, drawe neare. More meete to wayle my woe,
Bene the wild woddes my sorrowes to resound,
Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with cryes,
When I them see so waist, and fynd no part
Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gastfull groue therefore, till my last sleepe
Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment
With sight of such a chaunge my restlesse woe:
Helpe me, ye banefull byrds, whose shrieking sound
Ys signe of dreery death, my deadly cryes
Most ruthfully to tune. And as my cryes
(Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
You heare all night, when nature craueth sleepe,
Increase, so let your yrksome yells augment.
Thus all the night in plaints, the daye in woe
I vowed haue to wayst, till safe and sound
She home returne, whose voyces siluer sound
To cheerefull songs can chaunge my cherelesse cryes.
Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
That blessed byrd, that spends her time of sleepe
In songs and plaintiue pleas, the more taugment
The memory of hys misdeede, that bred her woe:
And you that feele no woe, | when as the sound
Of these my nightly cryes | ye heare apart,
Let breake your sounder sleepe | and pitie augment.

154 a part *Qq 3–5*: apart *Qq 1, 2, F* 162 from *Qq 1–5*: of *F*
164 sweete is, *Qq 1–3, F*: sweete, is *Q 4*: sweete is *Q 5* 166 woddes *1*: woodes *Q 2*: woods *Qq 3–5, F* 167 or *Q 1*: nor *Qq 2–5, F*
172 a *Q 1*: as *Qq 2–5, F* 179 night *Qq 1, 2*: nightes *Qq 3–5*: nights *F*

PERIGOT.

O *Colin*, *Colin*, the shepheards ioye,
How I admire ech turning of thy verse:
And *Cuddie*, fresh *Cuddie* the liefest boye,
How dolefully his doole thou didst rehearse.

CUDDIE.

Then blowe your pypes shepheards, til you be at home:
The night nigheth fast, yts time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.
Vincenti gloria victi.

Willyes Embleme.
Vinto non vitto.

Cuddies Embleme.
Felice chi può.

GLOSSE.

Bestadde) disposed, ordered. Peregall) equall. Whilome) once.
Rafte) bereft, depriued. Miswent) gon a straye. Ill may) according to Virgile. Infelix o semper ouis pecus.
A mazer) So also do Theocritus and Virgile feigne pledges of their strife.
Enchased) engrauen. Such pretie descriptions euery where vseth Theocritus to bring in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause indede he by that name termeth his Æglogues: for Idyllion in Greke signifieth the shape or picture of any thyng, wherof his booke is ful. And not, as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they be called not Idyllia, but Hædilia of the Goteheards in them.
Entrailed) wrought betwene.
Haruest Queene) The manner of country folke in haruest tyme.
Pousse.) Pease.
It fell vpon) Perigot maketh hys song in prayse of his loue, to whom Willy answereth euery vnder verse. By Perigot who is meant, I can not vprightly say: but if it be, who is supposed, his love deserueth no lesse prayse, then he giueth her.
Greete) weeping and complaint. Chaplet) a kind of Garlond lyke a crowne.
Leuen) Lightning. Cynthia) was sayd to be the Moone. Gryde) perced.
But if) not vnlesse. Squint eye) partiall iudgement.
Ech haue) so saith Virgile.
Et vitula tu dignus, et hic &c.

195 nigheth *Q 1*: higheth *Qq 2–5*, *F* 218 supposed, his love *Q 1–3*: supposed his loue *Q 4*: supposed his Loue, shee *Q 5*, *F*

So by enterchaunge of gyfts Cuddie pleaseth both partes.
Doome) iudgement. Dempt) for deemed, iudged. Wite the witelesse) blame the blamelesse. The shepherd of Ida) was sayd to be Paris.
Beauties Queene) Venus, to whome Paris adiudged the golden Apple, as the pryce of her beautie.

Embleme. 230

The meaning hereof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poesie claming the conquest, and Willye not yeelding, Cuddie the arbiter of theyr cause, and Patron of his own, semeth to chalenge it, as his dew, saying, that he, is happy which can, so abruptly ending but hee meaneth eyther him, that can win the beste, or moderate him selfe being best, and leaue of with the best.

September.

Ægloga Nona.

ARGVMENT.

HErein Diggon Dauie is deuised to be a shepheard, that in hope of more gayne, droue his sheepe into a farre countrye. The abuses whereof, and loose uing of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinols demaund, he discourseth at urge.

225 So by enterchaunge &c. *Qq 1–4*: *Q 5*, *F omit* 228 goldden *Q 1*
35 of *Qq 1–4*: off *Q 5*, *F*

HOBBINOL. DIGGON DAUIE.

DIggon Dauie, I bidde her god day:
Or Diggon her is, or I missaye.

DIGGON.

Her was her, while it was daye light,
But now her is a most wretched wight.
For day, that was, is wightly past,
And now at earst the dirke night doth hast.

HOBBINOLL.

Diggon areede, who has thee so dight?
Neuer I wist thee in so poore a plight.
Where is the fayre flocke, thou was wont to leade?
Or bene they chaffred? or at mischiefe dead?

DIGGON.

Ah for loue of that, is to thee moste leefe,
Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old griefe:
Sike question ripeth vp cause of newe woe,
For one opened mote vnfolde many moe.

HOBBINOLL.

Nay, but sorrow close shrouded in hart
I know, to kepe, is a burdenous smart.
Eche thing imparted is more eath to beare:
When the rayne is faln, the cloudes wexen cleare.
And nowe sithence I sawe thy head last,
Thrise three Moones bene fully spent and past:
Since when thou hast measured much grownd,
And wandred I wene about the world rounde,
So as thou can many thinges relate:
But tell me first of thy flocks astate.

DIGGON.

My sheepe bene wasted, (wae is me therefore)
The iolly shepheard that was of yore,
Is nowe nor iollye, nor shepehearde more.

6 dirke *Qq 1–4*: darke *Q 5*, *F* 9 was wont *Qq 1*, *2*: was woont *Qq 3*, *4*: wast woon *Q 5*: wast wont *F* 13 ripeth *Qq 1*, *2*; rippeth *Qq 3–5*, *F* 18 wexen *Qq 1*, *2*: waxen *Qq 3*, *4*: waxe *Q 5*: wex *F* 22 I wene *Qq 1*, *2*: weele *Qq 3–5*, *F* 24 astate *Qq 1*, *2*: estate *Qq 3–5*, *F* 25 wae *Qq 1–4*: woe *Q 5*, *F*

In forrein costes, men sayd, was plentye:
And so there is, but all of miserye.
I dempt there much to haue eeked my store,
But such eeking hath made my hart sore.
In tho countryes, whereas I haue bene,
No being for those, that truely mene,
But for such, as of guile maken gayne,
No such countrye, as there to remaine.
They setten to sale their shops of shame,
And maken a Mart of theyr good name.
The shepheards there robben one another,
And layen baytes to beguile her brother.
Or they will buy his sheepe out of the cote,
Or they will caruen the shepheards throte.
The shepheards swayne you cannot wel ken,
But it be by his pryde, from other men:
They looken bigge as Bulls, that bene bate,
And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,
As cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranck.

HOBBINOLL.

Diggon, I am so stiffe, and so stanck,
That vneth may I stand any more:
And nowe the Westerne wind bloweth sore,
That nowe is in his chiefe souereigntee,
Beating the withered leafe from the tree.
Sitte we downe here vnder the hill:
Tho may we talke, and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the blustring blast.
Now say on Diggon, what euer thou hast.

DIGGON.

Hobbin, ah hobbin, I curse the stounde,
That euer I cast to haue lorne this grounde.
Wel-away the while I was so fonde,
To leaue the good, that I had in honde,

32 whereas *Qq 1–4*: where *Q 5*, *F* 37 Mart *Qq 1–4*: market *Q 5*, *F* 40 out *Qq 1–4*: forth *Q 5*, *F*: cote, *Qq 1–4*, *F*: cote. *Q 5* 50 nowe *Q 5*, *F omit* 54 blast. *Qq 1–4*: blast, *Q 5*, *F* 59 hond *Qq 3–5*, *F*: hande *Qq 1, 2*

In hope of better, that was vncouth:
So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth.
My seely sheepe (ah seely sheepe)
That here by there I whilome vsd to keepe,
All were they lustye, as thou didst see,
Bene all sterued with pyne and penuree.
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke payne,
Driuen for neede to come home agayne.

HOBBINOLL.

Ah fon, now by thy losse art taught,
That seeldome chaunge the better brought.
Content who liues with tryed state,
Neede feare no chaunge of frowning fate:
But who will seeke for vnknowne gayne,
Oft liues by losse, and leaues with payne.

DIGGON.

I wote ne Hobbin how I was bewitcht
With vayne desyre, and hope to be enricht.
But sicker so it is, as the bright starre
Seemeth ay greater, when it is farre:
I thought the soyle would haue made me rich:
But nowe I wote, it is nothing sich.
For eyther the shepeheards bene ydle and still,
And ledde of theyr sheepe, what way they wyll:
Or they bene false, and full of couetise,
And casten to compasse many wrong emprise.
But the more bene fraight with fraud and spight,
Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight:
But kindle coales of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they sette all the world on fire:
Which when they thinken agayne to quench
With holy water, they doen hem all drench.
They saye they con to heauen the high way,
But by my soule I dare vndersaye,
They neuer sette foote in that same troade,
But balk the right way, and strayen abroad.

77 ay *Qq 1, 2*: aye *Qq 3, 4*: a *Q 5*, *F* 84 the more bene fraight *Qq 1–4*: more beene fraught *Q 5*, *F* 89 drench. *Qq 1–4*: drench, *Q 5*, *F*

They boast they han the deuill at commaund:
But aske hem therefore, what they han paund.
Marrie that great *Pan* bought with deare borrow,
To quite it from the blacke bowre of sorrowe.
But they han sold thilk same long agoe:
For thy woulden drawe with hem many moe.
But let hem gange alone a Gods name:
As they han brewed, so let hem beare blame.

HOBBINOLL.

Diggon, I praye thee speake not so dirke.
Such myster saying me seemeth to mirke.

DIGGON.

Then playnely to speake of shepheards most what,
Badde is the best (this english is flatt.)
Their ill hauiour garres men missay,
Both of their doctrine, and of their faye.
They sayne the world is much war then it wont,—
All for her shepheards bene beastly and blont.
Other sayne, but how truely I note,
All for they holden shame of theyr cote.
Some sticke not to say, (whote cole on her tongue)
That sike mischiefe graseth hem emong,
All for they casten too much of worlds care,
To deck her Dame, and enrich her heyre:
For such encheason, If you goe nye,
Fewe chymneis reeking you shall espye: —
The fatte Oxe, that wont ligge in the stal,
Is nowe fast stalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in theyr steads,
Ylike as a Monster of many heads.
But they that shooten neerest the pricke,
Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick.
For bigge Bulles *of Basan* brace hem about,
That with theyr hornes butten the more stoute:

95 han *Qq 1–4*: haue *Q 5*, *F* 96 deare *Qq 1–4*: great *Q 5*, *F* 99 For thy woulden *Qq 1*, *2*: For they woulden *Qq 3–5*: For they would *F* 102 dirke. *Qq 1*, *5*, *F*: dirke, *Qq 2–4* 107 and of their *Q 1*: and their *Qq 2–5*, *F* 109 bene *Qq 1–4*: is *Q 5*, *F* 112 whote *Qq 1*, *2*: ote *Qq 3–5*, *F* 117 reeking *Qq 1–4*: reeken *Q 5*, *F* 123 doen *Qq 1–4*: do *Q 5*: doe *F*

But the leane soules treaden vnder foote.
And to seeke redresse mought little boote:
For liker bene they to pluck away more,
Then ought of the gotten good to restore.
For they bene like foule wagmoires ouergrast,
That if thy galage once sticketh fast,
The more to wind it out thou doest swinck,
Thou mought ay deeper and deeper sinck.
Yet better leaue of with a little losse,
Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse.

HOBBINOLL.

Nowe Diggon, I see thou speakest to plaine:
Better it were, a little to feyne,
And cleanly couer, that cannot be cured.
Such il, as is forced, mought nedes be endured.
But of sike pastoures howe done the flocks creepe?

DIGGON.

Sike as the shepheards, sike bene her sheepe,
For they nill listen to the shepheards voyce,
But if he call hem at theyr good choyce,
They wander at wil, and stray at pleasure,
And to theyr foldes yead at their owne leasure.
But they had be better come at their cal:
For many han into mischiefe fall,
And bene of rauenous Wolues yrent,
All for they nould be buxome and bent.

HOBBINOLL.

Fye on thee Diggon, and all thy foule leasing,
Well is knowne that sith the Saxon king,
Neuer was Woolfe seene many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome:
But the fewer Woolues (the soth to sayne,)
The more bene the Foxes that here remaine.

DIGGON.

Yes, but they gang in more secrete wise,
And with sheepes clothing doen hem disguise,

134 of *Qq 1–4*: off *Q 5*, *F* 139 endured. *Qq 3–5*, *F*: endured *Qq 1, 2* 144 stray *Q 1*: stay *Qq 2–5*, *F* 145 yead *F*: yeeld *Qq 1–5* 147 into *Qq 1–4*: vnto *Q 5*, *F* 151 sith *Qq 1–4*: since *Q 5*, *F* 153 Chrisiendome *Q 1*

They walke not widely as they were wont
For feare of raungers, and the great hunt:
But priuely prolling two and froe, —
Enaunter they mought be inly knowe.

HOBBINOL.

Or priuie or pert yf any bene,
We han great Bandogs will teare their skinne.

DIGGON.

Indeede thy ball is a bold bigge curre,
And could make a iolly hole in theyr furre.
But not good Dogges hem needeth to chace,
But heedy shepheards to discerne their face.
For all their craft is in their countenaunce,
They bene so graue and full of mayntenaunce.
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe,
Chaunced to Roffynn not long ygoe?

HOBBINOL.

Say it out Diggon, what euer it hight,
For not but well mought him betight,
He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,
And with his word his worke is conuenable.
Colin clout I wene be his selfe boye,
(Ah for Colin he whilome my ioye)
Shepheards sich, God mought vs many send,
That doen so carefully theyr flocks tend.

DIGGON.

Thilk same shepheard mought I well marke:
He has a Dogge to byte or to barke,
Neuer had shepheard so kene a kurre,
That waketh, and if but a leafe sturre.
Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,
That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe.
And euer at night wont to repayre
Vnto the flocke, when the Welkin shone faire,
Ycladde in clothing of seely sheepe,
When the good old man vsed to sleepe.

158 walke *Qq 1–4* : talk *Q 5*, *F* 162 priuie *Qq 4, 5*, *F*: priue *Qq 1–3* 165 theyr *Qq 2, 3* : thoyr *Q 1* : their *Qq 4, 5*, *F* 169 They *Q 5*, *F* : The *Qq 1–4*

Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
(For he had eft learned a curres call.)
As if a Woolfe were emong the sheepe.
With that the shepheard would breake his sleepe,
And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
To raunge the fields with wide open throte.
Tho when as Lowder was farre awaye,
This Woluish sheepe would catchen his pray,
A Lambe, or a Kidde, or a weanell wast:
With that to the wood would he speede him fast.
Long time he vsed this slippery pranck,
Ere Roffy could for his laboure him thanck.
At end the shepheard his practise spyed,
(For Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed)
And when at euen he came to the flocke,
Fast in theyr folds he did them locke,
And tooke out the Woolfe in his counterfect cote,
And let out the sheepes bloud at his throte.

HOBBINOLL.

Marry Diggon, what should him affraye,
To take his owne where euer it laye?
For had his wesand bene a little widder,
He would haue deuoured both hidder and shidder.

DIGGON.

Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse,
Too good for him had bene a great deale worse:
For it was a perilous beast aboue all,
And eke had he cond the shepherds call.
And oft in the night came to the shepecote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
As if it the old man selfe had bene.
The dog his maisters voice did it weene,
Yet halfe in doubt, he opened the dore,
And ranne out, as he was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,
Fast by the hyde the Wolfe lowder caught:

196 away, *Qq 3–5*, *F*: awaye. *Qq 1, 2* 201 thanck. *Q 5*, *F*: thanck *Qq 1–4* 207 *a* Hobbinoll *Qq 2–5*: Diggon *Q 1*

And had not Roffy renne to the steuen,
Lowder had be slaine thilke same euen.

HOBBINOLL.

God shield man, he should so ill haue thriue,
All for he did his deuoyr beliue.
If sike bene Wolues, as thou hast told,
How mought we Diggon, hem be-hold.

DIGGON.

How, but with heede and watchfulnesse,
Forstallen hem of their wilinesse?
For thy with shepheard sittes not playe,
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:
But euer liggen in watch and ward,
From soddein force theyr flocks for to gard.

HOBBINOLL.

Ah Diggon, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to wach and waite.
We bene of fleshe, men as other bee.
Why should we be bound to such miseree?
What euer thing lacketh chaungeable rest,
Mought needes decay, when it is at best.

DIGGON.

Ah but Hobbinol, all this long tale,
Nought easeth the care, that doth me forhaile.
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and losse to amend? —
Ah good Hobbinol, mought I thee praye,
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye.

HOBBINOLL.

Now by my soule Diggon, I lament
The haplesse mischief, that has thee hent,
Nethelesse thou seest my lowly saile,
That froward fortune doth euer auaile.

237 wach *Q 1*: watch *Qq 2–5, F* 243 forhaile. *Qq 1–4*: forhaile, *Q 5, F*

But were Hobbinoll, as God mought please,
Diggon should soone find fauour and ease.
But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,
So as I can, I wil thee comfort:
There mayst thou ligge in a vetchy bed,
Till fayrer Fortune shewe forth her head.

DIGGON.

Ah Hobbinol, God mought it thee requite.
Diggon on fewe such freends did euer lite.

Diggons Embleme.

Inopem me copia fecit.

GLOSSE.

The Dialecte and phrase of speache in this Dialogue, seemeth somewhat to differ from the comen. The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of the party herein meant, who being very freend to the Author hereof, had bene long in forraine countryes, and there seene many disorders, which he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her) Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to praye, whereof commeth beades for prayers, and so they say, To bidde his beades. s. to saye his prayers.

Wightly) quicklye, or sodenlye. Chaffred) solde.

Dead at mischiefe) an vnusuall speache, but much vsurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer.

Leefe) deare. Ethe) easie. Thrice thre moones) nine monethes.

Measured) for traueled.

Wae) woe Northernly. Eeked) encreased.

Caruen) cutte. Kenne) know.

Cragge) neck. State) stoutely. Stanck) wearie or fainte.

And nowe) He applieth it to the tyme of the yeare, which is in thend of haruest, which they call the fall of the leafe: at which tyme the Westerne wynde beareth most swaye.

A mocke) Imitating Horace, Debes ludibrium ventis.

Lorne) lefte. Soote) swete.

Vncouthe) vnknowen. Hereby there) here and there. As the brighte) Translated out of Mantuane. Emprise) for enterprise. Per Syncopen.

Contek) strife.

Trode) path. Marrie that) that is, their soules, which by popish Exorcismes and practises they damme to hell.

Blacke) hell. Gange) goe. Mister) maner.

Mirke) obscure. Warre) worse.

255 can, *Qq 3–5*, *F*: can: *Qq 1, 2* 257 her *Q 1*: his *Qq 2–5*, *F*
274 Thrice *F*: These *Qq 1–5* 288 practtises *Q 1*

Crumenall) purse. Brace) compasse. Encheson) occasion. Ouergrast) ouergrowen with grasse. Galage) shoe. The grosse) the whole. Buxome and bent) meeke and obedient.

Saxon king) K. Edgare, that reigned here in Brytanye in the yeare of our Lorde. Which king caused all the Wolues, whereof then was store in thys countrye, by a proper policie to be destroyed. So as neuer since that time, there haue ben Wolues here founde, vnlesse they were brought from other countryes. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for saying there be Wolues in England.

Nor in Christendome) This saying seemeth to be strange and vnreasonable: but indede it was wont to be an olde prouerbe and comen phrase. The original whereof was, for that most part of England in the reigne of king Ethelbert was christened, Kent onely except, which remayned long after in mysbeliefe and vnchristened, So that Kent was counted no part of Christendome.

Great hunt) Executing of lawes and iustice. Enaunter) least that.

Inly) inwardly. Afforesayde. Privie or pert) openly sayth Chaucer.

Roffy) The name of a shepehearde in Marot his Æglogue of Robin and the Kinge. Whome he here commendeth for greate care and wise gouernance of his flock.

Colin cloute) Nowe I thinke no man doubteth but by Colin is euer meante the Authour selfe. Whose especiall good freend Hobbinoll sayth he is, or more rightly Mayster Gabriel Haruey: of whose speciall commendation, aswell in Poetrye as Rhetorike and other choyce learning, we haue lately had a sufficient tryall in diuerse his workes, but specially in his Musarum Lachrymæ, and his late Gratulationum Valdinensium which boke in the progresse at Audley in Essex, he dedicated in writing to her Maiestie. Afterward presenting the same in print vnto her Highnesse at the worshipfull Maister Capells in Hertfordshire. Beside other his sundrye most rare and very notable writings, partely vnder vnknown Tytles, and partly vnder counterfayt names, as hys Tyrannomastix, his Ode Natalitia, his Rameidos, and esspecially that parte of Philomusus, his diuine Anticosmopolita, and diuers other of lyke importance. As also by the names of other shepheardes, he couereth the persons of diuers other his familiar freendes and best acquayntaunce.

This tale of Roffy seemeth to coloure some particular Action of his. But what, I certeinlye know not.

Wonned) haunted. Welkin) skie. Afforesaid.

A Weanell waste) a weaned youngling. Hidder and shidder) He and she. Male and Female. Steuen) Noyse. Beliue) quickly. What euer) Ouids verse translated. Quod caret alterna requie, durabile non est.

Forehaile) drawe or distresse. Vetchie) of Pease strawe.

Embleme.

This is the saying of Narcissus in Ouid. For when the foolishe boye by beholding hys face in the brooke, fell in loue with his owne likenesse: and

295 *Date omitted in Qq, F* 307 Priuy *F*: Preuely *Qq* 329 Weanell *Qq 1–4*: weaned *Q 5*, *F*

not hable to content him selfe with much looking thereon, he cryed out, that plentye made him poore, meaning that much gazing had bereft him of sence. But our Diggon vseth it to other purpose, as who that by tryall of many wayes had founde the worst, and through greate plentye was fallen into great penurie. This poesie I knowe, to haue bene much vsed of the author, and to suche like effecte, as fyrste Narcissus spake it.

October.

Ægloga decima.

ARGVMENT.

IN Cuddie is set out the perfecte paterne of a Poete, whiche finding no maintenaunce of his state and studies, complayneth of the contempte of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially hauing bene in all ages, and euen amongst the most barbarous alwayes of singular accounpt and honor, and being indede so worthy and commendable an arte: or rather no arte, but a diuine gift and heauenly instinct not to bee gotten by laboure and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine ἐνθουσιασμὸς. and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof els where at large discourseth, in his booke called the English Poete, which booke being lately come to my hands, I mynde also by Gods grace vpon further aduisement to publish.

336 lookng *Q 1* 337 poore, *Qq 2–5, F*: poore. *Q 1* 338 our Diggon *Qq 1, 2*: Diggon *Qq 3–5, F* 340 *Q 5, F omit* great
ARG. 1 *whishe Q 1* 7 *Enthousiasmos F*: *Kithousiasmos Qq 2–5*

PIERCE. CVDDIE.

CVddie, for shame hold vp thy heauye head,
And let vs cast with what delight to chace,
And weary thys long lingring *Phœbus* race.
Whilome thou wont the shepheards laddes to leade,
In rymes, in ridles, and in bydding base:
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead.

CVDDYE.

Piers, I haue pyped erst so long with payne,
That all mine Oten reedes bene rent and wore:
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.
Such pleasaunce makes the Grashopper so poore,
And ligge so layd, when Winter doth her straine:

The dapper ditties, that I wont deuise,
To feede youthes fancie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?
They han the pleasure, I a sclender prise.
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

PIRES.

Cuddie, the prayse is better, then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gayne:
O what an honor is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice:
Or pricke them forth with pleasaunce of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice.

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleaue:
Seemeth thou dost their soule of sence bereaue,
All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame
From *Plutoes* balefull bowre withouten leaue:
His musicks might the hellish hound did tame.

2 chace, *Q 5*, *F*: chace: *Qq 1–4*. 6 dead. *Q 5*, *F*: dead? *Qq 1–4*
5 the bett *Qq 1–4*, *F*: bett *Q 5* 27 thou *Qq 1*, *2*: tho *Qq 3–5*, *F*

CVDDIE.

So praysen babes the Peacoks spotted traine,
And wondren at bright *Argus* blazing eye:
But who rewards him ere the more for thy?
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?
Sike prayse is smoke, that sheddeth in the skye,
Sike words bene wynd, and wasten soone in vayne.

PIERS.

Abandon then the base and viler clowne,
Lyft vp thy selfe out of the lowly dust:
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts,
Turne thee to those, that weld the awful crowne.
To doubted Knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
And helmes vnbruzed wexen dayly browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttryng wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West:
Whither thou list in fayre *Elisa* rest,
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Aduaunce the worthy whome shee loueth best,
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger stounds,
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:
Of loue and lustihead tho mayst thou sing,
And carrol lowde, and leade the Myllers rownde,
All were *Elisa* one of thilke same ring.
So mought our *Cuddies* name to Heauen sownde.

CVDDYE.

Indeede the Romish *Tityrus*, I heare,
Through his *Mecænas* left his Oaten reede,
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,
And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,
And eft did sing of warres and deadly drede,
So as the Heauens did quake his verse to here.

39 giusts *Q 1*: guists *Qq 2–4*: gusts *Q 5*, *F* 49 stronger *Qq 1–3*, *F*: strong *Qq 4, 5*

But ah *Mecænas* is yclad in claye,
And great *Augustus* long ygoe is dead:
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in leade,
That matter made for Poets on to play:
For euer, who in derring doe were dreade,
The loftie verse of hem was loued aye.

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mighty manhode brought a bedde of ease:
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease,
To put in preace emong the learned troupe.
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sonnebright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poesie,
Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne:
Or it mens follies mote be forst to fayne,
And rolle with rest in rymes of rybaudrye:
Or as it sprong, it wither must agayne:
Tom Piper makes vs better melodie.

PIERS.

O pierlesse Poesye, where is then thy place?
If nor in Princes pallace thou doe sitt:
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fitt)
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace.
Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heauen apace.

CVDDIE.

Ah *Percy* it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to sore, and make so large a flight:
Her peeced pyneons bene not so in plight,
For *Colin* fittes such famous flight to scanne:
He, were he not with loue so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

65 dreade *Q 1*: deade *Qq 2, 3*: dead *Qq 4, 5, F* 66 aye. *Qq 1–4*, : aye, *Q 5* 75 be forst *Q 1*: to forst *Qq 2–5*: to force *F* 76 ybaudrye: *Qq 4, 5, F*: rybaudrye. *Qq 1–3* 78 Piper *Q 1, F*: piper *Qq 2–5* 79 thy *Qq 3–5, F*: the *Qq 1, 2* 80 nor *Qq 1–4*: not *Q 5* oe *Qq 1, 2*: doest *Qq 3–5*: doost *F*

PIRES.

Ah fon, for loue does teach him climbe so hie,
And lyftes him vp out of the loathsome myre:
Such immortall mirrhor, as he doth admire,
Would rayse ones mynd aboue the starry skie.
And cause a caytiue corage to aspire,
For lofty loue doth loath a lowly eye.

CVDDIE.

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,
For lordly loue is such a Tyranne fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expell.
The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes,
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell.
Vnwisely weaues, that takes two webbes in hand.
Who euer casts to compasse weightye prise,
And thinks to throwe out thondring words of threate:
Let powre in lauish cups and thriftie bitts of meate,
For *Bacchus* fruite is frend to *Phœbus* wise.
And when with Wine the braine begins to sweate,
The nombers flowe as fast as spring doth ryse.
Thou kenst not *Percie* howe the ryme should rage.
O if my temples were distaind with wine,
And girt in girlonds of wild Yuie twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teache her tread aloft in bus-kin fine,
With queint *Bellona* in her equipage.
But ah my corage cooles ere it be warme,
For thy, content vs in thys humble shade:
Where no such troublous tydes han vs assayde,
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.

PIRES.

And when my Gates shall han their bellies layd:
Cuddie shall haue a Kidde to store his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.

Agitante calescimus illo &c.

96 *a* CVDDIE. *Qq 3–5, F*: *om. Qq 1, 2* 99 expell. *Qq 1, 2*: expell, *Qq 3–5, F* 100–1 demaundes. . . . dwell, *Qq 1–5*: demaundes, ... dwell: *F* 116 For thy, *Qq 1, 2*: For thy *Qq 3–5, F*

GLOSSE.

This Æglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his xvi. Idilion, wherein hee reproued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his nigardise towarde Poetes, in whome is the power to make men immortal for theyr good dedes, or shameful for their naughty lyfe. And the lyke also is in Mantuane, The style hereof as also that in Theocritus, is more loftye then the rest, and applyed to the heighte of Poeticall witte.

Cuddie) I doubte whether by Cuddie be specified the authour selfe, or some other. For in the eyght Æglogue the same person was brought in, singing a Cantion of Colins making, as he sayth. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

Whilome) sometime. Oaten reedes) Auena.

Ligge so layde) lye so faynt and vnlustye. Dapper) pretye.

Frye) is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawning fishes. For the multitude of young fish be called the frye.

To restraine.) This place seemeth to conspyre with Plato, who in his first booke de Legibus sayth, that the first inuention of Poetry was of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinite number of youth vsually came to theyr great solemne feastes called Panegyrica, which they vsed euery fiue yeere to hold, some learned man being more hable then the rest, for speciall gyftes of wytte and Musicke, would take vpon him to sing fine verses to the people, in prayse eyther of vertue or of victory or of immortality or such like. At whose wonderful gyft al men being astonied and as it were rauished, with delight, thinking (as it was indeed) that he was inspired from aboue, called him vatem: which kinde of men afterwarde framing their verses to lighter musick (as of musick be many kinds, some sadder, some lighter, some martiall, some heroical: and so diuersely eke affect the mynds of men) found out lighter matter of Poesie also, some playing wyth loue, some scorning at mens fashions, some powred out in pleasures, and so were called Poetes or makers.

Sence bereaue) what the secrete working of Musick is in the myndes of men, aswell appeareth, hereby, that some of the auncient Philosophers, and those the moste wise, as Plato and Pythagoras held for opinion, that the mynd was made of a certaine harmonie and musicall nombers, for the great compassion and likenes of affection in thone and in the other as also by that memorable history of Alexander: to whom when as Timotheus the great Musitian playd the Phrygian melodie, it is said, that he was distraught with such vnwonted fury, that streight way rysing from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready to goe to warre (for that musick is very war like:) And immediatly whenas the Musitian chaunged his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he was so furr from warring, that he sat as styl, as if he had bene in matters of counsell. Such might is in musick. Wherefore Plato and Aristotle forbid the Arabian

134 Auena *Qq 1, 2*: Avenae *Qq 3–5, F* 148 be *Qq 1–4*: there be *Q 5, F* 151 playing *Qq 1–3, F*: plying *Qq 4, 5* 163 furr *Q 1*: urre *Qq 2, 3*: farre *Q 4*: far *Q 5, F* 164 mattes *Q 1* 165 Arabian *Qq 3–5, F*: Aradian *Qq 1, 2*

Melodie from children and youth. For that being altogither on the fyft and vii, tone, it is of great force to molifie and quench the kindly courage, which vseth to burne in yong brests. So that it is not incredible which the Poete here sayth, that Musick can bereaue the soule of sence.

The shepheard that) Orpheus: of whom is sayd, that by his excellent skil in Musick and Poetry, he recouered his wife Eurydice from hell.

Argus eyes) of Argus is before said, that Iuno to him committed hir husband Iupiter his Paragon Iô, bicause he had an hundred eyes: but afterwarde Mercury wyth hys Musick lulling Argus aslepe, slew him and brought Iô away, whose eyes it is sayd that Iuno for his eternall memory placed in her byrd the Peacocks tayle. For those coloured spots indeede resemble eyes.

Woundlesse armour) vnwounded in warre, doe rust through long peace.

Display) A poeticall metaphore: whereof the meaning is, that if the Poet list showe his skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Æglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veyne and more Heroicall argument, in the person of our most gratious soueraign, whom (as before) he calleth Elisa. Or if mater of knighthoode and cheualrie please him better, that there be many Noble and valiaunt men, that are both worthy of his payne in theyr deserued prayses, and also fauourers of hys skil and faculty.

The worthy) he meaneth (as I guesse) the most honorable and renowmed the Erle of Leycester, whom by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bewrayeth, being not likely, that the names of noble princes be known to country clowne.

Slack) that is when thou chaungest thy verse from stately discourse, to matter of more pleasaunce and delight.

The Millers) a kind of daunce. Ring) company of dauncers.

The Romish Tityrus) wel knowen to be Virgile, who by Mecænas means was brought into the fauour of the Emperor Augustus, and by him moued to write in loftier kinde, then he erst had doen.

Whereon) in these three verses are the three seuerall workes of Virgile intended. For in teaching his flocks to feede, is meant his Æglogues. In labouring of lands, is hys Bucoliques. In singing of wars and deadly dreade, is his diuine Æneis figured.

In derring doe) In manhoode and cheualrie.

For euer) He sheweth the cause, why Poetes were wont be had in such honor of noble men; that is, that by them their worthines and valor shold through theyr famous Posies be commended to al posterities. Wherfore it is sayd, that Achilles had neuer bene so famous, as he is, but for Homeres immortal verses. Which is the only aduantage, which he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great comming to his tombe in Sigeus, with

189 noble *Qq 1–4*: worldly *Q 5*, *F* clowne *Qq 1*, *2*: clownes *Qq 3–5* 190 from stately discourse *Qq 1*, *2*: from stately course *Qq 3*, *4*: to stately course, *Q 5*, *F* 193 Tityrus *Qq 1–3*, *F*: *Tiryrus Q 4*: *Tytirus Q 5* knowē to be *Q 1*: knowen to bee *Q 2*: known o e *Q 3*: know noble *Q 4*: knew noble *Q 5*, *F* 198 Bucoliques *Qq 1*, *2*: Georgiques *Qq 3–5*, *F*

naturall teares blessed him, that euer was his hap to be honoured with so excellent a Poets work: as so renowmed and ennobled onely by hys meanes. Which being declared in a most eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no lesse worthely sette forth in a sonet

Giunto Alexandro a la famosa tomba
Del fero Achille sospírando disse
O fortunato che si chiara tromba. Trouasti &c.

And that such account hath bene alwayes made of Poetes, aswell sheweth this that the worthy Scipio in all his warres against Carthage and Numantia had euermore in his company, and that in a most familiar sort the good olde Poet Ennius: as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, when he was enformed that the famous Lyrick Poet Pindarus was borne in that citie, not onely commaunded streightly, that no man should vpon payne of death do any violence to that house by fire or otherwise: but also specially spared most, and some highly rewarded, that were of hys kinne. So fauoured he the only name of a Poete. Whych prayse otherwise was in the same man no lesse famous, that when he came to ransacking of king Darius coffers, whom he lately had ouerthrowen, he founde in a little coffer of siluer the two bookes of Homers works, as layd vp there for speciall iewells and richesse, which he taking thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome, and thother euery night layde vnder his pillowe. Such honor haue Poetes alwayes found in the sight of princes and noble men. Which this author here very well sheweth, as els where more notably.

But after) he sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetry to be idlenesse and basenesse of mynd. Pent) shut vp in slouth, as in a coope or cage.

Tom piper) An Ironicall Sarcasmus, spoken in derision of these rude wits, whych make more account of a ryming rybaud, then of skill grounded vpon learning and iudgment.

Ne brest) the meaner sort of men. Her peeced pineons) vnperfect skil. Spoken wyth humble modestie.

As soote as Swanne) The comparison seemeth to be strange: for the swanne hath euer wonne small commendation for her swete singing: but it is sayd of the learned that the swan a little before hir death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophecying by a secrete instinct her neere destinie As wel sayth the Poete elswhere in one of his sonetts.

The siluer swanne doth sing before her dying day
As shee that feeles the deepe delight that is in death &c.

Immortall myrrhour) Beauty, which is an excellent obiect of Poeticall spirites, as appeareth by the worthy Petrachs saying.

Fiorir faceua il mio debile ingegno
A la sua ombra, et crescer ne gli affanni.

A caytiue corage) a base and abiect minde.

For lofty loue) I think this playing with the letter to be rather a fault

208 meanes *Qq 1–3*: meane *Qq 4, 5, F* 220 by fire *Qq 1, 2*: *om. Qq 3–5, F* 226 taking *Qq 1–4, F*: taketh *Q 5* 232 Sarcasmus *Qq 3–5, F*: Sacrasmus *Qq 1, 2*

then a figure, aswel in our English tongue, as it hath bene alwayes in the Latine, called Cacozelon.

A vacant) imitateth Mantuanes saying. vacuum curis diuína cerebrum Poscit.

Lauish cups) Resembleth that comen verse Fæcundi calices quem non fecere disertum.

O if my) He seemeth here to be rauished with a Poetical furie. For (if one rightly mark) the numbers rise so ful, and the verse groweth so big, that it seemeth he hath forgot the meanenesse of shepheards state and stile.

Wild yuie) for it is dedicated to Bacchus and therefore it is sayd that the Mænades (that is Bacchus franticke priestes) vsed in theyr sacrifice to carry Thyrsos, which were pointed staues or Iauelins, wrapped about with yuie.

In buskin) it was the maner of Poetes and plaiers in tragedies to were buskins, as also in Comedies to vse stockes and light shoes. So that the buskin in Poetry is vsed for tragical matter, as is said in Virgile. Sola sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno. And the like in Horace, Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno.

Queint) strange Bellona; the goddesse of battaile, that is Pallas, which may therefore wel be called queint for that (as Lucian saith) when Iupiter hir father was in traueile of her, he caused his sonne Vulcane with his axe to hew his head. Out of which leaped forth lustely a valiant damsell armed at all poyntes, whom seeing Vulcane so faire and comely, lightly leaping to her, proferred her some cortesie, which the Lady disdeigning, shaked her speare at him, and threatned his saucinesse. Therefore such straungenesse is well applyed to her.

Æquipage.) order. Tydes) seasons.

Charme) temper and order. For Charmes were wont to be made by verses as Ouid sayth. Aut si carminibus.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of this Æglogue, that Poetry is a diuine instinct and vnnatural rage passing the reache of comen reason. Whom Piers answereth Epiphonematicos as admiring the excellencye of the skyll whereof in Cuddie hee hadde alreadye hadde a taste.

257 hath *Qq 1–4*: had *Q5*, *F* 264 as is *Qq 2–5*, *F*: as it *Q1* 270 forth *Qq 1–4*: out *Q5*, *F* 281 Epiphonematicos *Qq 1*, *2*: lipiphonematicos *Qq 3–5*, *F* admiring *Qq 1*, *2*: admitting *Qq 3–5*, *F*

Ægloga vndecima.

ARGVMENT.

IN this xi. Æglogue he bewayleth the death of some mayden of greate bloud, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secrete, and to me altogether vnknowne, albe of him selfe I often required the same. This Æglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made vpon the death of Loys the frenche Queene. But farre passing his reache, and in myne opinion all other the Eglogues of this booke.

THENOT. COLIN.

COlin my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou were wont songs of some iouisaunce?
Thy Muse to long slombreth in sorrowing,
Lulled a sleepe through loues misgouernaunce.
Now somewhat sing, whose endles souenaunce,
Emong the shepeheards swaines may aye remaine,
Whether thee list thy loued lasse aduaunce,
Or honor *Pan* with hymnes of higher vaine.

COLIN.

Thenot, now nis the time of merimake.
Nor *Pan* to herye, nor with loue to playe:

ARG. 3 *albe Qq 1, 2*: *albeit Qq 3–5, F* 2 were *Qq 1–4*: wert *Q 5, F* 4 misgouernaunce. *F*: misgouernaunce, *Qq 1–5* 7 Whether *Qq 1–4, F*: whither *Q 5* 9 merimake. *Qq 1–5*: mery-make, *F*

Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade vnder the cocked haye.
But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
And *Phœbus* weary of his yerely taske,
Ystabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,
And taken vp his ynne in *Fishes* haske.
Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth aske:
And loatheth sike delightes, as thou doest prayse:
The mornefull Muse in myrth now list ne maske,
As shee was wont in youngth and sommer dayes.
But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
And looser songs of loue to vnderfong
Who but thy selfe deserues sike Poetes prayse?
Relieue thy Oaten pypes, that sleepen long.

THENOT.

The Nightingale is souereigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmose silent bee:
And I vnfitte to thrust in skilfull thronge,
Should *Colin* make iudge of my fooleree.
Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,
And han be watered at the Muses well:
The kindlye dewe drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
But if sadde winters wrathe and season chill,
Accorde not with thy Muses meriment:
To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreeriment.
For deade is Dido, dead alas and drent,
Dido the greate shepehearde his daughter sheene:
The fayrest May she was that euer went,
Her like shee has not left behinde I weene.
And if thou wilt bewayle my wofull tene:
I shall thee giue yond Cosset for thy payne:
And if thy rymes as rownd and rufull bene,
As those that did thy *Rosalind* complayne,

14 taske, *F*: taske: *Qq 1–5* 15 Ystabled *Qq 1–4*: Ystablished *Q 5*: Ystablisht *F* 17 sollein *Qq 1–3*: sollen *Q 4*: sullen *Q 5*, *F* 18 loatheth *Qq 1–3*, *F*: loathed *Qq 4, 5* 22 vnderfong *Qq 1–5*: vnderfong: *F* 23 sike *Qq 1–4*: like *Q 5*, *F* 35 sadder *Qq 1–3*, *F*: sad *Qq 4, 5*

Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,
Then Kidde or Cosset, which I thee bynempt:
Then vp I say, thou iolly shepeheard swayne,
Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

COLIN.

Thenot to that I choose, thou doest me tempt,
But ah to well I wote my humble vaine,
And howe my rymes bene rugged and vnkempt:
Yet as I conne, my conning I will strayne.

VP then *Melpomene* thou mournefulst Muse of nyne,
Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afore:
Vp grieslie ghostes and vp my rufull ryme,
Matter of myrth now shalt thou haue no more.
For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of yore.
Dido my deare alas is dead,
Dead and lyeth wrapt in lead:
O heauie herse,
Let streaming teares be poured out in store:
O carefull verse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abyde,
Waile ye this wofull waste of natures warke:
Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pryde:
Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke.
The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke:
The earth now lacks her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night,
O heauie herse.
Breake we our pypes, that shrild as lowde as Larke,
O carefull verse.

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)
Whose better dayes death hath shut vp in woe?
The fayrest floure our gyrlond all emong,
Is faded quite and into dust ygoe.
Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe

53 thou mournefulst . . . nyne *Q 1*: the mournfulst . . . nyne *Q 2*: the mournfulst . . . nine *Qq 3, 4*: the mournful . . . nine *Q 5*: the mournfull . . . nine *F*

The songs that *Colin* made in her prayse,
But into weeping turne your wanton layes,
O heauie herse,
Now is time to dye. Nay time was long ygoe,
O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buryed long in Winters bale:
Yet soone as spring his mantle doth displaye,
It floureth fresh, as it should neuer fayle?
But thing on earth that is of most availe,
As vertues braunch and beauties budde,
Reliuen not for any good.
O heauie herse,
The braunch once dead, the budde eke needes must quaile,
O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was, a woful word to sayne)
For beauties prayse and plesaunce had no pere:
So well she couth the shepherds entertayne,
With cakes and cracknells and such country chere.
Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine,
For she would cal hem often heme
And giue hem curds and clouted Creame.
O heauie herse,
Als *Colin cloute* she would not once disdayne.
O carefull verse.

But nowe sike happy cheere is turnd to heauie chaunce,
Such pleasaunce now displast by dolors dint:
All Musick sleepes, where death doth leade the daunce,
And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.
The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct,
The gaudie girlonds deck her graue,
The faded flowres her corse embraue.

78 made *Qq 1–5*: made you *F* 79 layes, *Qq 1–4*: layes. *Q 5*, *F* 80 herse, *Qq 1–4*: herse: *Q 5*, *F* 84 bale: *Qq 1–4*: bale? *Q 5*, *F* 85 mantle *Qq 1–3*, *F*: mantile *Q 4*: manttle *Q 5* 86 fayle? *Qq 1–4*: fayle: *Q 5*, *F* 88 budde. *Qq 1*, *2*: bud, *Qq 3–5*, *F* 98 hem often heme *Q 1*: often heme *Qq 2–4*: him often heame *Q 5*, *F* 99 hem *Q 1*: him *Qq 2–5*, *F* 107 tinct, *Qq 1–4*: tinct: *Q 5*, *F* 108 deck *Qq 1–4*: deckt *Q 5*, *F*

O heauie herse,
Morne nowe my Muse, now morne with teares besprint.
O carefull verse.

O thou greate shepheard *Lobbin*, how great is thy griefe,
Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee:
The colourd chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted rushrings, and gilte Rosemaree?
For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.
Ah they bene all yclad in clay,
One bitter blast blewe all away.
O heauie herse,
Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree.
O carefull verse.

Ay me that dreerie death should strike so mortall stroke,
That can vndoe Dame natures kindly course:
The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,
The flouds do gaspe, for dryed is theyr sourse,
And flouds of teares flowe in theyr stead perforse.
The mantled medowes mourne,
Theyr sondry colours tourne.
O heauie herse,
The heauens doe melt in teares without remorse.
O carefull verse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,
And hang theyr heads, as they would learne to weepe:
The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,
Except the Wolues, that chase the wandring sheepe:
Now she is gon that safely did hem keepe,
The Turtle on the bared braunch,
Laments the wound, that death did launch.
O heauie herse,
And *Philomele* her song with teares doth steepe.
O carefull verse.

114 thee: *Qq 1–4*: thee? *Q 5*, *F* 115 colourd *Qq 1–4*, *F*: coloured *Q 5* 118 yclad *Qq 1–4*, *F*: clad *Q 5* 128–9 mourne, . . . tourne. *Qq 2–5*, *F*: morune, . . . torune. *Q 1* 132 carsefull *Q 1*

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her girlond Oliue braunches beare,
Now balefull boughes of Cypres doen aduaunce:
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter Eldre braunches seare,
The fatall sisters eke repent,
Her vitall threde so soone was spent.
O heauie herse,
Morne now my Muse, now morne with heauie cheare.
O carefull verse.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortal men, that swincke and sweate for nought,
And shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope:
Now haue I learnd (a lesson derely bought)
That nys on earth assuraunce to be sought:
For what might be in earthlie mould,
That did her buried body hould,
O heauie herse,
Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought
O carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,
And gates of hel, and fyrie furies forse:
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule vnbodied of the burdenous corpse.
Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?
O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,
Dido nis dead, but into heauen hent.
O happye herse,
Cease now my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes sourse,
O ioyfull verse.

Why wayle we then? why weary we the Gods with playnts,
As if some euill were to her betight?
She raignes a goddesse now emong the saintes,
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light:
And is enstalled nowe in heauens hight.

155 doe *Q 1*: doth *Qq 2–5, F* 159 hould, *Qq 4, 5, F*: hould. *Qq 1–3* 171 Muse *Qq 1–3, F*: Muses *Qq 4, 5*

I see thee blessed soule, I see,
Walke in *Elisian* fieldes so free.
O happy herse,
Might I once come to thee (O that I might)
O ioyfull verse.

Vnwise and wretched men to weete whats good or ill,
We deeme of Death as doome of ill desert:
But knewe we fooles, what it vs bringes vntil,
Dye would we dayly, once it to expert.
No daunger there the shepheard can astert:
Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene,
The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene:
O happy herse,
Make hast ye shepheards, thether to reuert,
O ioyfull verse.

Dido is gone afore (whose turne shall be the next?)
There liues shee with the blessed Gods in blisse,
There drincks she *Nectar* with *Ambrosia* mixt,
And ioyes enioyes, that mortall men doe misse.
The honor now of highest gods she is,
That whilome was poore shepheards pryde,
While here on earth she did abyde.
O happy herse,
Ceasse now my song, my woe now wasted is.
O ioyfull verse.

THENOT.

Ay francke shepheard, how bene thy verses meint
With doolful pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte,
Whether reioyce or weepe for great constrainte?
Thyne be the cossette, well hast thow it gotte.
Vp *Colin* vp, ynough thou morned hast,
Now gynnes to mizzle, hye we homeward fast.

Colins Embleme.

La mort ny mord.

178 thee *Qq 1–4*: the *Q 5*, *F*

GLOSSE.

Iouisaunce) myrth. Souenaunce) remembraunce. Herie) honour.

Welked) shortned or empayred. As the Moone being in the waine is sayde of Lidgate to welk.

In lowly lay) according to the season of the moneth Nouember, when the sonne draweth low in the South toward his Tropick or returne.

In fishes haske) the sonne, reigneth that is, in the signe Pisces all Nouember. A haske is a wicker pad, wherein they vse to cary fish.

Virelaies) a light kind of song.

Bee watred) For it is a saying of Poetes, that they haue dronk of the Muses well Castalias, whereof was before sufficiently sayd.

Dreriment) dreery and heauy cheere.

The great shepheard) is some man of high degree, and not as some vainely suppose God Pan. The person both of the shephearde and of Dido is vnknowen and closely buried in the Authors conceipt. But out of doubt I am, that it is not Rosalind, as some imagin: for he speaketh soone after of her also.

Shene) fayre and shining. May) for mayde. Tene) sorrow.

Guerdon) reward. Bynempt) bequethed. Cosset) a lambe brought vp without the dam. Vnkempt) Incompti Not comed, that is rude and vnhansome.

Melpomene) The sadde and waylefull Muse vsed of Poets in honor of Tragedies: as saith Virgile Melpomene Tragico proclamat mæsta boatu.

Vp griesly gosts) The maner of Tragicall Poetes, to call for helpe of Furies and damned ghostes: so is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the rest of the rest.

Herse) is the solemne obsequie in funeralles.

Wast of) decay of so beautifull a peece. Carke) care.

Ah why) an elegant Epanorthosis. As also soone after. Nay time was long ago.

Flouret) a diminutiue for a little floure. This is a notable and sententious comparison A minore ad maius.

Reliuen not) liue not againe .s. not in theyr earthly bodies: for in heauen they enioy their due reward.

The braunch) He meaneth Dido, who being, as it were the mayne braunch now withered the buddes that is beautie (as he sayd afore) can no more flourish.

With cakes) fit for shepheards bankets. Heame) for home. After the northerne pronouncing. Tinct) deyed or stayned.

The gaudie) the meaning is, that the things, which were the ornaments of her lyfe, are made the honor of her funerall, as is vsed in burialls.

215 moneth *Qq 1–4*: moneth of *Q 5*, *F* 217 reigneth *Qq 1*, *2*: raygneth *Q 3*: raygned *Qq 4*, *5*, *F* 218 pad *Qq 1*, *2*: ped *Qq 3–5*, *F* 221 Castalias *Qq 3–5*, *F*: Castlias *Qq 1*, *2* 230 comed *Qq 1–4*: combed *Q 5*, *F* 232 honor of *Qq 1–4*: honour and *Q 5*, *F* 233 boatu *Qq 1–3*, *F*: *boatu Q 4*: *batu Q 5* 240 diminutiue *Qq 3–5*, *F*: dimumtine *Qq 1*, *2* 243 enioy *Qq 1–4*: receiue *Q5*, *F* 248 Tinct *Qq 3–5*, *F*: Tuict *Qq 1*, *2*

Lobbin) the name of a shepherd, which seemeth to haue bene the louer and deere frende of Dido. Rushrings) agreeable for such base gyftes.
Faded lockes) dryed leaues. As if Nature her selfe bewayled the death of the Mayde.
Sourse) spring. Mantled medowes) for the sondry flowres are like a Mantle or couerlet wrought with many colours.
Philomele) the Nightingale. Whome the Poetes faine once to haue bene a Ladye of great beauty, till being rauished by hir sisters husbande, she desired to be turned into a byrd of her name. Whose complaintes be very well set forth of Ma. George Gaskin a wittie gentleman, and the very chefe of our late rymers, who and if some partes of learning wanted not (albee it is well knowen he altogyther wanted not learning) no doubt would haue attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gifts of wit and naturall promptnesse appeare in hym aboundantly.
Cypresse) vsed of the old Paynims in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe. And properly the signe of all sorow and heauinesse.
The fatall sisters) Clotho Lachesis and Atropos, daughters of Herebus and the Nighte, whom the Poetes fayne to spinne the life of man, as it were a long threde, which they drawe out in length, till his fatal howre and timely death be come; but if by other casualtie his dayes be abridged, then one of them, that is Atropos, is sayde to haue cut the threde in twain. Hereof commeth a common verse.

Clotho colum baiulat, lachesis trahit, Atropos occat.

O trustlesse) a gallant exclamation moralized with great wisedom and passionate wyth great affection. Beare) a frame, wheron they vse to lay the dead corse.
Furies) of Poetes be feyned to be three, Persephone Alecto and Megera, which are sayd to be the Authours of all euill and mischiefe.
Eternall might) Is death or darknesse of hell. Betight) happened.
see) A liuely Icon, or representation as if he saw her in heauen present.
Elysian fieldes) be deuised of Poetes to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the happye soules doe rest in peace and eternal happynesse.
Dye would) The very expresse saying of Plato in Phædone.
Astert) befall vnwares.
Nectar and Ambrosia) be feigned to be the drink and foode of the gods: Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture and Nectar to be white like Creme, whereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heauens, as yet appeareth. But I haue already discoursed that at large in my Commentarye vpon the dreames of the same Authour.
Meynt) Mingled.

Embleme.

Which is as much to say, as death biteth not. For although by course of nature we be borne to dye, and being ripened with age, as with a timely

260 Ma. . . . Gaskin *Qq 1, 2*: Ma. Gascoin *Q 3*: Ma. . . . Gasconi *4*: M. . . . Gascoin *Q 5*, *F* 266 the signe of *Qq 3–5*, *F*: the of *Qq 1, 2* 273 Atropos, daughters *Qq 3–5*, *F*: Atropodas, ughters *Qq 1, 2* 283 express *Qq 3–5*, *F*: resse *Qq 1, 2*

haruest, we must be gathered in time, or els of our selues we fall like rotted ripe fruite fro the tree: yet death is not to be counted for euil, nor (as the Poete sayd a little before) as doome of ill desert. For though the trespasse of the first man brought death into the world, as the guerdon of sinne, yet being ouercome by the death of one, that dyed for al, it is now made (as Chaucer sayth) the grene path way to lyfe. So that it agreeth well with that was sayd, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.

December.

Ægloga Duodecima.

ARGVMENT.

THis Æglogue (euen as the first beganne) is ended with a complaynte of Colin to God Pan. Wherein as weary of his former wayes, he proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare, comparing hys youthe to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from loues follye. His manhoode to the sommer, which he sayth, was consumed with greate heate and excessiue drouth caused throughe a Comet or blasing starre, by which hee meaneth loue, which passion is comenly compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His riper yeares hee resembleth to an vnseasonable harueste wherein the fruites fall ere they be rype. His latter age to winters chyll and frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende.

299 to lyfe *Q 1*: of life *Qq 2–5, F* ARG. 7 *heate. His riper Qq 1–4*: *heate, his ripest Q5, F*

THe gentle shepheard satte beside a springe,
All in the shadowe of a bushye brere,
That *Colin* hight, which wel could pype and singe,
For he of *Tityrus* his songs did lere.
There as he satte in secreate shade alone,
Thus gan he make of loue his piteous mone.

O soueraigne *Pan* thou God of shepheards all,
Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe:
And when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,
Doest saue from mischiefe the vnwary sheepe:
Als of their maisters hast no lesse regarde,
Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch and ward:

I thee beseche (so be thou deigne to heare,
Rude ditties tund to shepheards Oaten reede,
Or if I euer sonet song so cleare,
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede)
Hearken awhile from thy greene cabinet,
The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

Whilome in youth, when flowrd my ioyfull spring,
Like Swallow swift I wandred here and there:
For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
That I of doubted daunger had no feare.
I went the wastefull woodes and forest wyde.
Withouten dreade of Wolues to bene espyed.

I wont to raunge amydde the mazie thickette,
And gather nuttes to make me Christmas game:
And ioyed oft to chace the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse hare, til shee were tame.
What wreaked I of wintrye ages waste,
Tho deemed I, my spring would euer laste.

How often haue I scaled the craggie Oke,
All to dislodge the Rauen of her neste:

1 beside a *Qq 1–3*: besiden *Qq 4, 5*: besides a *F* 15 song *Qq 1–4*: ng *Q 5*, *F* 18 rurall *Qq 1, 2*: laurell *Qq 3, 4*: lawrell *Q 5*, *F* 29 hat *Qq 1–4*, *F*: That *Q 5* Wreaked *Qq 1–5*: recked *F* 32 neste: *Qq 1–3*: nest? *Qq 4, 5*, *F*

Howe haue I wearied with many a stroke
The stately Walnut tree, the while the rest
Vnder the tree fell all for nuts at strife:
For ylike to me was libertee and lyfe.

And for I was in thilke same looser yeares,
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my birth,
Or I tomuch beleeued my shepherd peres)
Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth.
A good olde shephearde, *Wrenock* was his name,
Made me by arte more cunning in the same.

Fro thence I durst in derring doe compare
With shepheards swayne, what euer fedde in field:
And if that *Hobbinol* right iudgement bare,
To *Pan* his owne selfe pype I neede not yield.
For if the flocking Nymphes did folow *Pan*,
The wiser Muses after *Colin* ranne.

But ah such pryde at length was ill repayde,
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)
My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill vpbraide,
My freedome lorne, my life he lefte to mone.
Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,
But better mought they haue behote him Hate.

Tho gan my louely Spring bid me farewel,
And Sommer season sped him to display
(For loue then in the Lyons house did dwell)
The raging fyre, that kindled at his ray.
A comett stird vp that vnkindly heate,
That reigned (as men sayd) in *Venus* seate.

Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
When choise I had to choose my wandring waye:
But whether luck and loues vnbridled lore
Would leade me forth on Fancies bitte to playe,
The bush my bedde, the bramble was my bowre,
The Woodes can witnesse many a wofull stowre.

33 stroke *Q 5*: stroke, *Qq 1–4*, *F* 35 strife: *Qq 1–4*: strife? *Q 5*, *I*
38 Whether *Qq 1–4*, *F*: Whither *Q 5* Muse *F 2*: Muse, *Qq 1–5*, *I*
43 Fro *Qq 1–5*: From *F* derring doe (v. Gloss, p. 120, l. 1): derring
to *Qq 1–5*, *F* 63 whether *Qq 1–3*: whither *Qq 4*, *5*, *F* 64 playe,
playe. *Qq 1*, *2*: play. *Qq 3–5*, *F*

Where I was wont to seeke the honey Bee,
Working her formall rowmes in Wexen frame:
The grieslie Todestoole growne there mought I see
And loathed Paddocks lording on the same.
  And where the chaunting birds luld me a sleepe,
  The ghastlie Owle her grieuous ynne doth keepe.

Then as the springe giues place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pryde:
All so my age now passed youngthly pryme,
To thinges of ryper reason selfe applyed.
  And learnd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
  Such as might saue my sheepe and me fro shame.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
And Baskets of bulrushes was my wont:
Who to entrappe the fish in winding sale
Was better seene, or hurtful beastes to hont?
  I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,
  How *Phœbe* fayles, where *Venus* sittes and when.

And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges,
The sodain rysing of the raging seas:
The soothe of byrds by beating of their wings,
The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease:
  And which be wont t'enrage the restlesse sheepe,
  And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

But ah vnwise and witlesse *Colin cloute*,
That kydst the hidden kinds of many a wede:
Yet kydst not ene to cure thy sore hart roote,
Whose ranckling wound as yet does rifelye bleede.
  Why liuest thou stil, and yet hast thy deathes wound?
  Why dyest thou stil, and yet aliue art founde?

Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,
Thus is my haruest hastened all to rathe:

69 see *Qq 2-5*, *F*: se *Q 1* 70 loathed *Qq 1–4*: loathing *Q 5*, *F*
75 All so . . . youthly *Qq 3–5*, *F*: Also . . . youngthly *Qq 1, 2* 77
earnd *Qq 1–4*: learned *Q 5*: learn'd *F* 82 hont? *Qq 1–4*: hunt. *Q 5*:
unt? *F* 84 Phœbe *Qq 1–4*: Phœbus *Q 5*, *F* 89 t'enrage *Q 5*, *F*:
o tenrage *Qq 1, 2*: tenrage *Qq 3, 4*

The eare that budded faire, is burnt and blasted,
And all my hoped gaine is turnd to scathe.
Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,
Was nought but brakes and brambles to be mowne.

My boughes with bloosmes that crowned were at firste,
And promised of timely fruite such store,
Are left both bare and barrein now at erst:
The flattring fruite is fallen to grownd before,
And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe:
My haruest wast, my hope away dyd wipe.

The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long.
Theyr rootes bene dryed vp for lacke of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han be euer among.
Ah who has wrought my *Rosalind* this spight
To spil the flowres, that should her girlond dight?

And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype,
Vnto the shifting of the shepheards foote:
Sike follies nowe haue gathered as too ripe,
And cast hem out, as rotten and vnsoote.
The loser Lasse I cast to please nomore,
One if I please, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my haruest hope I haue
Nought reaped but a weedye crop of care:
Which, when I thought haue thresht in swelling sheaue,
Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley bare.
Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,
All was blowne away of the wauering wynd.

So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,
My spring is spent, my sommer burnt vp quite:
My harueste hasts to stirre vp winter sterne,
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage hys right.
So nowe he stormes with many a sturdy stoure,
So now his blustring blast eche coste doth scoure.

103 with bloosmes *Qq 1, 2*: and bloosmes *Qq 3, 4*: and blossoms *Q 5*, *F* 106 before, *Qq 4, 5*, *F*: before. *Qq 1–3* 112 be *Qq 1–4*: beene *Q 5* 113 *Rolalind Q 16* 114 dight? *Qq 3–5*, *F*: dight, *Qq 1, 2* 127 his *Qq 1–4*: my *Q 5*, *F*

The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:
My head besprent with hoary frost I fynd,
And by myne eie the Crow his clawe dooth wright.
Delight is layd abedde, and pleasure past,
No sonne now shines, cloudes han all ouercast.

Now leaue ye shepheards boyes your merry glee,
My Muse is hoarse and weary of thys stounde:
Here will I hang my pype vpon this tree,
Was neuer pype of reede did better sounde.
Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blaste,
And after Winter dreerie death does hast.

Gather ye together my little flocke,
My little flock, that was to me so liefe:
Let me, ah lette me in your folds ye lock,
Ere the breme Winter breede you greater griefe.
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
And after Winter commeth timely death.

Adieu delightes, that lulled me asleepe,
Adieu my deare, whose loue I bought so deare:
Adieu my little Lambes and loued sheepe,
Adieu ye Woodes that oft my witnesse were:
Adieu good *Hobbinol*, that was so true,
Tell *Rosalind*, her *Colin* bids her adieu.

Colins Embleme.

GLOSSE.

Tityrus) Chaucer, as hath bene oft sayd. Lambkins) young lambes.
Als of their) Semeth to expresse Virgils verse
Pan curat oues ouiumque magistros.
Deigne) voutchsafe. Cabinet) Colinet) diminutiues.
Mazie) For they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get out agayne.
Peres) felowes and companions.
Musick) that is Poetry as Terence sayth Qui artem tractant musicam, speking of Poetes.

139 ye *Qq 1–4*: you *Q 5*, *F* 146 so liefe *Qq 1–3*: so life *Q 4*: most liefe *Q 5*, *F* 157 *Qq and F omit* Colins Embleme 159 Tityrus *Qq 1–3*: *Tytirus Qq 4, 5*, *F* 162 Cabinet *Qq 3–5*, *F*: Eabinet *Qq 1, 2*

Derring doe) aforesayd.

Lions house) He imagineth simply that Cupid, which is loue, had his abode in the whote signe Leo, which is in middest of somer; a pretie allegory, whereof the meaning is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinarie heate of lust.

His ray) which is Cupides beame or flames of Loue.

A Comete) a blasing starre, meant of beautie, which was the cause of his whote loue.

Venus) the goddesse of beauty or pleasure. Also a signe in heauen, as it is here taken. So he meaneth that beautie, which hath alwayes aspect to Venus, was the cause of all his vnquietnes in loue.

Where I was) a fine discription of the chaunge of hys lyfe and liking; for all things nowe seemed to hym to haue altered their kindly course.

Lording) Spoken after the maner of Paddocks and Frogges sitting which is indeed Lordly, not remouing nor looking once a side, vnlesse they be sturred.

Then as) The second part. That is his manhoode.

Cotes) sheepecotes. For such be the exercises of shepheards.

Sale) or Salow a kind of woodde like Wyllow, fit to wreath and bynde in leapes to catch fish withall.

Phæbe fayles) The Eclipse of the Moone, which is alwayes in Cauda or Capite Draconis, signes in heauen.

Venus) .s. Venus starre otherwise called Hesperus and Vesper and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first ryseth and setteth last. All which skill in starres being conuenient for shepheardes to knowe as Theocritus and the rest vse.

Raging seaes) The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime encreasing, sometime wayning and decreasing.

Sooth of byrdes) A kind of sooth saying vsed in elder tymes, which they gathered by the flying of byrds; First (as is sayd) inuented by the Thuscanes, and from them deriued to the Romanes, who (as is sayd in Liuie) were so supersticiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that euery Nobleman should put his sonne to the Thuscanes, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.

Of herbes) That wonderous thinges be wrought by herbes, aswell appeareth by the common working of them in our bodies, as also by the wonderful enchauntments and sorceries that haue bene wrought by them; insomuch that it is sayde that Circe a famous sorceresse turned men into sondry kinds of beastes and Monsters, and onely by herbes: as the Poete sayth Dea sæua potentibus herbis &c.

Kidst) knewest. Eare) of corne. Scathe) losse hinderaunce.

Euer among) Euer and anone.

Thus is my) The thyrde parte wherein is set forth his ripe yeres as an vntimely haruest, that bringeth little fruite.

The flagraunt flowres) sundry studies and laudable partes of learning, wherein how our Poete is seene, be they witnesse which are priuie to his study.

171 or *Qq 1–3*: of *Qq 4, 5, F* 184 leapes *Qq 1–3*: heapes *Qq 4, 5, F* 189 skill *Qq 3–5, F*: still *Qq 1, 2* 190 knowe as *Qq 1, 2*: know, *Qq 3–5, F* 195 niuented *Q 1* 208 Thus *Todd conj.*: This *Qq, F*

So now my yeere) The last part, wherein is described his age by comparison of wyntrye stormes.

Carefull cold) for care is sayd to coole the blood. Glee) mirth

Hoary frost) A metaphore of hoary heares scattred lyke to a gray frost.

Breeme) sharpe and bitter.

Adiew delights) is a conclusion of all. Where in sixe verses he comprehendeth briefly all that was touched in this booke. In the first verse his delights of youth generally. In the second, the loue of Rosalind, in the thyrd, the keeping of sheepe, which is the argument of all Æglogues. In the fourth his complaints. And in the last two his professed frendship and good will to his good friend Hobbinoll.

Embleme.

The meaning wherof is that all thinges perish and come to theyr last end, but workes of learned wits and monuments of Poetry abide for euer. And therefore Horace of his Odes a work though ful indede of great wit and learning, yet of no so great weight and importaunce boldly sayth.

Exegi monimentum ære perennius,
Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax &c.

Therefore let not be enuied, that this Poete in his Epilogue sayth he hath made a Calendar, that shall endure as long as time &c. folowing the ensample of Horace and Ouid in the like.

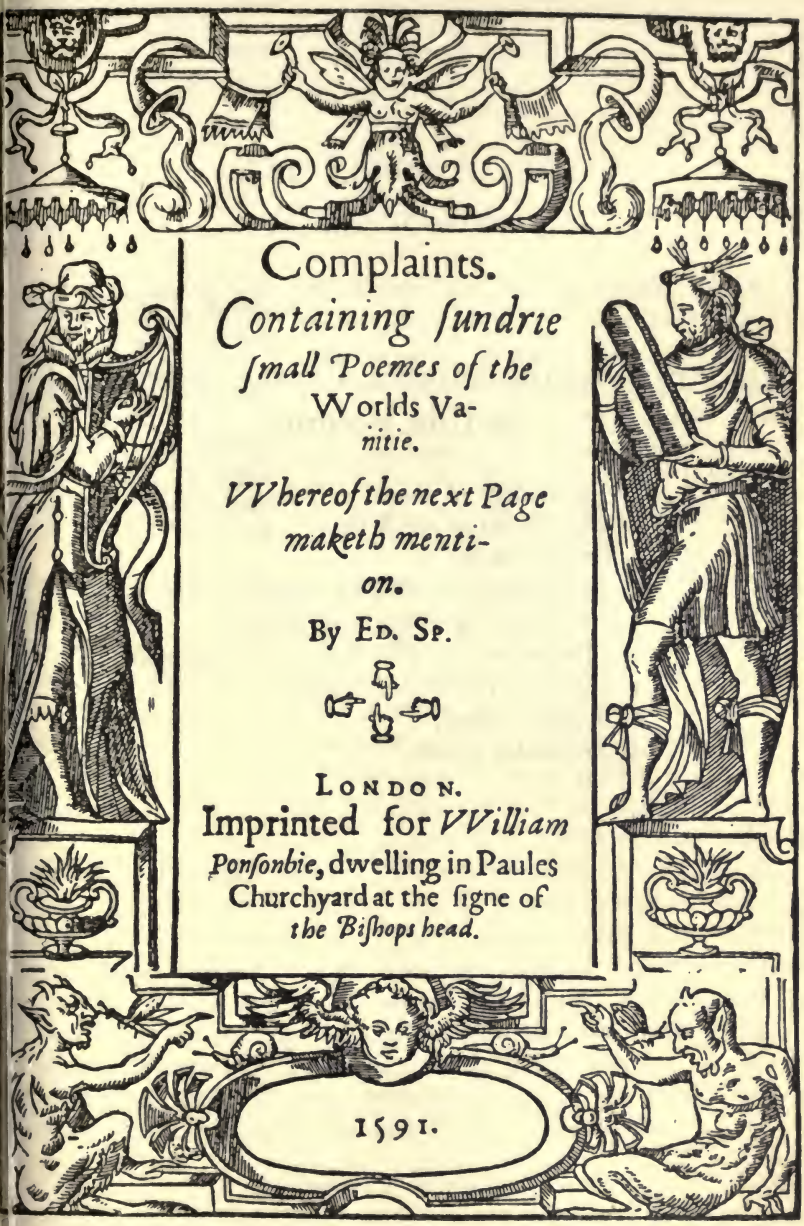
Grande opus exegi quod nec Iouis ira nec ignis,
Nec ferrum poterit nec edax abolere vetustas &c.

Loe I haue made a Calender for euery yeare,
That steele in strength, and time in durance shall outweare:
And if I marked well the starres reuolution,
It shall continewe till the worlds dissolution.
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,
And from the falsers fraud his folded flocke to keepe.
Goe lyttle Calender, thou hast a free passeporte,
Goe but a lowly gate emongste the meaner sorte.
Dare not to match thy pype with Tityrus hys style,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman playde a whyle:
But followe them farre off, and their high steppes adore,
The better please, the worse despise, I aske nomore.

Merce non mercede.

218 briefly *Qq 1–4*: *om. Q 5, F* 225 *Q 5 omits* of Poetry 230 *Q 5 omits* hath 233 quod *Qq 3–5, F*: quæ *Qq 1, 2* 234 ferrum *Qq 3–5, F*: ferum *Qq 1, 2* 239 *ruder Qq 1–4, F*: *reader Q 5* 243 *Tityrus Qq 1, 2*: *Tytirus Qq 3–5, F* 246 despise *Qq 1–4*: displease *Q 5, F*

Imprinted at London by Hugh
Singleton, dwelling in Creede lane
at the signe of the gylden
Tunn neere vnto
Ludgate.



Complaints.

Containing ſundrie ſmall Poemes of the Worlds Va-*nitie.*

VVhereof the next Page maketh menti-on.

By Ed. Sp.

London.
Imprinted for *VVilliam Ponſonbie*, dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the ſigne of *the Biſhops head.*

1591.

A note of the sundrie Poemes contained in this Volume.

1 *The Ruines of Time.*
2 *The Teares of the Muses.*
3 *Virgils Gnat.*
4 *Prosopopoia*, or *Mother Hubberds Tale.*
5 *The Ruines of Rome:* by *Bellay.*
6 *Muiopotmos*, or *The Tale of the Butterflie.*
7 *Visions of the Worlds vanitie.*
8 *Bellayes visions.*
9 *Petrarches visions.*

The Printer to the *Gentle Reader.*

INCE my late setting foorth of the *Faerie Queene*, finding that it hath found a fauourable passage amongst you; I haue sithence endeuoured by all good meanes (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delights,) to get into my handes such smale Poemes of the same Authors; as I heard were disperst abroad in sundrie hands, and not easie to bee come by, by himselfe; some of them hauing bene diuerslie imbeziled and purloyned from him, since his departure ouer Sea. Of the which I haue by good meanes gathered togeather these fewe parcels present, which I haue caused to bee imprinted altogeather, for that they al seeme to containe like matter of argument in them: being all complaints and meditations of the worlds vanitie, verie graue and profitable. To which effect I vnderstand that he besides wrote sundrie others, namelie *Ecclesiastes*, and *Canticum canticorum* translated, *A senights slumber*, *The hell of louers*, *his Purgatorie*, being all dedicated to Ladies; so as it may seeme he ment them all to one volume. Besides some other Pamphlets looselie scattered abroad: as *The dying Pellican*, *The howers of the Lord*, *The sacrifice of a sinner*, *The seuen Psalmes*, *&c.* which when I can either by himselfe, or otherwise attaine too, I meane likewise for your fauour sake to set foorth. In the meane time praying you gentlie to accept of these, and graciouslie to entertaine the new Poet, *I take leaue.*

27 Poet. I *Q*: Poet; I *F*

Dedicated

To the right Noble and beauti-*full Ladie, the La. Marie*

Countesse of Pembrooke.

OST Honourable and bountifull Ladie, there bee long sithens deepe sowed in my brest, the seede of most entire loue and humble affection vnto that most braue Knight your noble brother deceased; which taking roote began in his life time somewhat to bud forth: and to shew themselues to him, as then in the weakenes of their first spring: And would in their riper strength (had it pleased high God till then to drawe out his daies) spired forth fruit of more perfection. But since God hath disdeigned the world of that most noble Spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the Patron of my young Muses; *togeather with him both their hope of anie further fruit was cut off: and also the tender delight of those their first blossoms nipped and quite dead. Yet sithens my late cumming into* England, *some frends of mine (which might much preuaile with me, and indeede commaund me) knowing with howe straight bandes of duetie I was tied to him: as also bound vnto that noble house, (of which the chiefe hope then rested in him) haue sought to reuiue them by vpbraiding me: for that I haue not shewed anie thankefull remembrance towards him or any of them; but suffer their names to sleep in silence and forgetfulnesse. Whome chieflie to satisfie, or els to auoide that fowle blot of vnthankefulnesse, I haue conceiued this small Poeme, intituled by a generall name of the* worlds Ruines: *yet speciallie intended to the renowming of that noble race, from which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chiefe of them late deceased. The which*

I dedicate vnto your La. as whome it most speciallie concerneth: and to whome I acknowledge my selfe bounden, by manie singular fauours and great graces. I pray for your Honourable happinesse: and so humblie kisse your handes.

Your Ladiships euer

humblie at commaund.

E. S.

33 *handes F*: *haudes Q*

The Ruines of Time.

IT chaunced me on day beside the shore
Of siluer streaming *Thamesis* to bee,
Nigh where the goodly *Verlame* stood of yore,
Of which there now remaines no memorie,
Nor anie little moniment to see,
By which the trauailer, that fares that way,
This once was she, may warned be to say.

There on the other side, I did behold
A Woman sitting sorrowfullie wailing,
Rending her yeolow locks, like wyrie golde,
About her shoulders careleslie downe trailing,
And streames of teares from her faire eyes forth railing.
In her right hand a broken rod she held,
Which towards heauen shee seemd on high to weld.

Whether she were one of that Riuers Nymphes,
Which did the losse of some dere loue lament,
I doubt; or one of those three fatall Impes,
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent;
Or th'auncient *Genius* of that Citie brent:
But seeing her so piteouslie perplexed,
I (to her calling) askt what her so vexed.

Ah what delight (quoth she) in earthlie thing,
Or comfort can I wretched creature haue?
Whose happines the heauens enuying,
From highest staire to lowest step me draue,
And haue in mine owne bowels made my graue,
That of all Nations now I am forlorne,
The worlds sad spectacle, and fortunes scorne.

1 one day *F* 2 siluer-streaming *F* 10 yellowe *F*

Much was I mooued at her piteous plaint,
And felt my heart nigh riuen in my brest
With tender ruth to see her sore constraint,
That shedding teares awhile I still did rest,
And after did her name of her request.
Name haue I none (quoth she) nor anie being,
Bereft of both by Fates vniust decreeing.

I was that Citie, which the garland wore
Of *Britaines* pride, deliuered vnto me
By *Romane* Victors, which it wonne of yore;
Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,
And lye in mine owne ashes, as ye see:
Verlame I was; what bootes it that I was,
Sith now I am but weedes and wastfull gras?

O vaine worlds glorie, and vnstedfast state
Of all that liues, on face of sinfull earth,
Which from their first vntill their vtmost date
Tast no one hower of happines or merth,
But like as at the ingate of their berth,
They crying creep out of their mothers woomb,
So wailing backe go to their wofull toomb.

Why then dooth flesh, a bubble glas of breath,
Hunt after honour and aduauncement vaine,
And reare a trophee for deuouring death,
With so great labour and long lasting paine,
As if his daies for euer should remaine?
Sith all that in this world is great or gaie,
Doth as a vapour vanish, and decaie.

Looke backe, who list, vnto the former ages,
And call to count, what is of them become:
Where be those learned wits and antique Sages,
Which of all wisedome knew the perfect somme:
Where those great warriors, which did ouercomme
The world with conquest of their might and maine,
And made one meare of th'earth and of their raine?

32 teares, *F* 33 after, *F* 44 earth! *F* 63 raigne *F*

What nowe is of th'*Assyrian* Lyonesse,
Of whome no footing now on earth appeares?
What of the *Persian* Beares outragiousnesse,
Whose memorie is quite worne out with yeares?
Who of the *Grecian* Libbard now ought heares,
That ouerran the East with greedie powre,
And left his whelps their kingdomes to deuoure?

And where is that same great seuen headded beast,
That made all nations vassals of her pride,
To fall before her feete at her beheast,
And in the necke of all the world did ride?
Where doth she all that wondrous welth nowe hide?
With her own weight down pressed now shee lies,
And by her heaps her hugenesse testifies.

O *Rome* thy ruine I lament and rue,
And in thy fall my fatall ouerthrowe,
That whilom was, whilst heauens with equall vewe
Deignd to behold me, and their gifts bestowe,
The picture of thy pride in pompous shew:
And of the whole world as thou wast the Empresse,
So I of this small Northerne world was Princesse.

To tell the beawtie of my buildings fayre,
Adornd with purest golde, and precious stone;
To tell my riches, and endowments rare
That by my foes are now all spent and gone:
To tell my forces matchable to none,
Were but lost labour, that few would beleeue,
And with rehearsing would me more agreeue.

High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
Strong walls, rich porches, princelie pallaces,
Large streetes, braue houses, sacred sepulchers,
Sure gates, sweete gardens, stately galleries,
Wrought with faire pillours, and fine imageries,
All those (O pitie) now are turnd to dust,
And ouergrowen with blacke obliuions rust.

84 Princesse. *F*: Princesse, *Q*

Theretoo for warlike power, and peoples store,
In *Britannie* was none to match with mee,
That manie often did abie full sore:
Ne *Troynouant*, though elder sister shee,
With my great forces might compared bee;
That stout *Pendragon* to his perill felt,
Who in a siege seauen yeres about me dwelt.

But long ere this *Bunduca* Britonnesse
Her mightie hoast against my bulwarkes brought,
Bunduca, that victorious conqueresse,
That lifting vp her braue heroick thought
Boue womens weaknes, with the *Romanes* fought,
Fought, and in field against them thrice preuailed:
Yet was she foyld, when as she me assailed.

And though at last by force I conquered were
Of hardie *Saxons*, and became their thrall;
Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full deere,
And prizde with slaughter of their Generall:
The moniment of whose sad funerall,
For wonder of the world, long in me lasted;
But now to nought through spoyle of time is wasted.

Wasted it is, as if it neuer were,
And all the rest that me so honord made,
And of the world admired eu'rie where,
Is turnd to smoake, that doth to nothing fade;
And of that brightnes now appeares no shade,
But greislie shades, such as doo haunt in hell
With fearfull fiends, that in deep darknes dwell.

Where my high steeples whilom vsde to stand,
On which the lordly Faulcon wont to towre,
There now is but an heap of lyme and sand,
For the Shriche-owle to build her balefull bowre:
And where the Nightingale wont forth to powre
Her restles plaints, to comfort wakefull Louers,
There now haunt yelling Mewes and whining Plouers.

And where the christall *Thamis* wont to slide
In siluer channell, downe along the Lee,
About whose flowrie bankes on either side
A thousand Nymphes, with mirthfull iollitee
Were wont to play, from all annoyance free;
There now no riuers course is to be seene,
But moorish fennes, and marshes euer greene.

Seemes, that that gentle Riuer for great griefe
Of my mishaps, which oft I to him plained;
Or for to shunne the horrible mischiefe,
With which he saw my cruell foes me pained,
And his pure streames with guiltles blood oft stained,
From my vnhappie neighborhood farre fled,
And his sweete waters away with him led.

There also where the winged ships were seene
In liquid waues to cut their fomie waie,
And thousand Fishers numbred to haue been,
In that wide lake looking for plenteous praie
Of fish, which they with baits vsde to betraie,
Is now no lake, nor anie fishers store,
Nor euer ship shall saile there anie more.

They all are gone, and all with them is gone,
Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament
My long decay, which no man els doth mone,
And mourne my fall with dolefull dreriment.
Yet it is comfort in great languishment,
To be bemoned with compassion kinde,
And mitigates the anguish of the minde.

But me no man bewaileth, but in game,
Ne sheddeth teares from lamentable eie:
Nor anie liues that mentioneth my name
To be remembred of posteritie,
Saue One that maugre fortunes iniurie,
And times decay, and enuies cruell tort,
Hath writ my record in true-seeming sort.

154 more. *F*: more, *Q*

Cambden the nourice of antiquitie,
And lanterne vnto late succeeding age,
To see the light of simple veritie,
Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
Of her owne people, led with warlike rage.
Cambden, though time all moniments obscure,
Yet thy iust labours euer shall endure.

But whie (vnhappie wight) doo I thus crie,
And grieue that my remembrance quite is raced
Out of the knowledge of posteritie,
And all my antique moniments defaced?
Sith I doo dailie see things highest placed,
So soone as fates their vitall thred haue shorne,
Forgotten quite as they were neuer borne.

It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
A mightie Prince, of most renowmed race,
Whom *England* high in count of honour held,
And greatest ones did sue to gaine his grace;
Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
Sate in the bosome of his Soueraine,
And *Right and loyall* did his word maintaine.

I saw him die, I saw him die, as one
Of the meane people, and brought foorth on beare.
I saw him die, and no man left to mone
His dolefull fate, that late him loued deare:
Scarce anie left to close his eylids neare;
Scarce anie left vpon his lips to laie
The sacred sod, or *Requiem* to saie.

O trustlesse state of miserable men,
That builde your blis on hope of earthly thing,
And vainly thinke your selues halfe happie then,
When painted faces with smooth flattering
Doo fawne on you, and your wide praises sing,
And when the courting masker louteth lowe,
Him true in heart and trustie to you trow.

175 endure. *F*: endure, *Q*

All is but fained, and with oaker dide,
That euerie shower will wash and wipe away,
All things doo change that vnder heauen abide,
And after death all friendship doth decaie.
Therefore what euer man bearst worldlie sway,
Liuing, on God, and on thy selfe relie;
For when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
Saue what in heauens storehouse he vplaid:
His hope is faild, and come to passe his dread,
And euill men, now dead, his deeds vpbraid:
Spite bites the dead, that liuing neuer baid.
He now is gone, the whiles the Foxe is crept
Into the hole, the which the Badger swept.

He now is dead, and all his glorie gone,
And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,
That as a glasse vpon the water shone,
Which vanisht quite, so soone as it was sought.
His name is worne alreadie out of thought,
Ne anie Poet seekes him to reuiue;
Yet manie Poets honourd him aliue.

Ne doth his *Colin*, carelesse *Colin Cloute*,
Care now his idle bagpipe vp to raise,
Ne tell his sorrow to the listning rout
Of shepherd groomes, which wont his songs to praise:
Praise who so list, yet I will him dispraise,
Vntill he quite him of this guiltie blame:
Wake shepheards boy, at length awake for shame.

And who so els did goodnes by him gaine,
And who so els his bounteous minde did trie,
Whether he shepheard be, or shepheards swaine,
(For manie did, which doo it now denie)
Awake, and to his Song a part applie:
And I, the whilest you mourne for his decease,
Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increase.

214 men now dead, *Q*: men (now dead) *F*

He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,
His brother Prince, his brother noble Peere,
That whilste he liued, was of none enuyde,
And dead is now, as liuing, counted deare,
Deare vnto all that true affection beare:
But vnto thee most deare, O dearest Dame,
His noble Spouse, and Paragon of fame.

He whilest he liued, happie was through thee,
And being dead is happie now much more;
Liuing, that lincked chaunst with thee to bee,
And dead, because him dead thou dost adore
As liuing, and thy lost deare loue deplore.
So whilst that thou, faire flower of chastitie,
Dost liue, by thee thy Lord shall neuer die.

Thy Lord shall neuer die, the whiles this verse
Shall liue, and surely it shall liue for euer:
For ever it shall liue, and shall rehearse
His worthie praise, and vertues dying neuer,
Though death his soule doo from his bodie seuer.
And thou thy selfe herein shalt also liue;
Such grace the heauens doo to my verses giue.

Ne shall his sister, ne thy father die,
Thy father, that good Earle of rare renowne,
And noble Patrone of weake pouertie;
Whose great good deeds in countrey and in towne
Haue purchast him in heauen an happie crowne;
Where he now liueth in eternall blis,
And left his sonne t'ensue those steps of his.

He noble bud, his Grandsires liuelie hayre,
Vnder the shadow of thy countenaunce
Now ginnes to shoote vp fast, and flourish fayre
In learned artes and goodlie gouernaunce,
That him to highest honour shall aduaunce.
Braue Impe of *Bedford*, grow apace in bountie,
And count of wisedome more than of thy Countie.

259 giue. *F*: giue, *Q* 267 He noble bud, *Q*: He, noble bud, *F*

Ne may I let thy husbands sister die,
That goodly Ladie, sith she eke did spring
Out of this stocke, and famous familie,
Whose praises I to future age doo sing,
And foorth out of her happie womb did bring
The sacred brood of learning and all honour;
In whom the heauens powrde all their gifts vpon her.

Most gentle spirite breathed from aboue,
Out of the bosome of the makers blis,
In whom all bountie and all vertuous loue
Appeared in their natiue propertis,
And did enrich that noble breast of his,
With treasure passing all this worldes worth,
Worthie of heauen it selfe, which brought it forth.

His blessed spirite full of power diuine
And influence of all celestiall grace,
Loathing this sinfull earth and earthlie slime,
Fled backe too soone vnto his natiue place,
Too soone for all that did his loue embrace,
Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

Yet ere his happie soule to heauen went
Out of this fleshlie goale, he did deuise
Vnto his heauenlie maker to present
His bodie, as a spotles sacrifise;
And chose, that guiltie hands of enemies
Should powre forth th'offring of his guiltles blood:
So life exchanging for his countries good.

O noble spirite, liue there euer blessed,
The worlds late wonder, and the heauens new ioy,
Liue euer there, and leaue me here distressed
With mortall cares, and cumbrous worlds anoy.
But where thou dost that happines enioy,
Bid me, O bid me quicklie come to thee,
That happie there I maie thee alwaies see.

291 place, *Q*: place; *F*

Yet whilest the fates affoord me vitall breath,
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,
And sing to thee, vntill that timelie death
By heauens doome doo ende my earthlie daies:
Thereto doo thou my humble spirite raise,
And into me that sacred breath inspire,
Which thou there breathest perfect and entire.

Then will I sing: but who can better sing,
Than thine owne sister, peerles Ladie bright,
Which to thee sings with deep harts sorrowing,
Sorrowing tempered with deare delight,
That her to heare I feele my feeble spright
Robbed of sense, and rauished with ioy,
O sad ioy made of mourning and anoy.

Yet will I sing: but who can better sing,
Than thou thy selfe, thine owne selfes valiance,
That whilest thou liuedst, madest the forrests ring,
And fields resownd, and flockes to leap and daunce,
And shepheards leaue their lambs vnto mischaunce,
To runne thy shrill *Arcadian* Pipe to heare:
O happie were those dayes, thrice happie were.

But now more happie thou, and wretched wee,
Which want the wonted sweetnes of thy voice,
Whiles thou now in *Elisian* fields so free,
With *Orpheus*, and with *Linus*, and the choice
Of all that euer did in rimes reioyce,
Conuersest, and doost heare their heauenlie layes,
And they heare thine, and thine doo better praise.

So there thou liuest, singing euermore,
And here thou liuest, being euer song
Of vs, which liuing loued thee afore,
And now thee worship, mongst that blessed throng
Of heauenlie Poets and Heroes strong.
So thou both here and there immortall art,
And euerie where through excellent desart.

315 breathest, *F* 316, 323 I sing: *F*: I sing, *Q* 322 (O sad oy!) *F* 333 and with *Linus*, *Huth Q*: and with *Linus Q*: with *Linus*, *F* 341 Heroës *F*

But such as neither of themselues can sing,
Nor yet are sung of others for reward,
Die in obscure obliuion, as the thing
Which neuer was, ne euer with regard
Their names shall of the later age be heard,
But shall in rustie darknes euer lie,
Vnles they mentiond be with infamie.

What booteth it to haue been rich aliue?
What to be great? what to be gracious?
When after death no token doth suruiue,
Of former being in this mortall hous,
But sleepes in dust dead and inglorious,
Like beast, whose breath but in his nostrels is,
And hath no hope of happinesse or blis.

How manie great ones may remembred be,
Which in their daies most famouslie did florish?
Of whome no word we heare, nor signe now see,
But as things wipt out with a sponge to perishe,
Because they liuing, cared not to cherishe
No gentle wits, through pride or couetize,
Which might their names for euer memorize.

Prouide therefore (ye Princes) whilst ye liue,
That of the *Muses* ye may friended bee,
Which vnto men eternitie do giue;
For they be daughters of Dame memorie,
And *Ioue* the father of eternitie,
And do those men in golden thrones repose,
Whose merits they to glorifie do chose.

The seuen fold yron gates of grislie Hell,
And horrid house of sad *Proserpina*,
They able are with power of mightie spell
To breake, and thence the soules to bring awaie
Out of dread darkenesse, to eternall day,
And them immortall make, which els would die
In foule forgetfulnesse, and nameles lie.

347 was; *F* 359 florish? *F*: florish; *Q* 361 do perishe *F*
363 couetize *F*; couertize *Q*

So whilome raised they the puissant brood
Of golden girt *Alcmena*, for great merite,
Out of the dust, to which the *Oetæan* wood
Had him consum'd, and spent his vitall spirite:
To highest heauen, where now he doth inherite
All happinesse in *Hebes* siluer bowre,
Chosen to be her dearest Paramoure.

So raisde they eke faire *Ledaes* warlick twinnes,
And interchanged life vnto them lent,
That when th'one dies, th'other then beginnes
To shew in Heauen his brightnes orient;
And they, for pittie of the sad wayment,
Which *Orpheus* for *Eurydice* did make,
Her back againe to life sent for his sake.

So happie are they, and so fortunate,
Whom the *Pierian* sacred sisters loue,
That freed from bands of impacable fate,
And power of death, they liue for aye aboue,
Where mortall wreakes their blis may not remoue:
But with the Gods, for former vertues meede,
On *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* do feede.

For deeds doe die, how euer noblie donne,
And thoughts of men do as themselues decay,
But wise wordes taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muses, liue for ay;
Ne may with storming showers be washt away,
Ne bitter breathing windes with harmfull blast,
Nor age, nor enuie shall them euer wast.

In vaine doo earthly Princes then, in vaine
Seeke with Pyramides, to heauen aspired;
Or huge Coloffes, built with costlie paine;
Or brasen Pillours, neuer to be fired,
Or Shrines, made of the mettall most desired;
To make their memories for euer liue:
For how can mortall immortalitie giue?

386 warlike *F* 401 as *Q*: in *F* 413 give. *Q*, *F*

Such one *Mausolus* made, the worlds great wonder,
But now no remnant doth thereof remaine:
Such one *Marcellus*, but was torne with thunder:
Such one *Lisippus*, but is worne with raine:
Such one King *Edmond*, but was rent for gaine.
All such vaine moniments of earthlie masse,
Deuour'd of Time, in time to nought doo passe.

But fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Aboue the reach of ruinous decay,
And with braue plumes doth beate the azure skie,
Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away:
Then who so will with vertuous deeds assay
To mount to heauen, on *Pegasus* must ride,
And with sweete Poets verse be glorifide.

For not to haue been dipt in *Lethe* lake,
Could saue the sonne of *Thetis* from to die;
But that blinde bard did him immortall make
With verses, dipt in deaw of *Castalie:*
Which made the Easterne Conquerour to crie,
O fortunate yong-man, whose vertue found
So braue a Trompe, thy noble acts to sound.

Therefore in this halfe happie I doo read
Good *Melibæ*, that hath a Poet got,
To sing his liuing praises being dead,
Deseruing neuer here to be forgot,
In spight of enuie, that his deeds would spot:
Since whose decease, learning lies vnregarded,
And men of armes doo wander vnrewarded.

Those two be those two great calamities,
That long agoe did grieue the noble spright
Of *Salomon* with great indignities;
Who whilome was aliue the wisest wight.
But now his wisedome is disprooued quite;
For he that now welds all things at his will,
Scorns th'one and th'other in his deeper skill.

414 *Mausolus F*: *Mansolus Q*

447–8 For such as now have most the world at will, Scorn . . . their *F*

O griefe of griefes, O gall of all good heartes,
To see that vertue should dispised bee
Of him, that first was raisde for vertuous parts,
And now broad spreading like an aged tree,
Lets none shoot vp, that nigh him planted bee:
O let the man, of whom the Muse is scorned,
Nor aliue, nor dead be of the Muse adorned.

O vile worlds trust, that with such vaine illusion
Hath so wise men bewitcht, and ouerkest,
That they see not the way of their confusion,
O vainesse to be added to the rest,
That do my soule with inward griefe infest:
Let them behold the piteous fall of mee:
And in my case their owne ensample see.

And who so els that sits in highest seate
Of this worlds glorie, worshipped of all,
Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threate,
Let him behold the horror of my fall,
And his owne end vnto remembrance call;
That of like ruine he may warned bee,
And in himselfe be moou'd to pittie mee.

Thus hauing ended all her piteous plaint,
With dolefull shrikes shee vanished away,
That I through inward sorrowe wexen faint,
And all astonished with deepe dismay,
For her departure, had no word to say:
But sate long time in sencelesse sad affright,
Looking still, if I might of her haue sight.

Which when I missed, hauing looked long,
My thought returned greeued home againe,
Renewing her complaint with passion strong,
For ruth of that same womans piteous paine;
Whose wordes recording in my troubled braine,
I felt such anguish wound my feeble heart,
That frosen horror ran through euerie part.

451 such as first were *F* 453 him *Q*: them *F* 454 O! let not
se, *F* 455 Aliue nor dead, *F*

So inlie greeuing in my groning brest,
And deepelie muzing at her doubtfull speach,
Whose meaning much I labored foorth to wreste,
Being aboue my slender reasons reach;
At length by demonstration me to teach,
Before mine eies strange sights presented were,
Like tragicke Pageants seeming to appeare.

1

I saw an Image, all of massie gold,
Placed on high vpon an Altare faire,
That all, which did the same from farre beholde,
Might worship it, and fall on lowest staire.
Not that great Idoll might with this compaire,
To which th'*Assyrian* tyrant would haue made
The holie brethren, falslie to haue praid.

But th'Altare, on the which this Image staid,
Was (O great pitie) built of brickle clay,
That shortly the foundation decaid,
With showers of heauen and tempests worne away:
Then downe it fell, and low in ashes lay,
Scorned of euerie one, which by it went;
That I it seing, dearelie did lament.

2

Next vnto this a statelie Towre appeared,
Built all of richest stone, that might bee found,
And nigh vnto the Heauens in height vpreared,
But placed on a plot of sandie ground:
Not that great Towre, which is so much renownd
For tongues confusion in holie writ,
King *Ninus* worke, might be compar'd to it.

497 praid. *F*: praid, *Q* 499 brittle *F* 501 away: *F*: away, *Q*
511 worke, *F*: worke *Q*

But O vaine labours of terrestriall wit,
That buildes so stronglie on so frayle a soyle,
As with each storme does fall away, and flit,
And giues the fruit of all your trauailes toyle,
To be the pray of Tyme, and Fortunes spoyle:
I saw this Towre fall sodainlie to dust,
That nigh with griefe thereof my heart was brust.

3

Then did I see a pleasant Paradize,
Full of sweete flowres and daintiest delights,
Such as on earth man could not more deuize,
With pleasures choyce to feed his cheerefull sprights;
Not that, which *Merlin* by his Magicke flights
Made for the gentle squire, to entertaine
His fayre *Belphœbe*, could this gardine staine.

But O short pleasure bought with lasting paine,
Why will hereafter anie flesh delight
In earthlie blis, and ioy in pleasures vaine,
Since that I sawe this gardine wasted quite,
That where it was scarce seemed anie sight?
That I, which once that beautie did beholde,
Could not from teares my melting eyes with-holde.

4

Soone after this a Giaunt came in place,
Of wondrous power, and of exceeding stature,
That none durst vewe the horror of his face,
Yet was he milde of speach, and meeke of nature.
Not he, which in despight of his Creatour
With railing tearmes defied the Iewish hoast,
Might with this mightie one in hugenes boast.

516 spoyle! *F* 519 Paradise *F* 521 devise *F*

For from the one he could to th'other coast,
Stretch his strong thighes, and th'Occæan ouerstride,
And reatch his hand into his enemies hoast.
But see the end of pompe and fleshlie pride;
One of his feete vnwares from him did slide,
That downe hee fell into the deepe Abisse,
Where drownd with him is all his earthlie blisse.

5

Then did I see a Bridge, made all of golde,
Ouer the Sea from one to other side,
Withouten prop or pillour it t'vpholde,
But like the coulored Rainbowe arched wide:
Not that great Arche, which *Traian* edifide,
To be a wonder to all age ensuing,
Was matchable to this in equall vewing.

But (ah) what bootes it to see earthlie thing
In glorie, or in greatnes to excell,
Sith time doth greatest things to ruine bring?
This goodlie bridge, one foote not fastened well,
Gan faile, and all the rest downe shortlie fell,
Ne of so braue a building ought remained,
That griefe thereof my spirite greatly pained.

6

I saw two Beares, as white as anie milke,
Lying together in a mightie caue,
Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke,
That saluage nature seemed not to haue,
Nor after greedie spoyle of blood to craue:
Two fairer beasts might not elswhere be found,
Although the compast world were sought around.

541 Ocean *F* 551 which *F*: with *Q*

But what can long abide aboue this ground
In state of blis, or stedfast happinesse?
The Caue, in which these Beares lay sleeping sound,
Was but earth, and with her owne weightinesse
Vpon them fell, and did vnwares oppresse,
That for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heauie spright,
At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
That all my senses were bereaued quight,
And I in minde remained sore agast,
Distraught twixt feare and pitie; when at last
I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called,
That with the suddein shrill I was appalled.

Behold (said it) and by ensample see,
That all is vanitie and griefe of minde,
Ne other comfort in this world can be,
But hope of heauen, and heart to God inclinde;
For all the rest must needs be left behinde:
With that it bad me, to the other side
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide.

I

¶ Vpon that famous Riuers further shore,
There stood a snowie Swan of heauenly hiew,
And gentle kinde, as euer Fowle afore;
A fairer one in all the goodlie criew
Of white *Strimonian* brood might no man view:
There he most sweetly sung the prophecie
Of his owne death in dolefull Elegie.

571 Was but of earth, and with her weightinesse *F* ords *Q* 574 worlds *F*: 588 spied. *F*: spide? *Q*

At last, when all his mourning melodie
He ended had, that both the shores resounded,
Feeling the fit that him forewarnd to die,
With loftie flight aboue the earth he bounded,
And out of sight to highest heauen mounted:
Where now he is become an heauenly signe;
There now the ioy is his, here sorrow mine.

2

Whilest thus I looked, loe adowne the *Lee*,
I sawe an Harpe stroong all with siluer twyne,
And made of golde and costlie yuorie,
Swimming, that whilome seemed to haue been
The harpe, on which *Dan Orpheus* was seene
Wylde beasts and forrests after him to lead,
But was th'Harpe of *Philisides* now dead.

At length out of the Riuer it was reard
And borne aboue the cloudes to be diuin'd,
Whilst all the way most heauenly noyse was heard
Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both ioy and sorrow in my mind:
So now in heauen a signe it doth appeare,
The Harpe well knowne beside the Northern Beare.

3

Soone after this I saw on th'other side,
A curious Coffer made of *Heben* wood,
That in it did most precious treasure hide,
Exceeding all this baser worldes good:
Yet through the ouerflowing of the flood
It almost drowned was, and done to nought,
That sight thereof much grieu'd my pensiue thought.

603 loe, *F*

At length when most in perill it was brought,
Two Angels downe descending with swift flight,
Out of the swelling streame it lightly caught,
And twixt their blessed armes it carried quight
Aboue the reach of anie liuing sight:
So now it is transform'd into that starre,
In which all heauenly treasures locked are.

4

Looking aside I saw a stately Bed,
Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,
That might for anie Princes couche be red,
And deckt with daintie flowres, as if it shold
Be for some bride, her ioyous night to hold:
Therein a goodly Virgine sleeping lay;
A fairer wight saw neuer summers day.

I heard a voyce that called farre away
And her awaking bad her quickly dight,
For lo her Bridegrome was in readie ray
To come to her, and seeke her loues delight:
With that she started vp with cherefull sight,
When suddeinly both bed and all was gone,
And I in languor left there all alone.

5

Still as I gazed, I beheld where stood
A Knight all arm'd, vpon a winged steed,
The same that was bred of *Medusaes* blood,
On which *Dan Perseus* borne of heauenly seed,
The faire *Andromeda* from perill freed:
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was,
That streames of blood foorth flowed on the gras.

631 aside, *F* 639–40 awaking, . . . loe, *F* 647 bred was *F*

Yet was he deckt (small ioy to him alas)
With manie garlands for his victories,
And with rich spoyles, which late he did purchas
Through braue atcheiuements from his enemies:
Fainting at last through long infirmities,
He smote his steed, that straight to heauen him bore,
And left me here his losse for to deplore.

6

Lastly I saw an Arke of purest golde
Vpon a brazen pillour standing hie,
Which th'ashes seem'd of some great Prince to hold,
Enclosde therein for endles memorie
Of him, whom all the world did glorifie:
Seemed the heauens with the earth did disagree,
Whether should of those ashes keeper bee.

At last me seem'd wing footed *Mercurie*,
From heauen descending to appease their strife,
The Arke did beare with him aboue the skie,
And to those ashes gaue a second life,
To liue in heauen, where happines is rife:
At which the earth did grieue exceedingly,
And I for dole was almost like to die.

L'Envoy.

Immortall spirite of *Philisides*,
Which now art made the heauens ornament,
That whilome wast the worlds chiefst riches;
Giue leaue to him that lou'de thee to lament
His losse, by lacke of thee to heauen hent,
And with last duties of this broken verse,
Broken with sighes, to decke thy sable Herse.

664 th'earth *F* 666 At last, me seem'd, wing-footed *F* 676–7 that lou'd thee, to lament His losse by lacke of thee, *F*

And ye faire Ladie th'honor of your daies,
And glorie of the world, your high thoughts scorne;
Vouchsafe this moniment of his last praise,
With some few siluer dropping teares t'adorne:
And as ye be of heauenlie off spring borne,
So vnto heauen let your high minde aspire,
And loath this drosse of sinfull worlds desire.

FINIS.

THE

Teares of the Muſes.

By Ed. Sp.

LONDON.

Imprinted for *VVilliam Ponſonbie*, dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the ſigne of *the Biſhops head.*

1591.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

the Ladie *Strange.*

MOst braue and noble Ladie, the things that make ye so much honored of the world as ye bee, are such, as (without my simple lines testimonie) are throughlie knowen to all men; namely, your excellent beautie, your vertuous behauior, and your noble match with that most honourable Lord the verie Paterne of right Nobilitie: But the causes for which ye haue thus deserued of me to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are, both your particular bounties, and also some priuate bands of affinitie, which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge. Of which whenas I found my selfe in no part worthie, I deuised this last slender meanes, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladiship and also to make the same vniuersallie knowen to the world; that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honor you. Vouchsafe, noble Lady, to accept this simple remembrance, thogh not worthy of your self, yet such, as perhaps by good acceptance therof, ye may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable euidence of your own excellent deserts. So recommending the same to your Ladiships good liking, I humbly take leaue.

Your La: humbly euer.

Ed. Sp.

The Teares of the Muses.

REhearse to me ye sacred Sisters nine,
The golden brood of great *Apolloes* wit,
Those piteous plaints and sorowfull sad tine,
Which late ye powred forth as ye did sit
Beside the siluer Springs of *Helicone*,
Making your musick of hart-breaking mone.

For since the time that *Phœbus* foolish sonne
Ythundered through *Ioues* auengefull wrath,
For trauersing the charret of the Sunne
Beyond the compasse of his pointed path,
Of you his mournfull Sisters was lamented,
Such mournfull tunes were neuer since inuented.

Nor since that faire *Calliope* did lose
Her loued Twinnes, the dearlings of her ioy,
Her *Palici*, whom her vnkindly foes
The fatall Sisters, did for spight destroy,
Whom all the Muses did bewaile long space;
Was euer heard such wayling in this place.

For all their groues, which with the heauenly noyses
Of their sweete instruments were wont to sound,
And th'hollow hills, from which their siluer voyces
Were wont redoubled Echoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries,
And yelling shrieks throwne vp into the skies.

The trembling streames which wont in chanels cleare
To romble gently downe with murmur soft,
And were by them right tunefull taught to beare
A Bases part amongst their consorts oft;
Now forst to ouerflowe with brackish teares,
With troublous noyse did dull their daintie eares.

1 nine, *F*: nine: *Q*

The ioyous Nymphes and lightfoote Faeries
Which thether came to heare their musick sweet,
And to the measure of their melodies
Did learne to moue their nimble shifting feete;
Now hearing them so heauily lament,
Like heauily lamenting from them went.

And all that els was wont to worke delight
Through the diuine infusion of their skill,
And all that els seemd faire and fresh in sight,
So made by nature for to serue their will,
Was turned now to dismall heauinesse,
Was turned now to dreadfull vglinesse.

Ay me, what thing on earth that all thing breeds,
Might be the cause of so impatient plight?
What furie, or what feend with felon deeds
Hath stirred vp so mischieuous despight?
Can griefe then enter into heauenly harts,
And pierce immortall breasts with mortall smarts?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concernes,
To me those secret causes to display;
For none but you, or who of you it learnes,
Can rightfully aread so dolefull lay.
Begin thou eldest Sister of the crew,
And let the rest in order thee ensew.

Clio.

Heare thou great Father of the Gods on hie
That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts:
And thou our Syre that raignst in *Castalie*
And mount *Parnasse*, the God of goodly Arts:
Heare and behold the miserable state
Of vs thy daughters, dolefull desolate.

51 learnes, *F*: learnes *Q*

Behold the fowle reproach and open shame,
The which is day by day vnto vs wrought
By such as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning, and each gentle thought;
They not contented vs themselues to scorne,
Doo seeke to make vs of the world forlorne.

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly dust,
The sonnes of darknes and of ignoraunce;
But they, whom thou great *Ioue* by doome vniust
Didst to the type of honour earst aduaunce;
They now puft vp with sdeignfull insolence,
Despise the brood of blessed Sapience.

The sectaries of my celestiall skill,
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,
And learned Impes that wont to shoote vp still,
And grow to hight of kingdomes gouernment
They vnderkeep, and with their spredding armes
Doo beat their buds, that perish through their harmes.

It most behoues the honorable race
Of mightie Peeres, true wisedome to sustaine,
And with their noble countenaunce to grace
The learned forheads, without gifts or gaine:
Or rather learnd themselues behoues to bee;
That is the girlond of Nobilitie.

But (ah) all otherwise they doo esteeme
Of th'heauenly gift of wisdomes influence,
And to be learned it a base thing deeme;
Base minded they that want intelligence:
For God himselfe for wisedome most is praised,
And men to God thereby are nighest raised.

But they doo onely striue themselues to raise
Through pompous pride, and foolish vanitie;
In th'eyes of people they put all their praise,
And onely boast of Armes and Auncestrie:
But vertuous deeds, which did those Armes first giue
To their Grandsyres, they care not to atchiue.

65 They, *F*

So I, that doo all noble feates professe
To register, and sound in trump of gold;
Through their bad dooings, or base slothfulnesse,
Finde nothing worthie to be writ, or told:
For better farre it were to hide their names,
Than telling them to blazon out their blames.

So shall succeeding ages haue no light
Of things forepast, nor moniments of time,
And all that in this world is worthie hight
Shall die in darknesse, and lie hid in slime:
Therefore I mourne with deep harts sorrowing,
Because I nothing noble haue to sing.

With that she raynd such store of streaming teares,
That could haue made a stonie heart to weep,
And all her Sisters rent their golden heares,
And their faire faces with salt humour steep.
So ended shee: and then the next anew,
Began her grieuous plaint as doth ensew.

Melpomene.

O who shall powre into my swollen eyes
A sea of teares that neuer may be dryde,
A brasen voice that may with shrilling cryes
Pierce the dull heauens and fill the ayer wide,
And yron sides that sighing may endure,
To waile the wretchednes of world impure?

Ah wretched world the den of wickednesse,
Deformd with filth and fowle iniquitie;
Ah wretched world the house of heauinesse,
Fild with the wreaks of mortall miserie;
Ah wretched world, and all that is therein
The vassals of Gods wrath, and slaues of sin.

98 gold, *F* 113 anew *Q*, *F*: in rew *conj. Collier*, *v. ll.* 173, 233, *&c.*

Most miserable creature vnder sky
Man without vnderstanding doth appeare;
For all this worlds affliction he thereby,
And Fortunes freakes is wisely taught to beare:
Of wretched life the onely ioy shee is,
And th'only comfort in calamities.

She armes the brest with constant patience,
Against the bitter throwes of dolours darts,
She solaceth with rules of Sapience
The gentle minds, in midst of worldlie smarts:
When he is sad, shee seeks to make him merie,
And doth refresh his sprights when they be werie.

But he that is of reasons skill bereft,
And wants the staffe of wisedome him to stay,
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left
Withouten helme or Pilot her to sway,
Full sad and dreadfull is that ships euent:
So is the man that wants intendiment.

Whie then doo foolish men so much despize
The precious store of this celestiall riches?
Why doo they banish vs, that patronize
The name of learning? Most vnhappie wretches,
The which lie drowned in deep wretchednes,
Yet doo not see their owne vnhappines.

My part it is and my professed skill
The Stage with Tragick buskin to adorne,
And fill the Scene with plaint and outcries shrill
Of wretched persons, to misfortune borne:
But none more tragick matter I can finde
Than this, of men depriu'd of sense and minde.

For all mans life me seemes a Tragedy,
Full of sad sights and sore Catastrophees;
First comming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his dayes like dolorous Trophees,
Are heapt with spoyles of fortune and of feare,
And he at last laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with rufull spectacles is fild,
Fit for *Megera* or *Persephone*;
But I that in true Tragedies am skild,
The flowre of wit, finde nought to busie me:
Therefore I mourne, and pitifully mone,
Because that mourning matter I haue none.

Then gan she wofully to waile, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wise;
And all her Sisters thereto answering,
Threw forth lowd shrieks and drerie dolefull cries.
So rested she: and then the next in rew,
Began her grieuous plaint as doth ensew.

Thalia.

Where be the sweete delights of learnings treasure,
That wont with Comick sock to beautefie
The painted Theaters, and fill with pleasure
The listners eyes, and eares with melodie;
In which I late was wont to raine as Queene,
And maske in mirth with Graces well beseene?

O all is gone, and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glorie of gay wits,
Is layd abed, and no where now to see;
And in her roome vnseemly Sorrow sits,
With hollow browes and greisly countenaunce,
Marring my ioyous gentle dalliaunce.

And him beside sits vgly Barbarisme,
And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late
Out of dredd darknes of the deep Abysme,
Where being bredd, he light and heauen does hate:
They in the mindes of men now tyrannize,
And the faire Scene with rudenes foule disguize.

163 fild, *F*: fild *Q* 165 I *Q*: I, *F* 171 answering, *F*: answering. *Q*

All places they with follie haue possest,
And with vaine toyes the vulgare entertaine;
But me haue banished, with all the rest
That whilome wont to wait vpon my traine,
Fine Counterfesaunce and vnhurtfull Sport,
Delight and Laughter deckt in seemly sort.

All these, and all that els the Comick Stage
With seasoned wit and goodly pleasance graced;
By which mans life in his likest image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced;
And those sweete wits which wont the like to frame,
Are now despizd, and made a laughing game.

And he the man, whom Nature selfe had made
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter vnder Mimick shade,
Our pleasant *Willy*, ah is dead of late:
With whom all ioy and iolly meriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

In stead thereof scoffing Scurrilitie,
And scornfull Follie with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of shameles ribaudrie
Without regard, or due Decorum kept,
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth the Learneds taske vpon him take.

But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen
Large streames of honnie and sweete Nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe;
Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell,
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell.

So am I made the seruant of the manie,
And laughing stocke of all that list to scorne,
Not honored nor cared for of anie;
But loath'd of losels as a thing forlorne:
Therefore I mourne and sorrow with the rest,
Vntill my cause of sorrow be redrest.

Therewith she lowdly did lament and shrike,
Pouring forth streames of teares abundantly,
And all her Sisters with compassion like,
The breaches of her singults did supply.
So rested shee: and then the next in rew
Began her grieuous plaint, as doth ensew.

Euterpe.

Like as the dearling of the Summers pryde,
Faire *Philomele*, when winters stormie wrath
The goodly fields, that earst so gay were dyde
In colours diuers, quite despoyled hath,
All comfortlesse doth hide her chearlesse head
During the time of that her widowhead:

So we, that earst were wont in sweet accord
All places with our pleasant notes to fill,
Whilest fauourable times did vs afford
Free libertie to chaunt our charmes at will:
All comfortlesse vpon the bared bow,
Like wofull Culuers doo sit wayling now.

For far more bitter storme than winters stowre
The beautie of the world hath lately wasted,
And those fresh buds, which wont so faire to flowre,
Hath marred quite, and all their blossoms blasted:
And those yong plants, which wont with fruit t'abound,
Now without fruite or leaues are to be found.

A stonie coldnesse hath benumbd the sence
And liuelie spirits of each liuing wight,
And dimd with darknesse their intelligence,
Darknesse more than *Cymerians* daylie night?
And monstrous error flying in the ayre,
Hath mard the face of all that semed fayre.

232 singults *F*: singulfs *Q*

Image of hellish horrour, Ignorance,
Borne in the bosome of the black *Abysse*,
And fed with furies milke, for sustenaunce
Of his weake infancie, begot amisse
By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night;
So hee his sonnes both Syre and brother hight.

He armd with blindnesse and with boldnes stout,
(For blind is bold) hath our fayre light defaced;
And gathering vnto him a ragged rout
Of *Faunes* and *Satyres*, hath our dwellings raced
And our chast bowers, in which all vertue rained,
With brutishnesse and beastlie filth hath stained.

The sacred springs of horsefoot *Helicon*,
So oft bedeawed with our learned layes,
And speaking streames of pure *Castalion*,
The famous witnesse of our wonted praise,
They trampled haue with their fowle footings trade,
And like to troubled puddles haue them made.

Our pleasant groues, which planted were with paines,
That with our musick wont so oft to ring,
And arbors sweet, in which the Shepheards swaines
Were wont so oft their Pastoralls to sing,
They haue cut downe and all their pleasaunce mard,
That now no pastorall is to bee hard.

In stead of them fowle Goblins and Shriekowles,
With fearfull howling do all places fill;
And feeble *Eccho* now laments and howles,
The dreadfull accents of their outcries shrill.
So all is turned into wildernesse,
Whilest Ignorance the Muses doth oppresse.

And I whose ioy was earst with Spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to sound aloft,
My spirits now dismayd with sorrow dull,
Doo mone my miserie in silence soft.
Therefore I mourne and waile incessantly,
Till please the heauens affoord me remedy.

259 horrour, *F*: horrour *Q* 288 Ignorance *cf. l.* 259: ignorance *Q*, *F*

Therewith shee wayled with exceeding woe
And pitious lamentation did make,
And all her sisters seeing her doo soe,
With equall plaints her sorrowe did partake.
So rested shee: and then the next in rew,
Began her grieuous plaint as doth ensew.

Terpsichore.

Who so hath in the lap of soft delight
Beene long time luld, and fed with pleasures sweet,
Feareles through his own fault or Fortunes spight,
To tumble into sorrow and regreet,
Yf chaunce him fall into calamitie,
Findes greater burthen of his miserie.

So wee that earst in ioyance did abound
And in the bosome of all blis did sit,
Like virgin Queenes with laurell garlands cround,
For vertues meed and ornament of wit,
Sith ignorance our kingdome did confound,
Bee now become most wretched wightes on ground:

And in our royall thrones which lately stood
In th'hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accursed brood,
By him begotten of fowle infamy;
Blind Error, scornefull Follie, and base Spight,
Who hold by wrong, that wee should haue by right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,
And make them merrie with their fooleries,
They cherelie chaunt and rymes at randon fling,
The fruitfull spawne of their ranke fantasies:
They feede the eares of fooles with flattery,
And good men blame, and losels magnify:

310 wit. *Q*, *F*

All places they doo with their toyes possesse,
And raigne in liking of the multitude,
The schooles they fill with fond new fanglenesse,
And sway in Court with pride and rashnes rude;
Mongst simple shepheards they do boast their skill,
And say their musicke matcheth *Phœbus* quill.

The noble hearts to pleasures they allure,
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine,
Faire Ladies loues they spot with thoughts impure,
And gentle mindes with lewd delights distaine:
Clerks they to loathly idlenes entice,
And fill their bookes with discipline of vice.

So euery where they rule and tyrannize,
For their vsurped kingdomes maintenaunce,
The whiles we silly Maides, whom they dispize,
And with reprochfull scorne discountenaunce,
From our owne natiue heritage exilde,
Walk through the world of euery one reuilde.

Nor anie one doth care to call vs in,
Or once vouchsafeth vs to entertaine,
Vnlesse some one perhaps of gentle kin,
For pitties sake compassion our paine,
And yeeld vs some reliefe in this distresse:
Yet to be so relieu'd is wretchednesse.

So wander we all carefull comfortlesse,
Yet none doth care to comfort vs at all;
So seeke we helpe our sorrow to redresse,
Yet none vouchsafes to answere to our call:
Therefore we mourne and pittilesse complaine,
Because none liuing pittieth our paine.

With that she wept and wofullie waymented,
That naught on earth her griefe might pacifie;
And all the rest her dolefull din augmented,
With shrikes and groanes and grieuous agonie.
So ended shee: and then the next in rew,
Began her piteous plaint as doth ensew.

346–7 paine, distresse: *F*: paine: distresse, *Q*

Erato

Ye gentle Spirits breathing from aboue,
Where ye in *Venus* siluer bowre were bred,
Thoughts halfe deuine, full of the fire of loue,
With beawtie kindled and with pleasure fed,
Which ye now in securitie possesse,
Forgetfull of your former heauinesse:

Now change the tenor of your ioyous layes,
With which ye vse your loues to deifie,
And blazon foorth an earthlie beauties praise,
Aboue the compasse of the arched skie:
Now change your praises into piteous cries,
And Eulogies turne into Elegies.

Such as ye wont whenas those bitter stounds
Of raging loue first gan you to torment,
And launch your hearts with lamentable wounds
Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,
Before your Loues did take you vnto grace;
Those now renew as fitter for this place.

For I that rule in measure moderate
The tempest of that stormie passion,
And vse to paint in rimes the troublous state
Of Louers life in likest fashion,
Am put from practise of my kindlie skill,
Banisht by those that Loue with leawdnes fill.

Loue wont to be schoolmaster of my skill,
And the deuicefull matter of my song;
Sweete Loue deuoyd of villanie or ill,
But pure and spotles, as at first he sprong
Out of th'Almighties bosome, where he nests;
From thence infused into mortall brests.

363 deuine, *F*: deuine *Q*

Such high conceipt of that celestiall fire,
The base-borne brood of blindnes cannot gesse,
Ne euer dare their dunghill thoughts aspire
Vnto so loftie pitch of perfectnesse,
But rime at riot, and doo rage in loue;
Yet little wote what doth thereto behoue.

Faire *Cytheree* the Mother of delight,
And Queene of beautie, now thou maist go pack;
For lo thy Kingdome is defaced quight,
Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack;
And thy gay Sonne, that winged God of Loue,
May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed Doue.

And ye three Twins to light by *Venus* brought,
The sweete companions of the Muses late,
From whom what euer thing is goodly thought
Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate;
Go beg with vs, and be companions still
As heretofore of good, so now of ill.

For neither you nor we shall anie more
Finde entertainment, or in Court or Schoole:
For that which was accounted heretofore
The learneds meed, is now lent to the foole,
He sings of loue, and maketh louing layes,
And they him heare, and they him highly prayse.

With that she powred foorth a brackish flood
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone;
And all her Sisters seeing her sad mood,
With lowd laments her answered all at one.
So ended she: and then the next in rew
Began her grieuous plaint, as doth ensew.

399 defaced *F*: defacd *Q* 401 that *Q*: the *F*

Calliope

To whom shall I my euill case complaine,
Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,
Or deignes to pitie a perplexed hart;
But rather seekes my sorrow to augment
With fowle reproach, and cruell banishment.

For they to whom I vsed to applie
The faithfull seruice of my learned skill,
The goodly off-spring of *Ioues* progenie,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill;
Whose liuing praises in heroïck style,
It is my chiefe profession to compyle.

They all corrupted through the rust of time,
That doth all fairest things on earth deface,
Or through vnnoble sloth, or sinfull crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race;
Haue both desire of worthie deeds forlorne,
And name of learning vtterly doo scorne.

Ne doo they care to haue the auncestrie
Of th'old Heroës memorizde anew,
Ne doo they care that late posteritie
Should know their names, or speak their praises dew:
But die forgot from whence at first they sprong,
As they themselues shalbe forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to haue been nobly bredd?
What oddes twixt *Irus* and old *Inachus*,
Twixt best and worst, when both alike are dedd;
If none of neither mention should make,
Nor out of dust their memories awake?

435 crime *Q*, *F*: *mispr.* raime *Huth Q*

Or who would euer care to doo braue deed,
Or striue in vertue others to excell;
If none should yeeld him his deserued meed,
Due praise, that is the spur of dooing well?
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would choose goodnes of his owne freewill.

Therefore the nurse of vertue I am hight,
And golden Trompet of eternitie,
That lowly thoughts lift vp to heauens hight,
And mortall men haue powre to deifie:
Bacchus and *Hercules* I raisd to heauen,
And *Charlemaine*, amongst the Starris seauen.

But now I will my golden Clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more:
Sith I no more finde worthie to commend
For prize of value, or for learned lore:
For noble Peeres whom I was wont to raise,
Now onely seeke for pleasure, nought for praise.

Their great reuenues all in sumptuous pride
They spend, that nought to learning they may spare;
And the rich fee which Poets wont diuide,
Now Parasites and Sycophants doo share:
Therefore I mourne and endlesse sorrow make,
Both for my selfe and for my Sisters sake.

With that she lowdly gan to waile and shrike,
And from her eyes a sea of teares did powre,
And all her sisters with compassion like,
Did more increase the sharpnes of her showre.
So ended she: and then the next in rew
Began her plaint, as doth herein ensew.

Vrania.

What wrath of Gods, or wicked influence
Of Starres conspiring wretched men t'afflict,
Hath powrd on earth this noyous pestilence,
That mortall mindes doth inwardly infect
With loue of blindnesse and of ignorance,
To dwell in darkenesse without souenance?

What difference twixt man and beast is left,
When th'heauenlie light of knowledge is put out,
And th'ornaments of wisdome are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Vnweeting of the danger hee is in,
Through fleshes frailtie and deceipt of sin.

In this wide world in which they wretches stray,
It is the onelie comfort which they haue,
It is their light, their loadstarre and their day;
But hell and darkenesse and the grislie graue
Is ignorance, the enemie of grace,
That mindes of men borne heauenlie doth debace.

Through knowledge we behold the worlds creation,
How in his cradle first he fostred was;
And iudge of Natures cunning operation,
How things she formed of a formelesse mas:
By knowledge wee do learne our selues to knowe,
And what to man, and what to God wee owe.

From hence wee mount aloft vnto the skie,
And looke into the Christall firmament,
There we behold the heauens great *Hierarchie*,
The Starres pure light, the Spheres swift mouement,
The Spirites and Intelligences fayre,
And Angels waighting on th'Almighties chayre.

486 souenaunce *Harl. MS.*: souerance *Q*, *F* 492 frailtie, *F*
506 firmament: *F*

And there, with humble minde and high insight,
Th'eternall Makers maiestie wee viewe,
His loue, his truth, his glorie, and his might,
And mercie more than mortall men can vew.
O soueraigne Lord, O soueraigne happinesse
To see thee, and thy mercie measurelesse:

Such happines haue they, that doo embrace
The precepts of my heauenlie discipline;
But shame and sorrow and accursed case
Haue they, that scorne the schoole of arts diuine,
And banish me, which do professe the skill
To make men heauenly wise, through humbled will.

How euer yet they mee despise and spight,
I feede on sweet contentment of my thought,
And please my selfe with mine owne selfe-delight,
In contemplation of things heauenlie wrought:
So, loathing earth, I looke vp to the sky,
And being driuen hence, I thether fly.

Thence I behold the miserie of men,
Which want the blis that wisedom would them breed,
And like brute beasts doo lie in loathsome den,
Of ghostly darkenes, and of gastlie dreed:
For whom I mourne and for my selfe complaine,
And for my Sisters eake whom they disdaine.

With that shee wept and waild so pityouslie,
As if her eyes had beene two springing wells:
And all the rest her sorrow to supplie,
Did throw forth shrieks and cries and dreery yells.
So ended shee, and then the next in rew,
Began her mournfull plaint as doth ensew.

511 there, *F*: there *Q* 516 measurelesse, *F* 527 So, *F*: So *Q*
528 hence, *F*: hence *Q*

Polyhymnia.

A dolefull case desires a dolefull song,
Without vaine art or curious complements,
And squallid Fortune into basenes flong,
Doth scorne the pride of wonted ornaments.
Then fittest are these ragged rimes for mee,
To tell my sorrowes that exceeding bee:

For the sweet numbers and melodious measures,
With which I wont the winged words to tie,
And make a tunefull Diapase of pleasures,
Now being let to runne at libertie
By those which haue no skill to rule them right,
Haue now quite lost their naturall delight.

Heapes of huge words vphoorded hideously,
With horrid sound though hauing little sence,
They thinke to be chiefe praise of Poëtry;
And thereby wanting due intelligence,
Haue mard the face of goodly Poësie,
And made a monster of their fantasie:

Whilom in ages past none might professe
But Princes and high Priests that secret skill,
The sacred lawes therein they wont expresse,
And with deepe Oracles their verses fill:
Then was shee held in soueraigne dignitie,
And made the noursling of Nobilitie.

But now nor Prince nor Priest doth her maintayne,
But suffer her prophaned for to bee
Of the base vulgar, that with hands vncleane
Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie.
And treadeth vnder foote hir holie things,
Which was the care of Kesars and of Kings.

566 be *F*: beee *Q*

One onelie liues, her ages ornament,
And myrrour of her Makers maiestie;
That with rich bountie and deare cherishment,
Supports the praise of noble Poësie:
Ne onelie fauours them which it professe,
But is her selfe a peereles Poëtresse.

Most peereles Prince, most peereles Poëtresse,
The true *Pandora* of all heauenly graces,
Diuine *Elisa*, sacred Emperesse:
Liue she for euer, and her royall P'laces
Be fild with praises of diuinest wits,
That her eternize with their heauenlie writs.

Some few beside, this sacred skill esteme,
Admirers of her glorious excellence,
Which being lightned with her beawties beme,
Are thereby fild with happie influence:
And lifted vp aboue the worldes gaze,
To sing with Angels her immortall praize.

But all the rest as borne of saluage brood,
And hauing beene with Acorns alwaies fed,
Can no whit fauour this celestiall food,
But with base thoughts are into blindnesse led,
And kept from looking on the lightsome day:
For whome I waile and weepe all that I may.

Eftsoones such store of teares she forth did powre,
As if shee all to water would haue gone;
And all her sisters seeing her sad stowre,
Did weep and waile and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned instruments did breake.
The rest, vntold, no louing tongue can speake.

FINIS.

598–600 mone, . . . breake. The rest, vntold, *F*: mone: . . . breake, The rest vntold *Q* 600 liuing *F* FINIS *om.* *Q*

Virgils Gnat.

Long since dedicated

To the most noble and excellent Lord,

the Earle of Leicester, late

deceased.

WRong'd, yet not daring to expresse my paine,
To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,
In clowdie teares my case I thus complaine
Vnto your selfe, that onely priuie are:
But if that any Oedipus *vnware*
Shall chaunce, through power of some diuining spright,
To reade the secrete of this riddle rare,
And know the purporte of my euill plight,
Let him rest pleased with his owne insight,
Ne further seeke to glose vpon the text:
For griefe enough it is to grieued wight
To feele his fault, and not be further vext.
But what so by my selfe may not be showen,
May by this Gnatts complaint be easily knowen.

Virgils Gnat.

WE now haue playde (*Augustus*) wantonly,
Tuning our song vnto a tender Muse,
And like a cobweb weauing slenderly,
Haue onely playde: let thus much then excuse
This Gnats small Poeme, that th'whole history
Is but a iest, though enuie it abuse:
But who such sports and sweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter seeme than this Gnats idle name.

Hereafter, when as season more secure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speak to thee
In bigger notes, that may thy sense allure,
And for thy worth frame some fit Poesie,
The golden offspring of *Latona* pure,
And ornament of great *Ioues* progenie,
Phœbus shall be the author of my song,
Playing on yuorie harp with siluer strong.

He shall inspire my verse with gentle mood
Of Poets Prince, whether he woon beside
Faire *Xanthus* sprincled with *Chimæras* blood;
Or in the woods of *Astery* abide;
Or whereas mount *Parnasse*, the Muses brood,
Doth his broad forhead like two hornes diuide,
And the sweete waues of sounding *Castaly*
With liquid foote doth slide downe easily.

Wherefore ye Sisters which the glorie bee
Of the *Pierian* streames, fayre *Naiades*,
Go too, and dauncing all in companie,
Adorne that God: and thou holie *Pales*,
To whome the honest care of husbandrie
Returneth by continuall successe,
Haue care for to pursue his footing light;
Throgh the wide woods, and groues, with green leaues dight.

Professing thee I lifted am aloft
Betwixt the forrest wide and starrie sky:
And thou most dread (*Octauius*) which oft
To learned wits giuest courage worthily,
O come (thou sacred childe) come sliding soft,
And fauour my beginnings graciously:
For not these leaues do sing that dreadfull stound,
When Giants bloud did staine *Phlegræan* ground.

Nor how th'halfe horsy people, *Centaures* hight,
Fought with the bloudie *Lapithaes* at bord,
Nor how the East with tyranous despight
Burnt th'*Attick* towres, and people slew with sword;
Nor how mount *Athos* through exceeding might
Was digged downe, nor yron bands abord
The *Pontick* sea by their huge Nauy cast,
My volume shall renowne, so long since past.

Nor *Hellespont* trampled with horses feete,
When flocking *Persians* did the *Greeks* affray;
But my soft Muse, as for her power more meete,
Delights (with *Phœbus* friendly leaue) to play
An easie running verse with tender feete.
And thou (dread sacred child) to thee alway,
Let euerlasting lightsome glory striue,
Through the worlds endles ages to suruiue.

And let an happie roome remaine for thee
Mongst heauenly ranks, where blessed soules do rest;
And let long lasting life with ioyous glee,
As thy due meede that thou deseruest best,
Hereafter many yeares remembred be
Amongst good men, of whom thou oft are blest;
Liue thou for euer in all happinesse:
But let vs turne to our first businesse.

The fiery Sun was mounted now on hight
Vp to the heauenly towers, and shot each where
Out of his golden Charet glistering light;
And fayre *Aurora* with her rosie heare,
The hatefull darknes now had put to flight,
When as the shepheard seeing day appeare,
His little Goats gan driue out of their stalls,
To feede abroad, where pasture best befalls.

To an high mountaines top he with them went,
Where thickest grasse did cloath the open hills:
They now amongst the woods and thickets ment,
Now in the valleies wandring at their wills,
Spread themselues farre abroad through each descent;
Some on the soft greene grasse feeding their fills;
Some clambring through the hollow cliffes on hy,
Nibble the bushie shrubs, which growe thereby.

Others the vtmost boughs of trees doe crop,
And brouze the woodbine twigges, that freshly bud;
This with full bit doth catch the vtmost top
Of some soft Willow, or new growen stud;
This with sharpe teeth the bramble leaues doth lop,
And chaw the tender prickles in her Cud;
The whiles another high doth ouerlooke
Her owne like image in a christall brooke.

O the great happines, which shepheards haue,
Who so loathes not too much the poore estate,
With minde that ill vse doth before depraue,
Ne measures all things by the costly rate
Of riotise, and semblants outward braue;
No such sad cares, as wont to macerate
And rend the greedie mindes of couetous men,
Do euer creepe into the shepheards den.

Ne cares he if the fleece, which him arayes,
Be not twice steeped in Assyrian dye,
Ne glistering of golde, which vnderlayes
The summer beames, doe blinde his gazing eye,
Ne pictures beautie, nor the glauncing rayes
Of precious stones, whence no good commeth by;
Ne yet his cup embost with Imagery
Of *Bætus* or of *Alcons* vanity.

Ne ought the whelky pearles esteemeth hee,
Which are from Indian seas brought far away:
But with pure brest from carefull sorrow free,
On the soft grasse his limbs doth oft display,
In sweete spring time, when flowres varietie
With sundrie colours paints the sprincled lay;
There lying all at ease, from guile or spight,
With pype of fennie reedes doth him delight.

There he, Lord of himselfe, with palme bedight,
His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine:
There his milk dropping Goats be his delight,
And fruitefull *Pales*, and the forrest greene,
And darkesome caues in pleasaunt vallies pight,
Whereas continuall shade is to be seene,
And where fresh springing wells, as christall neate,
Do alwayes flow, to quench his thirstie heate.

O who can lead then a more happie life,
Than he, that with cleane minde and heart sincere,
No greedy riches knowes nor bloudie strife,
No deadly fight of warlick fleete doth feare,
Ne runs in perill of foes cruell knife,
That in the sacred temples he may reare
A trophee of his glittering spoyles and treasure,
Or may abound in riches aboue measure.

122 heart] harte *Harl. MS*: hear *Q*: hart *F* 126 reare *F*: reare, *Q*

Of him his God is worshipt with his sythe,
And not with skill of craftsman polished:
He ioyes in groues, and makes himselfe full blythe,
With sundrie flowers in wilde fieldes gathered;
Ne frankincens he from *Panchæa* buyth,
Sweete quiet harbours in his harmeles head,
And perfect pleasure buildes her ioyous bowre,
Free from sad cares, that rich mens hearts deuowre.

This all his care, this all his whole indeuour,
To this his minde and senses he doth bend,
How he may flow in quiets matchles treasour,
Content with any food that God doth send;
And how his limbs, resolu'd through idle leisour,
Vnto sweete sleepe he may securely lend,
In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,
The whiles his flock their chawed cuds do eate.

O flocks, O Faunes, and O ye pleasaunt springs
Of *Tempe*, where the countrey Nymphs are rife,
Through whose not costly care each shepheard sings
As merrie notes vpon his rusticke Fife,
As that *Ascræan* bard, whose fame now rings
Through the wide world, and leads as ioyfull life.
Free from all troubles and from worldly toyle,
In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle.

In such delights whilst thus his carelesse time
This shepheard driues, vpleaning on his batt,
And on shrill reedes chaunting his rustick rime,
Hyperion throwing foorth his beames full hott,
Into the highest top of heauen gan clime,
And the world parting by an equall lott,
Did shed his whirling flames on either side,
As the great *Ocean* doth himselfe diuide.

144 eate. *F*: eate, *Q* 149 *Ascræan conj. Jortin*: *Astræan Q, F*

Then gan the shepheard gather into one
His stragling Goates, and draue them to a foord,
Whose cærule streame, rombling in Pible stone,
Crept vnder mosse as greene as any goord.
Now had the Sun halfe heauen ouergone,
When he his heard back from that water foord,
Draue from the force of *Phœbus* boyling ray,
Into thick shadowes, there themselues to lay.

Soone as he them plac'd in thy sacred wood
(O *Delian* Goddesse) saw, to which of yore
Came the bad daughter of old *Cadmus* brood,
Cruell *Agaue*, flying vengeance sore
Of king *Nictileus* for the guiltie blood,
Which she with cursed hands had shed before;
There she halfe frantick hauing slaine her sonne,
Did shrowd her selfe like punishment to shonne.

Here also playing on the grassy greene,
Woodgods, and Satyres, and swift Dryades,
With many Fairies oft were dauncing seene.
Not so much did Dan *Orpheus* represse,
The streames of *Hebrus* with his songs I weene,
As that faire troupe of woodie Goddesses
Staied thee, (O *Peneus*) powring foorth to thee,
From cheereful lookes, great mirth and gladsome glee.

The verie nature of the place, resounding
With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,
A pleasant bowre with all delight abounding
In the fresh shadowe did for them prepayre,
To rest their limbs with wearines redounding.
For first the high Palme trees with braunches faire,
Out of the lowly vallies did arise,
And high shoote vp their heads into the skyes.

184 lookes, *F*: lookes *Q*

And them amongst the wicked Lotos grew,
Wicked, for holding guilefully away
Vlysses men, whom rapt with sweetenes new,
Taking to hoste, it quite from him did stay,
And eke those trees, in whose transformed hew
The Sunnes sad daughters waylde the rash decay
Of *Phaeton*, whose limbs with lightening rent,
They gathering vp, with sweete teares did lament.

And that same tree, in which *Demophoon*,
By his disloyalty lamented sore,
Eternall hurte left vnto many one:
Whom als accompanied the Oke, of yore
Through fatall charmes transformd to such an one:
The Oke, whose Acornes were our foode, before
That *Ceres* seede of mortall men were knowne,
Which first *Triptoleme* taught how to be sowne.

Here also grew the rougher rinded Pine,
The great *Argoan* ships braue ornament
Whom golden Fleece did make an heauenly signe:
Which coueting, with his high tops extent,
To make the mountaines touch the starres diuine,
Decks all the forrest with embellishment,
And the blacke Holme that loues the watrie vale,
And the sweete Cypresse, signe of deadly bale.

Emongst the rest the clambring Yuie grew,
Knitting his wanton armes with grasping hold,
Least that the Poplar happely should rew
Her brothers strokes, whose boughes she doth enfold
With her lythe twigs, till they the top survew,
And paint with pallid greene her buds of gold.
Next did the Myrtle tree to her approach,
Not yet vnmindfull of her olde reproach.

216 Cypresse, *F*: Cypresse *Q*

But the small Birds in their wide boughs embowring,
Chaunted their sundrie tunes with sweete consent,
And vnder them a siluer Spring forth powring
His trickling streames, a gentle murmure sent;
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slimie scowring
Of the moist moores, their iarring voyces bent:
And shrill grashoppers chirped them around:
All which the ayrie Echo did resound.

In this so pleasant place this Shepheards flocke
Lay euerie where, their wearie limbs to rest,
On euerie bush, and euerie hollow rocke
Where breathe on them the whistling wind mote best;
The whiles the Shepheard self tending his stocke,
Sate by the fountaine side, in shade to rest,
Where gentle slumbring sleep oppressed him,
Displaid on ground, and seized euerie lim.

Of trecherie or traines nought tooke he keep,
But looslie on the grassie greene dispredd,
His dearest life did trust to careles sleep;
Which weighing down his drouping drowsie hedd,
In quiet rest his molten heart did steep,
Deuoid of care, and feare of all falshedd:
Had not inconstant fortune, bent to ill,
Bid strange mischance his quietnes to spill.

For at his wonted time in that same place
An huge great Serpent all with speckles pide,
To drench himselfe in moorish slime did trace,
There from the boyling heate himselfe to hide:
He passing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandisht tongue the emptie aire did gride,
And wrapt his scalie boughts with fell despight,
That all things seem'd appalled at his sight.

233 Shepheards *F*: Speheards *Q*

Now more and more hauing himselfe enrolde,
His glittering breast he lifteth vp on hie,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth holde;
His creste aboue spotted with purple die,
On euerie side did shine like scalie golde,
And his bright eyes glauncing full dreadfullie,
Did seeme to flame out flakes of flashing fyre,
And with sterne lookes to threaten kindled yre.

Thus wise long time he did himselfe dispace
There round about, when as at last he spide
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand Captaine, and most trustie guide:
Eftsoones more fierce in visage, and in pace,
Throwing his firie eyes on euerie side,
He commeth on, and all things in his way
Full stearnly rends, that might his passage stay.

Much he disdaines, that anie one should dare
To come vnto his haunt; for which intent
He inly burns, and gins straight to prepare
The weapons, which Nature to him hath lent;
Fellie he hisseth, and doth fiercely stare,
And hath his iawes with angrie spirits rent,
That all his tract with bloudie drops is stained,
And all his foldes are now in length outstrained.

Whom thus at point prepared, to preuent,
A litle noursling of the humid ayre,
A Gnat vnto the sleepie Shepheard went,
And marking where his ey-lids twinckling rare,
Shewd the two pearles, which sight vnto him lent,
Through their thin couerings appearing fayre,
His little needle there infixing deep,
Warnd him awake, from death himselfe to keep.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan vpstart,
And with his hand him rashly bruzing, slewe
As in auengement of his heedles smart,
That streight the spirite out of his senses flew,
And life out of his members did depart:
When suddenly casting aside his vew,
He spide his foe with felonous intent,
And feruent eyes to his destruction bent.

All suddenly dismaid, and hartles quight,
He fled abacke, and catching hastie holde
Of a yong alder hard beside him pight,
It rent, and streight about him gan beholde,
What God or Fortune would assist his might.
But whether God or Fortune made him bold
Its hard to read: yet hardie will he had
To ouercome, that made him lesse adrad.

The scalie backe of that most hideous snake
Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire,
And oft him to assaile, he fiercely strake
Whereas his temples did his creast-front tyre;
And for he was but slowe, did slowth off shake,
And gazing ghastly on (for feare and yre
Had blent so much his sense, that lesse he feard;)
Yet when he saw him slaine, himselfe he cheard.

By this the night forth from the darksome bowre
Of *Herebus* her teemed steedes gan call,
And laesie *Vesper* in his timely howre
From golden *Oeta* gan proceede withall;
Whenas the Shepheard after this sharpe stowre,
Seing the doubled shadowes low to fall,
Gathering his straying flocke, does homeward fare,
And vnto rest his wearie ioynts prepare.

308 creast-front tyre *F*: creast front-tyre *Q*

Into whose sense so soone as lighter sleepe
Was entered, and now loosing euerie lim,
Sweete slumbring deaw in carelesnesse did steepe,
The Image of that Gnat appeard to him,
And in sad tearmes gan sorrowfully weepe,
With greislie countenaunce and visage grim,
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
In steed of good hastning his cruell fate.

Said he, what haue I wretch deseru'd, that thus
Into this bitter bale I am outcast,
Whilest that thy life more deare and precious
Was than mine owne, so long as it did last?
I now in lieu of paines so gracious,
Am tost in th'ayre with euerie windie blast:
Thou safe deliuered from sad decay,
Thy careles limbs in loose sleep dost display.

So liuest thou, but my poore wretched ghost
Is forst to ferrie ouer *Lethes* Riuer,
And spoyld of *Charon* too and fro am tost.
Seest thou, how all places quake and quiuer
Lightned with deadly lamps on euerie post?
Tisiphone each where doth shake and shiuer
Her flaming fire brond, encountring me,
Whose lockes vncombed cruell adders be.

And *Cerberus*, whose many mouthes doo bay,
And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed;
Adowne whose necke in terrible array,
Ten thousand snakes cralling about his hed
Doo hang in heapes, that horribly affray,
And bloodie eyes doo glister firie red;
He oftentimes me dreadfullie doth threaten,
With painfull torments to be sorely beaten.

340 Seest thou not, *F* 343 fier *F*

Ay me, that thankes so much should faile of meed,
For that I thee restor'd to life againe,
Euen from the doore of death and deadlie dreed.
Where then is now the guerdon of my paine?
Where the reward of my so piteous deed?
The praise of pitie vanisht is in vaine,
And th'antique faith of Iustice long agone
Out of the land is fled away and gone.

I saw anothers fate approaching fast,
And left mine owne his safetie to tender;
Into the same mishap I now am cast,
And shun'd destruction doth destruction render:
Not vnto him that neuer hath trespast,
But punishment is due to the offender.
Yet let destruction be the punishment,
So long as thankfull will may it relent.

I carried am into waste wildernesse,
Waste wildernes, amongst *Cymerian* shades,
Where endles paines and hideous heauinesse
Is round about me heapt in darksome glades.
For there huge *Othos* sits in sad distresse,
Fast bound with serpents that him oft inuades:
Far of beholding *Ephialtes* tide,
Which once assai'd to burne this world so wide.

And there is mournfull *Tityus* mindefull yet
Of thy displeasure, O *Latona* faire;
Displeasure too implacable was it,
That made him meat for wild foules of the ayre:
Much do I feare among such fiends to sit;
Much do I feare back to them to repayre,
To the black shadowes of the *Stygian* shore,
Where wretched ghosts sit wailing euermore.

368 relent. *F*: relent, *Q*

There next the vtmost brinck doth he abide,
That did the bankets of the Gods bewray,
Whose throat through thirst to nought nigh being dride
His sense to seeke for ease turnes euery way:
And he that in auengement of his pride,
For scorning to the sacred Gods to pray,
Against a mountaine rolls a mightie stone,
Calling in vaine for rest, and can haue none.

Go ye with them, go cursed damosells,
Whose bridale torches foule *Erynnis* tynde,
And *Hymen* at your Spousalls sad, foretells
Tydings of death and massacre vnkinde:
With them that cruell *Colchid* mother dwells,
The which conceiu'd in her reuengefull minde,
With bitter woundes her owne deere babes to slay,
And murdred troupes vpon great heapes to lay.

There also those two *Pandionian* maides,
Calling on *Itis*, *Itis* euermore,
Whom wretched boy they slew with guiltie blades;
For whome the *Thracian* king lamenting sore,
Turn'd to a Lapwing, fowlie them vpbraydes,
And fluttering round about them still does sore:
There now they all eternally complaine
Of others wrong, and suffer endles paine.

But the two brethren borne of *Cadmus* blood,
Whilst each does for the Soueraignty contend,
Blinde through ambition, and with vengeance wood,
Each doth against the others bodie bend
His cursed steele, of neither well withstood,
And with wide wounds their carcases doth rend;
That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,
Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was slaine.

387 throat *F*: threat *Q* 406 fluttering *F*: flattering *Q*
411 wood, *F*: wood *Q*

Ah (waladay) there is no end of paine,
Nor chaunge of labour may intreated bee:
Yet I beyond all these am carried faine,
Where other powers farre different I see,
And must passe ouer to th'*Elisian* plaine:
There grim *Persephone* encountring mee,
Doth vrge her fellow Furies earnestlie,
With their bright firebronds me to terrifie.

There chast *Alceste* liues inuiolate,
Free from all care, for that her husbands daies
She did prolong by changing fate for fate.
Lo there liues also the immortall praise
Of womankinde, most faithfull to her mate,
Penelope: and from her farre awayes
A rulesse rout of yongmen, which her woo'd
All slaine with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.

And sad *Eurydice* thence now no more
Must turne to life, but there detained bee,
For looking back, being forbid before:
Yet was the guilt thereof, *Orpheus*, in thee.
Bold sure he was, and worthie spirite bore,
That durst those lowest shadowes goe to see,
And could beleeue that anie thing could please
Fell *Cerberus*, or Stygian powres appease.

Ne feard the burning waues of *Phlegeton*,
Nor those same mournfull kingdomes, compassed
With rustie horrour and fowle fashion,
And deep digd vawtes, and Tartar couered
With bloodie night, and darke confusion,
And iudgement seates, whose Iudge is deadlie dred.
A iudge, that after death doth punish sore
The faults, which life hath trespassed before.

417 weladay *F* 427 fate. *F*: fate, *Q*

But valiant fortune made *Dan Orpheus* bolde:
For the swift running riuers still did stand,
And the wilde beasts their furie did withhold,
To follow *Orpheus* musicke through the land:
And th'Okes deep grounded in the earthly molde
Did moue, as if they could him vnderstand;
And the shrill woods, which were of sense bereau'd,
Through their hard barke his siluer sound receau'd.

And eke the Moone her hastie steedes did stay,
Drawing in teemes along the starrie skie,
And didst (O monthly Virgin) thou delay
Thy nightly course, to heare his melodie?
The same was able with like louely lay
The Queene of hell to moue as easily,
To yeeld *Eurydice* vnto her fere,
Backe to be borne, though it vnlawfull were.

She (Ladie) hauing well before approoued,
The feends to be too cruell and seuere,
Obseru'd th'appointed way, as her behooued,
Ne euer did her ey-sight turne arere,
Ne euer spake, ne cause of speaking mooued:
But cruell *Orpheus*, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kisse her, brok'st the Gods decree,
And thereby mad'st her euer damn'd to be.

Ah but sweete loue of pardon worthie is,
And doth deserue to haue small faults remitted;
If Hell at least things lightly done amis
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted:
Yet are ye both receiued into blis,
And to the seates of happie soules admitted.
And you, beside the honourable band
Of great Heroës, doo in order stand.

480 Heroës, *F*: Heroës *Q*

There be the two stout sonnes of *Aeacus*,
Fierce *Peleus*, and the hardie *Telamon*,
Both seeming now full glad and ioyeous
Through their Syres dreadfull iurisdiction,
Being the Iudge of all that horrid hous:
And both of them by strange occasion,
Renown'd in choyce of happie marriage
Through *Venus* grace, and vertues cariage.

For th'one was rauisht of his owne bondmaide,
The faire *Ixione* captiu'd from *Troy:*
But th'other was with *Thetis* loue assaid,
Great *Nereus* his daughter, and his ioy.
On this side them there is a yongman layd,
Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce and coy;
That from th'Argolick ships, with furious yre,
Bett back the furie of the Troian fyre.

O who would not recount the strong diuorces
Of that great warre, which Troianes oft behelde,
And oft beheld the warlike Greekish forces,
When *Teucrian* soyle with bloodie riuers swelde,
And wide *Sigæan* shores were spred with corses,
And *Simois* and *Xanthus* blood outwelde,
Whilst *Hector* raged with outragious minde,
Flames, weapons, wounds in *Greeks* fleete to haue tynde.

For *Ida* selfe, in ayde of that fierce fight,
Out of her mountaines ministred supplies,
And like a kindly nourse, did yeeld (for spight)
Store of firebronds out of her nourseries,
Vnto her foster children, that they might
Inflame the Nauie of their enemies,
And all the *Rhetæan* shore to ashes turne,
Where lay the ships, which they did seeke to burne.

511 *Rhetæan Q*: *Rhœtean F*

Gainst which the noble sonne of *Telamon*
Opposd' himselfe, and thwarting his huge shield,
Them battell bad, gainst whom appeard anon
Hector, the glorie of the *Troian* field:
Both fierce and furious in contention
Encountred, that their mightie strokes so shrild,
As the great clap of thunder, which doth ryue
The ratling heauens, and cloudes asunder dryue.

So th'one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ships, from turning home againe
To *Argos*, th'other stroue for to defend
The force of *Vulcane* with his might and maine.
Thus th'one *Aeacide* did his fame extend:
But th'other ioy'd, that on the *Phrygian* playne
Hauing the blood of vanquisht *Hector* shedd,
He compast *Troy* thrice with his bodie dedd.

Againe great dole on either partie grewe,
That him to death vnfaithfull *Paris* sent,
And also him that false *Vlysses* slewe,
Drawne into danger through close ambushment:
Therefore from him *Laërtes* sonne his vewe
Doth turne aside, and boasts his good euent
In working of *Strymonian Rhæsus* fall,
And efte in *Dolons* subtile surprysall.

Againe the dreadfull *Cycones* him dismay,
And blacke *Læstrigones*, a people stout:
Then greedie *Scilla*, vnder whom there bay
Manie great bandogs, which her gird about:
Then doo the *Aetnean* Cyclops him affray,
And deep *Charybdis* gulphing in and out:
Lastly the squalid lakes of *Tartarie*,
And griesly Feends of hell him terrifie.

514 Opposd *F* 536 subtile *F*: slye *Q*

There also goodly *Agamemnon* bosts,
The glorie of the stock of *Tantalus*,
And famous light of all the Greekish hosts,
Vnder whose conduct most victorious,
The *Dorick* flames consum'd the *Iliack* posts.
Ah but the *Greekes* themselues more dolorous,
To thee, O *Troy*, paid penaunce for thy fall,
In th'*Hellespont* being nigh drowned all.

Well may appeare by proofe of their mischaunce,
The chaungfull turning of mens slipperie state,
That none, whom fortune freely doth aduaunce,
Himselfe therefore to heauen should eleuate:
For loftie type of honour through the glaunce
Of enuies dart, is downe in dust prostrate;
And all that vaunts in worldly vanitie,
Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie.

Th'*Argolicke* power returning home againe,
Enricht with spoyles of th'*Ericthonian* towre,
Did happie winde and weather entertaine,
And with good speed the fomie billowes scowre:
No signe of storme, no feare of future paine,
Which soone ensued them with heauie stowre.
Nereïs to the Seas a token gaue,
The whiles their crooked keeles the surges claue.

Suddenly, whether through the Gods decree,
Or haplesse rising of some froward starre,
The heauens on euerie side enclowded bee:
Black stormes and fogs are blowen vp from farre,
That now the Pylote can no loadstarre see,
But skies and seas doo make most dreadfull warre;
The billowes striuing to the heauens to reach,
And th'heauens striuing them for to impeach.

575 billowes *Harl. MS.*: billowe *Q*, *F*

And in auengement of their bold attempt,
Both Sun and starres and all the heauenly powres
Conspire in one to wreake their rash contempt,
And downe on them to fall from highest towres:
The skie in pieces seeming to be rent,
Throwes lightning forth, and haile, and harmful showres,
That death on euerie side to them appeares
In thousand formes, to worke more ghastly feares.

Some in the greedie flouds are sunke and drent,
Some on the rocks of *Caphareus* are throwne;
Some on th'*Euboick* Cliffs in pieces rent;
Some scattred on the *Hercæan* shores vnknowne;
And manie lost, of whom no moniment
Remaines, nor memorie is to be showne:
Whilst all the purchase of the *Phrigian* pray
Tost on salt billowes, round about doth stray.

Here manie other like Heroës bee,
Equall in honour to the former crue,
Whom ye in goodly seates may placed see,
Descended all from *Rome* by linage due,
From *Rome*, that holds the world in souereigntie,
And doth all Nations vnto her subdue:
Here *Fabij* and *Decij* doo dwell,
Horatij that in vertue did excell.

And here the antique fame of stout *Camill*
Doth euer liue, and constant *Curtius*,
Who stifly bent his vowed life to spill
For Countreyes health, a gulph most hideous
Amidst the Towne with his owne corps did fill,
T'appease the powers; and prudent *Mutius*,
Who in his flesh endur'd the scorching flame,
To daunt his foe by ensample of the same.

582 showres, *F*: showres *Q* 591 *Phrigian Q*: *Phrygian F*

And here wise *Curius*, companion
Of noble vertues, liues in endles rest;
And stout *Flaminius*, whose deuotion
Taught him the fires scorn'd furie to detest;
And here the praise of either *Scipion*
Abides in highest place aboue the best,
To whom the ruin'd walls of *Carthage* vow'd,
Trembling their forces, sound their praises lowd.

Liue they for euer through their lasting praise:
But I poore wretch am forced to retourne
To the sad lakes, that *Phœbus* sunnie rayes
Doo neuer see, where soules doo alwaies mourne,
And by the wayling shores to waste my dayes,
Where *Phlegeton* with quenchles flames doth burne;
By which iust *Minos* righteous soules doth seuer
From wicked ones, to liue in blisse for euer.

Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of hell
Girt with long snakes, and thousand yron chaynes,
Through doome of that their cruell Iudge, compell
With bitter torture and impatient paines,
Cause of my death, and iust complaint to tell.
For thou art he, whom my poore ghost complaines
To be the author of her ill vnwares,
That careles hear'st my intollerable cares.

Them therefore as bequeathing to the winde,
I now depart, returning to thee neuer,
And leaue this lamentable plaint behinde.
But doo thou haunt the soft downe rolling riuer,
And wilde greene woods, and fruitful pastures minde,
And let the flitting aire my vaine words seuer.
Thus hauing said, he heauily departed
With piteous crie, that anie would haue smarted.

609 companion *Q*: his companion *F*

Now, when the sloathfull fit of lifes sweete rest
Had left the heauie Shepheard, wondrous cares
His inly grieued minde full sore opprest;
That balefull sorrow he no longer beares,
For that Gnats death, which deeply was imprest:
But bends what euer power his aged yeares
Him lent, yet being such, as through their might
He lately slue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that same Riuer lurking vnder greene,
Eftsoones he gins to fashion forth a place,
And squaring it in compasse well beseene,
There plotteth out a tombe by measured space:
His yron headed spade tho making cleene,
To dig vp sods out of the flowrie grasse,
His worke he shortly to good purpose brought,
Like as he had conceiu'd it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded vp on hie,
Enclosing it with banks on euerie side,
And thereupon did raise full busily
A little mount, of greene turffs edifide;
And on the top of all, that passers by
Might it behold, the toomb he did prouide
Of smoothest marble stone in order set,
That neuer might his luckie scape forget.

And round about he taught sweete flowres to growe,
The Rose engrained in pure scarlet die,
The Lilly fresh, and Violet belowe,
The Marigolde, and cherefull Rosemarie,
The *Spartan* Mirtle, whence sweet gumb does flowe,
The purple Hyacinthe, and fresh Costmarie,
And Saffron sought for in *Cilician* soyle,
And Lawrell th'ornament of *Phœbus* toyle.

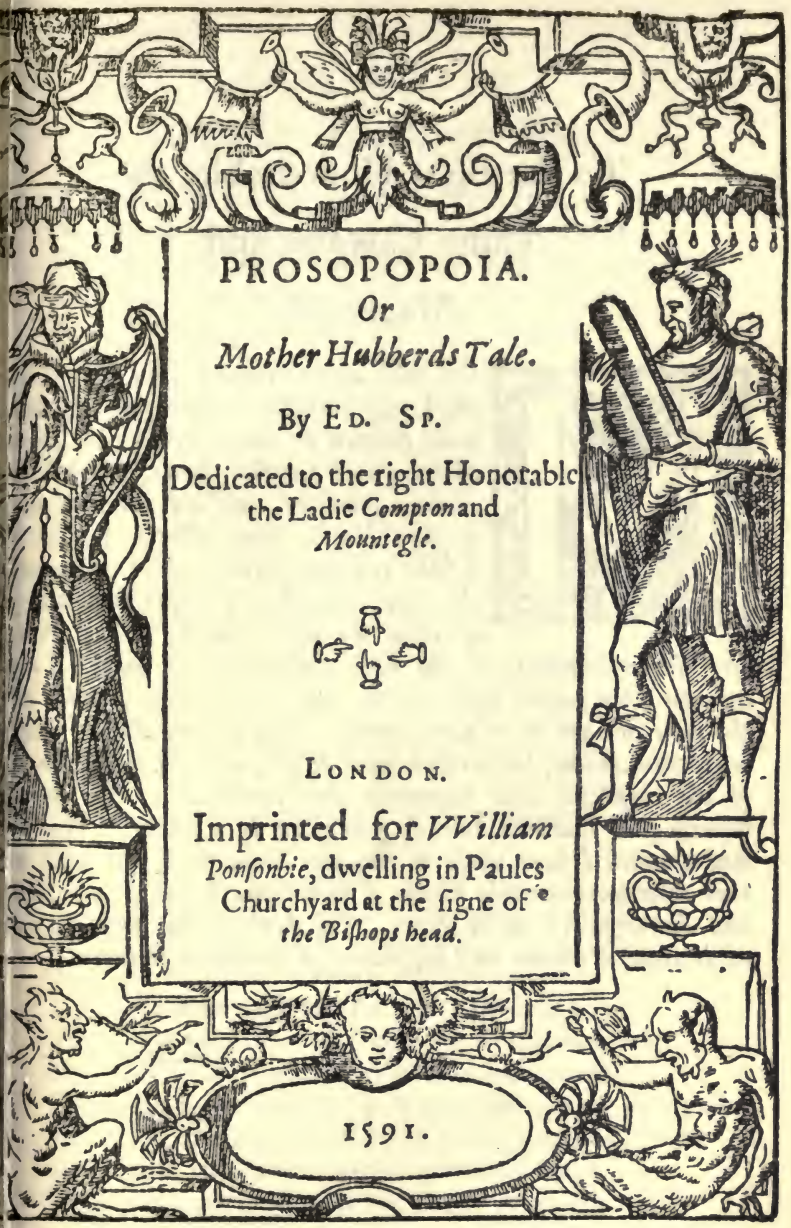
Fresh *Rhododaphne*, and the *Sabine* flowre
Matching the wealth of th'auncient Frankincence,
And pallid Yuie building his owne bowre,
And Box yet mindfull of his olde offence,
Red *Amaranthus*, lucklesse Paramour,
Oxeye still greene, and bitter Patience;
Ne wants there pale *Narcisse*, that in a well
Seeing his beautie, in loue with it fell:

And whatsoeuer other flowre of worth,
And whatso other hearb of louely hew
The ioyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
To cloath her selfe in colours fresh and new;
He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,
In whose high front was writ as doth ensue.

To thee, small Gnat, in lieu of his life saued,
The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraued.

FINIS.

680 fell: *F*: fell, *Q*



PROSOPOPOIA.

Or

Mother Hubberds Tale.

By Ed. Sp.

Dedicated to the right Honorable the Ladie *Compton* and *Mountegle.*

London.

Imprinted for *VVilliam Ponsonbie*, dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the signe of *the Bishops head.*

1591.

To the right Honourable, the Ladie *Compton* and *Mountegle.*

Ost faire and vertuous Ladie; hauing often sought opportunitie by some good meanes to make knowen to your Ladiship, the humble affection and faithfull duetie, which I haue alwaies professed, and am bound to beare to that House, from whence yee spring, I haue at length found occasion to remember the same, by making a simple present to you of these my idle labours; which hauing long sithens composed in the raw conceipt of my youth, I lately amongst other papers lighted vpon, and was by others, which liked the same, mooued to set them foorth. Simple is the deuice, and the composition meane, yet carrieth some delight, euen the rather because of the simplicitie and meannesse thus personated. The same I beseech your Ladiship take in good part, as a pledge of that profession which I haue made to you, and keepe with you vntill with some other more worthie labour, I do redeeme it out of your hands, and discharge my vtmost dutie. Till then wishing your Ladiship all increase of honour and happinesse, I humblie take leaue.

Your La: euer

humbly;

Ed. Sp.

Prosopopoia : or
Mother Hubberds Tale.

IT was the month, in which the righteous Maide,
That for disdaine of sinfull worlds vpbraide,
Fled back to heauen, whence she was first conceiued,
Into her siluer bowre the Sunne receiued;
And the hot *Syrian* Dog on him awayting,
After the chased Lyons cruell bayting,
Corrupted had th'ayre with his noysome breath,
And powr'd on th'earth plague, pestilence, and death.
Emongst the rest a wicked maladie
Raign'd emongst men, that manie did to die,
Depriu'd of sense and ordinarie reason;
That it to Leaches seemed strange and geason.
My fortune was mongst manie others moe,
To be partaker of their common woe;
And my weake bodie set on fire with griefe,
Was rob'd of rest, and naturall reliefe.
In this ill plight, there came to visite mee
Some friends, who sorie my sad case to see,
Began to comfort me in chearfull wise,
And meanes of gladsome solace to deuise.
But seeing kindly sleep refuse to doe
His office, and my feeble eyes forgoe,
They sought my troubled sense how to deceaue
With talke, that might vnquiet fancies reaue;
And sitting all in seates about me round,
With pleasant tales (fit for that idle stound)
They cast in course to waste the wearie howres:
Some tolde of Ladies, and their Paramoures;
Some of braue Knights, and their renowned Squires;
Some of the Faeries and their strange attires;
And some of Giaunts hard to be beleeued,
That the delight thereof me much releeued.

25 in *Q*: on *F*

Amongst the rest a good old woman was,
Hight Mother *Hubberd*, who did farre surpas
The rest in honest mirth, that seem'd her well:
She when her turne was come her tale to tell,
Tolde of a strange aduenture, that betided
Betwixt the Foxe and th'Ape by him misguided;
The which for that my sense it greatly pleased,
All were my spirite heauie and diseased,
Ile write in termes, as she the same did say,
So well as I her words remember may.
No Muses aide me needes heretoo to call;
Base is the style, and matter meane withall.
¶ Whilome (said she) before the world was ciuill,
The Foxe and th'Ape disliking of their euill
And hard estate, determined to seeke
Their fortunes farre abroad, lyeke with his lyeke:
For both were craftie and vnhappie witted;
Two fellowes might no where be better fitted.
The Foxe, that first this cause of griefe did finde,
Gan first thus plaine his case with words vnkinde.
Neighbour Ape, and my Gossip eke beside,
(Both two sure bands in friendship to be tide,)
To whom may I more trustely complaine
The euill plight, that doth me sore constraine,
And hope thereof to finde due remedie?
Heare then my paine and inward agonie.
Thus manie yeares I now haue spent and worne,
In meane regard, and basest fortunes scorne,
Dooing my Countrey seruice as I might,
No lesse I dare saie than the prowdest wight;
And still I hoped to be vp aduaunced,
For my good parts; but still it hath mischaunced.
Now therefore that no lenger hope I see,
But froward fortune still to follow mee,
And losels lifted high, where I did looke,
I meane to turne the next leafe of the booke.
Yet ere that anie way I doo betake,
I meane my Gossip priuie first to make.

53 Gossip *F*: Goship *Q* 67 high *F, G. MS.*: up on high *Q*

Ah my deare Gossip, (answer'd then the Ape,)
Deeply doo your sad words my wits awhape,
Both for because your griefe doth great appeare,
And eke because my selfe am touched neare:
For I likewise haue wasted much good time,
Still wayting to preferment vp to clime,
Whilest others alwayes haue before me stept,
And from my beard the fat away haue swept;
That now vnto despaire I gin to growe,
And meane for better winde about to throwe.
Therefore to me, my trustie friend, aread
Thy councell: two is better than one head.
Certes (said he) I meane me to disguize
In some straunge habit, after vncouth wize,
Or like a Pilgrime, or a Lymiter,
Or like a *Gipsen*, or a Iuggeler,
And so to wander to the worlds ende,
To seeke my fortune, where I may it mend:
For worse than that I haue, I cannot meete.
Wide is the world I wote and euerie streete
Is full of fortunes, and aduentures straunge,
Continuallie subiect vnto chaunge.
Say my faire brother now, if this deuice
Doth like you, or may you to like entice.
Surely (said th'Ape) it likes me wondrous well;
And would ye not poore fellowship expell,
My selfe would offer you t'accompanie
In this aduentures chauncefull ieopardie.
For to wexe olde at home in idlenesse,
Is disaduentrous, and quite fortunelesse:
Abroad where change is, good may gotten bee.
The Foxe was glad, and quickly did agree:
So both resolu'd, the morrow next ensuing,
So soone as day appeard to peoples vewing,
On their intended iourney to proceede;
And ouer night, whatso theretoo did neede,

79 growe, *F*: growe *Q* 87 worldes *F* 94 entice. *F*: entice, *Q*

Each did prepare, in readines to bee.
The morrow next, so soone as one might see
Light out of heauens windowes forth to looke,
Both their habiliments vnto them tooke,
And put themselues (a Gods name) on their way.
Whenas the Ape beginning well to wey
This hard aduenture, thus began t'aduise;
Now read Sir Reynold, as ye be right wise,
What course ye weene is best for vs to take,
That for our selues we may a liuing make.
Whether shall we professe some trade or skill?
Or shall we varie our deuice at will,
Euen as new occasion appeares?
Or shall we tie our selues for certaine yeares
To anie seruice, or to anie place?
For it behoues ere that into the race
We enter, to resolue first herevpon.
Now surely brother (said the Foxe anon)
Ye haue this matter motioned in season:
For euerie thing that is begun with reason
Will come by readie meanes vnto his end;
But things miscounselled must needs miswend.
Thus therefore I aduize vpon the case,
That not to anie certaine trade or place,
Nor anie man we should our selues applie:
For why should he that is at libertie
Make himselfe bond? sith then we are free borne,
Let vs all seruile base subiection scorne;
And as we bee sonnes of the world so wide,
Let vs our fathers heritage diuide,
And chalenge to our selues our portions dew
Of all the patrimonie, which a few
Now hold in hugger mugger in their hand,
And all the rest doo rob of good and land.
For now a few haue all and all haue nought,
Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought:
There is no right in this partition,
Ne was it so by institution

119 Euen as occasion best to vs appeares *G. MS.*

Ordained first, ne by the law of Nature,
But that she gaue like blessing to each creture
As well of worldly liuelode as of life,
That there might be no difference nor strife,
Nor ought cald mine or thine: thrice happie then
Was the condition of mortall men.
That was the golden age of *Saturne* old,
But this might better be the world of gold:
For without golde now nothing wilbe got.
Therefore (if please you) this shalbe our plot,
We will not be of anie occupation,
Let such vile vassalls borne to base vocation
Drudge in the world, and for their liuing droyle
Which haue no wit to liue withouten toyle.
But we will walke about the world at pleasure
Like two free men, and make our ease a treasure.
Free men some beggers call, but they be free,
And they which call them so more beggers bee:
For they doo swinke and sweate to feed the other,
Who liue like Lords of that which they doo gather,
And yet doo neuer thanke them for the same,
But as their due by Nature doo it clame.
Such will we fashion both our selues to bee,
Lords of the world, and so will wander free
Where so vs listeth, vncontrol'd of anie:
Hard is our hap, if we (emongst so manie)
Light not on some that may our state amend;
Sildome but some good commeth ere the end.
Well seemd the Ape to like this ordinaunce:
Yet well considering of the circumstaunce,
As pausing in great doubt awhile he staid,
And afterwards with graue aduizement said;
I cannot my lief brother like but well
The purpose of the complot which ye tell:
For well I wot (compar'd to all the rest
Of each degree) that Beggers life is best:
And they that thinke themselues the best of all,
Oft-times to begging are content to fall.

169 anie: *Q*: any. *F*

But this I wot withall that we shall ronne
Into great daunger like to bee vndonne,
Thus wildly to wander in the worlds eye,
Without pasport or good warrantie,
For feare least we like rogues should be reputed,
And for eare marked beasts abroad be bruted:
Therefore I read, that we our counsells call,
How to preuent this mischiefe ere it fall,
And how we may with most securitie,
Beg amongst those that beggers doo defie.
Right well deere Gossip ye aduized haue,
(Said then the Foxe) but I this doubt will saue:
For ere we farther passe, I will deuise
A pasport for vs both in fittest wize,
And by the names of Souldiers vs protect;
That now is thought a ciuile begging sect.
Be you the Souldier, for you likest are
For manly semblance, and small skill in warre:
I will but wayte on you, and as occasion
Falls out, my selfe fit for the same will fashion.
The Pasport ended, both they forward went,
The Ape clad Souldierlike, fit for th'intent,
In a blew iacket with a crosse of redd
And manie slits, as if that he had shedd
Much blood throgh many wounds therein receaued,
Which had the vse of his right arme bereaued;
Vpon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,
With a plume feather all to peeces tore:
His breeches were made after the new cut,
Al Portugese, loose like an emptie gut;
And his hose broken high aboue the heeling,
And his shooes beaten out with traueling.
But neither sword nor dagger he did beare,
Seemes that no foes reuengement he did feare;
In stead of them a handsome bat he held,
On which he leaned, as one farre in elde.

184 vndonne, *F*: vndonne. *Q* 185 Wildly to wander thus *F* 186 Without *Q*, *F*: Withouten *G. MS.*

Shame light on him, that through so false illusion,
Doth turne the name of Souldiers to abusion,
And that, which is the noblest mysterie,
Brings to reproach and common infamie.
Long they thus trauailed, yet neuer met
Aduenture, which might them a working set:
Yet manie waies they sought, and manie tryed:
Yet for their purposes none fit espyed.
At last they chaunst to meete vpon the way
A simple husbandman in garments gray;
Yet though his vesture were but meane and bace,
A good yeoman he was of honest place,
And more for thrift did care than for gay clothing:
Gay without good, is good hearts greatest loathing.
The Foxe him spying, bad the Ape him dight
To play his part, for loe he was in sight,
That (if he er'd not) should them entertaine,
And yeeld them timely profite for their paine.
Eftsoones the Ape himselfe gan vp to reare,
And on his shoulders high his bat to beare,
As if good seruice he were fit to doo;
But little thrift for him he did it too:
And stoutly forward he his steps did straine,
That like a handsome swaine it him became:
When as they nigh approached, that good man
Seeing them wander loosly, first began
T'enquire of custome, what and whence they were?
To whom the Ape, I am a Souldiere,
That late in warres haue spent my deerest blood,
And in long seruice lost both limbs and good,
And now constrain'd that trade to ouergiue,
I driuen am to seeke some meanes to liue:
Which might it you in pitie please t'afford,
I would be readie both in deed and word,
To doo you faithfull seruice all my dayes.
This yron world (that same he weeping sayes)
Brings downe the stowtest hearts to lowest state:
For miserie doth brauest mindes abate,

251 t'afford, *F*: t'afford. *Q*

And make them seeke for that they wont to scorne,
Of fortune and of hope at once forlorne.
The honest man, that heard him thus complaine,
Was grieu'd, as he had felt part of his paine;
And well disposd' him some reliefe to showe,
Askt if in husbandrie he ought did knowe,
To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sowe,
To hedge, to ditch, to thrash, to thetch, to mowe;
Or to what labour els he was prepar'd?
For husbands life is labourous and hard.
Whenas the Ape him hard so much to talke
Of labour, that did from his liking balke,
He would haue slipt the coller handsomly,
And to him said; good Sir, full glad am I,
To take what paines may anie liuing wight:
But my late maymed limbs lack wonted might
To doo their kindly seruices, as needeth:
Scarce this right hand the mouth with diet feedeth,
So that it may no painfull worke endure,
Ne to strong labour can it selfe enure.
But if that anie other place you haue,
Which askes small paines, but thriftines to saue,
Or care to ouerlooke, or trust to gather,
Ye may me trust as your owne ghostly father.
With that the husbandman gan him auize
That it for him were fittest exercise
Cattell to keep, or grounds to ouersee;
And asked him, if he could willing bee
To keep his sheep, or to attend his swyne,
Or watch his mares, or take his charge of kyne?
Gladly (said he) what euer such like paine
Ye put on me, I will the same sustaine:
But gladliest I of your fleecie sheepe
(Might it you please) would take on me the keep.
For ere that vnto armes I me betooke,
Vnto my fathers sheepe I vsde to looke,
That yet the skill thereof I haue not loste:
Thereto right well this Curdog by my coste

261 disposd *F* 264 thatch, *F*

(Meaning the Foxe) will serue, my sheepe to gather,
And driue to follow after their Belwether.
The Husbandman was meanly well content,
Triall to make of his endeuourment,
And home him leading, lent to him the charge
Of all his flocke, with libertie full large,
Giuing accompt of th'annuall increace
Both of their lambes, and of their woolley fleece.
Thus is this Ape become a shepheard swaine
And the false Foxe his dog (God giue them paine)
For ere the yeare haue halfe his course out-run,
And doo returne from whence he first begun,
They shall him make an ill accompt of thrift.
Now whenas Time flying with winges swift,
Expired had the terme, that these two iauels
Should render vp a reckning of their trauels
Vnto their master, which it of them sought,
Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
Ne wist what answere vnto him to frame,
Ne how to scape great punishment, or shame,
For their false treason and vile theeuerie.
For not a lambe of all their flockes supply
Had they to shew: but euer as they bred,
They slue them, and vpon their fleshes fed:
For that disguised Dog lou'd blood to spill,
And drew the wicked Shepheard to his will.
So twixt them both they not a lambkin left,
And when lambes fail'd, the old sheepes liues they reft;
That how t'acquite themselues vnto their Lord,
They were in doubt, and flatly set abord.
The Foxe then counsel'd th'Ape, for to require
Respite till morrow, t'answere his desire:
For times delay new hope of helpe still breeds.
The goodman granted, doubting nought their deeds,
And bad, next day that all should readie be.
But they more subtill meaning had than he:
For the next morrowes meed they closely ment,
For feare of afterclaps for to preuent.
And that same euening, when all shrowded were

308 winges *Hughes*: wings *Q*, *Ff*

In careles sleep, they without care or feare,
Cruelly fell vpon their flock in folde,
And of them slew at pleasure what they wolde:
Of which whenas they feasted had their fill,
For a full complement of all their ill,
They stole away, and tooke their hastie flight,
Carried in clowdes of all-concealing night.
So was the husbandman left to his losse,
And they vnto their fortunes change to tosse.
After which sort they wandered long while,
Abusing manie through their cloaked guile;
That at the last they gan to be descryed
Of euerie one, and all their sleights espyed.
So as their begging now them failed quyte;
For none would giue, but all men would them wyte:
Yet would they take no paines to get their liuing,
But seeke some other way to gaine by giuing,
Much like to begging but much better named;
For manie beg, which are thereof ashamed.
And now the Foxe had gotten him a gowne,
And th'Ape a cassocke sidelong hanging downe;
For they their occupation meant to change,
And now in other state abroad to range:
For since their souldiers pas no better spedd,
They forg'd another, as for Clerkes booke-redd.
Who passing foorth, as their aduentures fell,
Through manie haps, which needs not here to tell;
At length chaunst with a formall Priest to meete,
Whom they in ciuill manner first did greete,
And after askt an almes for Gods deare loue.
The man straight way his choler vp did moue,
And with reproachfull tearmes gan them reuile,
For following that trade so base and vile;
And askt what license, or what Pas they had?
Ah (said the Ape as sighing wondrous sad)
Its an hard case, when men of good deseruing
Must either driuen be perforce to steruing,
Or asked for their pas by euerie squib,
That list at will them to reuile or snib:

And yet (God wote) small oddes I often see
Twixt them that aske, and them that asked bee.
Natheles because you shall not vs misdeeme,
But that we are as honest as we seeme,
Yee shall our pasport at your pleasure see,
And then ye will (I hope) well mooued bee.
Which when the Priest beheld, he vew'd it nere,
As if therein some text he studying were,
But little els (God wote) could thereof skill:
For read he could not euidence, nor will,
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
Ne make one title worse, ne make one better:
Of such deep learning little had he neede,
Ne yet of Latine, ne of Greeke, that breede
Doubts mongst Diuines, and difference of texts,
From whence arise diuersitie of sects,
And hatefull heresies, of God abhor'd:
But this good Sir did follow the plaine word,
Ne medled with their controuersies vaine.
All his care was, his seruice well to saine,
And to read Homelies vpon holidayes:
When that was done, he might attend his playes;
An easie life, and fit high God to please.
He hauing ouerlookt their pas at ease,
Gan at the length them to rebuke againe,
That no good trade of life did entertaine,
But lost their time in wandring loose abroad,
Seeing the world, in which they bootles boad,
Had wayes enough for all therein to liue;
Such grace did God vnto his creatures giue.
Said then the Foxe; who hath the world not tride,
From the right way full eath may wander wide.
We are but Nouices, new come abroad,
We haue not yet the tract of anie troad,
Nor on vs taken anie state of life,
But readie are of anie to make preife.
Therefore might please you, which the world haue proued,
Vs to aduise, which forth but lately moued,
Of some good course, that we might vndertake;

Ye shall for euer vs your bondmen make.
The Priest gan wexe halfe proud to be so praide,
And thereby willing to affoord them aide;
It seemes (said he) right well that ye be Clerks,
Both by your wittie words, and by your werks.
Is not that name enough to make a liuing
To him that hath a whit of Natures giuing?
How manie honest men see ye arize
Daylie thereby, and grow to goodly prize?
To Deanes, to Archdeacons, to Commissaries,
To Lords, to Principalls, to Prebendaries;
All iolly Prelates, worthie rule to beare,
Who euer them enuie: yet spite bites neare.
Why should ye doubt then, but that ye likewise
Might vnto some of those in time arise?
In the meane time to liue in good estate,
Louing that love, and hating those that hate;
Being some honest Curate, or some Vicker
Content with little in condition sicker.
Ah but (said th'Ape) the charge is wondrous great,
To feed mens soules, and hath an heauie threat.
To feede mens soules (quoth he) is not in man:
For they must feed themselves, doo what we can.
We are but charg'd to lay the meate before:
Eate they that list, we need to doo no more.
But God it is that feedes them with his grace,
The bread of life powr'd downe from heauenly place.
Therefore said he, that with the budding rod
Did rule the Iewes, *All shalbe taught of God.*
That same hath Iesus Christ now to him raught,
By whom the flock is rightly fed, and taught:
He is the Shepheard, and the Priest is hee;
We but his shepheard swaines ordain'd to bee.
Therefore herewith doo not your selfe dismay;
Ne is the paines so great, but beare ye may;
For not so great as it was wont of yore,
It's now a dayes, ne halfe so streight and sore:

418 whit *Q*, *F*: witt *G. MS.*

They whilome vsed duly euerie day
Their seruice and their holie things to say,
At morne and euen, besides their Anthemes sweete,
Their penie Masses, and their Complynes meete,
Their Diriges, their Trentals, and their shrifts,
Their memories, their singings, and their gifts.
Now all those needlesse works are laid away:
Now once a weeke vpon the Sabbath day,
It is enough to doo our small deuotion,
And then to follow any merrie motion.
Ne are we tyde to fast, but when we list,
Ne to weare garments base of wollen twist,
But with the finest silkes vs to aray,
That before God we may appeare more gay,
Resembling *Aarons* glorie in his place:
For farre vnfit it is, that person bace
Should with vile cloaths approach Gods maiestie,
Whom no vncleannes may approachen nie:
Or that all men, which anie master serue,
Good garments for their seruice should deserue;
But he that serues the Lord of hoasts most high,
And that in highest place, t'approach him nigh,
And all the peoples prayers to present
Before his throne, as on ambassage sent
Both too and fro, should not deserue to weare
A garment better, than of wooll or heare.
Beside we may haue lying by our sides
Our louely Lasses, or bright shining Brides:
We be not tyde to wilfull chastitie,
But haue the Gospell of free libertie.
By that he ended had his ghostly sermon,
The Foxe was well induc'd to be a Parson;
And of the Priest eftsoones gan to enquire,
How to a Benefice he might aspire.
Marie there (said the Priest) is arte indeed.
Much good deep learning one thereout may reed,
For that the ground worke is, and end of all,

453 Diriges *F*: Dirges *Q*: Dirges with *G. MS.*

How to obtaine a Beneficiall.
First therefore, when ye haue in handsome wise
Your selfe attyred, as you can deuise,
Then to some Noble man your selfe applye,
Or other great one in the worldes eye,
That hath a zealous disposition
To God, and so to his religion:
There must thou fashion eke a godly zeale,
Such as no carpers may contrayre reueale:
For each thing fained, ought more warie bee.
There thou must walke in sober grauitee,
And seeme as Saintlike as Saint *Radegund:*
Fast much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,
And vnto euerie one doo curtesie meeke:
These lookes (nought saying) doo a benefice seeke,
And be thou sure one not to lacke or long.
But if thee list vnto the Court to throng,
And there to hunt after the hoped pray,
Then must thou thee dispose another way:
For there thou needs must learne, to laugh, to lie,
To face, to forge, to scoffe, to companie,
To crouche, to please, to be a beetle stock
Of thy great Masters will, to scorne, or mock:
So maist thou chaunce mock out a Benefice,
Vnlesse thou canst one coniure by deuice,
Or cast a figure for a Bishoprick:
And if one could, it were but a schoole-trick.
These be the wayes, by which without reward
Liuings in Court be gotten, though full hard.
For nothing there is done without a fee:
The Courtier needes must recompenced bee
With a Beneuolence, or haue in gage
The *Primitias* of your Parsonage:
Scarse can a Bishoprick forpas them by,
But that it must be gelt in priuitie.
Doo not thou therefore seeke a liuing there,
But of more priuate persons seeke elswhere,

501 or *Q*: ere *F*

Whereas thou maist compound a better penie,
Ne let thy learning question'd be of anie.
For some good Gentleman that hath the right
Vnto his Church for to present a wight,
Will cope with thee in reasonable wise;
That if the liuing yerely doo arise
To fortie pound, that then his yongest sonne
Shall twentie haue, and twentie thou hast wonne:
Thou hast it wonne, for it is of franke gift,
And he will care for all the rest to shift;
Both that the Bishop may admit of thee,
And that therein thou maist maintained bee.
This is the way for one that is vnlern'd
Liuing to get, and not to be discern'd.
But they that are great Clerkes, haue nearer wayes,
For learning sake to liuing them to raise:
Yet manie eke of them (God wote) are driuen,
T'accept a Benefice in peeces riuen.
How saist thou (friend) haue I not well discourst
Vpon this Common place (though plaine, not wourst)?
Better a short tale, than a bad long shriuing.
Needes anie more to learne to get a liuing?
Now sure and by my hallidome (quoth he)
Ye a great master are in your degree:
Great thankes I yeeld you for your discipline,
And doo not doubt, but duly to encline
My wits theretoo, as ye shall shortly heare.
The Priest him wisht good speed, and well to fare.
So parted they, as eithers way them led.
But th'Ape and Foxe ere long so well them sped,
Through the Priests holesome counsell lately tought,
And throgh their own faire handling wisely wroght,
That they a Benefice twixt them obtained;
And craftie Reynold was a Priest ordained;
And th'Ape his Parish Clarke procur'd to bee.
Then made they reuell route and goodly glee.
But ere long time had passed, they so ill

553 wholsome *F*

Did order their affaires, that th'euill will
Of all their Parishners they had constraind;
Who to the Ordinarie of them complain'd,
How fowlie they their offices abusd',
And them of crimes and heresies accusd';
That Pursiuants he often for them sent:
But they neglected his commaundement.
So long persisted obstinate and bolde,
Till at the length he published to holde
A Visitation, and them cyted thether:
Then was high time their wits about to geather;
What did they then, but made a composition
With their next neighbor Priest for light condition,
To whom their liuing they resigned quight
For a few pence, and ran away by night.
So passing through the Countrey in disguize,
They fled farre off, where none might them surprize,
And after that long straied here and there,
Through euerie field and forrest farre and nere;
Yet neuer found occasion for their tourne,
But almost steru'd, did much lament and mourne.
At last they chaunst to meete vpon the way
The Mule, all deckt in goodly rich aray,
With bells and bosses, that full lowdly rung,
And costly trappings, that to ground downe hung.
Lowly they him saluted in meeke wise,
But he through pride and fatnes gan despise
Their meanesse; scarce vouchsafte them to requite.
Whereat the Foxe deep groning in his sprite,
Said, Ah sir Mule, now blessed be the day,
That I see you so goodly and so gay
In your attyres, and eke your silken hyde
Fil'd with round flesh, that euerie bone doth hide.
Seemes that in fruitfull pastures ye doo liue,
Or fortune doth you secret fauour giue.
Foolish Foxe (said the Mule) thy wretched need
Praiseth the thing that doth thy sorrow breed.

563–4 abusd' . . . accusd' *Q*: abus'd . . . accus'd *F*
592 Fil'd with round *Q*, *F*: Fil'd round with *G. MS.*

For well I weene, thou canst not but enuie
My wealth, compar'd to thine owne miserie,
That art so leane and meagre waxen late,
That scarse thy legs vphold thy feeble gate.
Ay me (said then the Foxe) whom euill hap
Vnworthy in such wretchednes doth wrap,
And makes the scorne of other beasts to bee:
But read (faire Sir, of grace) from whence come yee?
Or what of tidings you abroad doo heare?
Newes may perhaps some good vnweeting beare.
From royall Court I lately came (said he)
Where all the brauerie that eye may see,
And all the happinesse that heart desire,
Is to be found; he nothing can admire,
That hath not seene that heauens portracture:
But tidings there is none I you assure,
Saue that which common is, and knowne to all,
That Courtiers as the tide doo rise and fall.
But tell vs (said the Ape) we doo you pray,
Who now in Court doth beare the greatest sway.
That if such fortune doo to vs befall,
We may seeke fauour of the best of all.
Marie (said he) the highest now in grace,
Be the wilde beasts, that swiftest are in chace;
For in their speedie course and nimble flight
The Lyon now doth take the most delight:
But chieflie, ioyes on foote them to beholde,
Enchaste with chaine and circulet of golde:
So wilde a beast so tame ytaught to bee,
And buxome to his bands, is ioy to see.
So well his golden Circlet him beseemeth:
But his late chayne his Liege vnmeete esteemeth;
For so braue beasts she loueth best to see,
In the wilde forrest raunging fresh and free.
Therefore if fortune thee in Court to liue,
In case thou euer there wilt hope to thriue,
To some of these thou must thy selfe apply:

626 bands *Q*, *F* 629 she *Q*: hee *F*

Els as a thistle-downe in th'ayre doth flie,
So vainly shalt thou too and fro be tost,
And loose thy labour and thy fruitles cost.
And yet full few, which follow them I see,
For vertues bare regard aduaunced bee,
But either for some gainfull benefit,
Or that they may for their owne turnes be fit.
Nath'les perhaps ye things may handle soe,
That ye may better thriue than thousands moe.
But (said the Ape) how shall we first come in,
That after we may fauour seeke to win?
How els (said he) but with a good bold face,
And with big words, and with a stately pace,
That men may thinke of you in generall,
That to be in you, which is not at all:
For not by that which is, the world now deemeth,
(As it was wont) but by that same that seemeth.
Ne do I doubt, but that ye well can fashion
Your selues theretoo, according to occasion:
So fare ye well, good Courtiers may ye bee;
So proudlie neighing from them parted hee.
Then gan this craftie couple to deuize,
How for the Court themselues they might aguize:
For thither they themselues meant to addresse,
In hope to finde there happier successe;
So well they shifted, that the Ape anon
Himselfe had cloathed like a Gentleman,
And the slie Foxe, as like to be his groome,
That to the Court in seemly sort they come.
Where the fond Ape himselfe vprearing hy
Vpon his tiptoes, stalketh stately by,
As if he were some great *Magnifico*,
And boldlie doth amongst the boldest go.
And his man Reynold with fine counterfesaunce
Supports his credite and his countenaunce.
Then gan the Courtiers gaze on euerie side,
And stare on him, with big lookes basen wide,

648 at all *Harl. MS.*, *F*, *G. MS.*: all *Q* 650 it seemeth *F*
658 successe; *F*: successe, *Q*

Wondring what mister wight he was, and whence:
For he was clad in strange accoustrements,
Fashion'd with queint deuises neuer seene
In Court before, yet there all fashions beene:
Yet he them in newfanglenesse did pas:
But his behauiour altogether was
Alla Turchesca, much the more admyr'd,
And his lookes loftie, as if he aspyr'd
To dignitie, and sdeign'd the low degree;
That all which did such strangenesse in him see,
By secrete meanes gan of his state enquire,
And priuily his seruant thereto hire:
Who throughly arm'd against such couerture,
Reported vnto all, that he was sure
A noble Gentleman of high regard,
Which through the world had with long trauel far'd,
And seene the manners of all beasts on ground;
Now here arriu'd, to see if like he found.
Thus did the Ape at first him credit gaine,
Which afterwards he wisely did maintaine
With gallant showe, and daylie more augment
Through his fine feates and Courtly complement;
For he could play, and daunce, and vaute, and spring,
And all that els pertaines to reueling,
Onely through kindly aptnes of his ioynts.
Besides he could doo manie other poynts,
The which in Court him serued to good stead:
For he mongst Ladies could their fortunes read
Out of their hands, and merie leasings tell,
And iuggle finely, that became him well:
But he so light was at legier demaine,
That what he toucht, came not to light againe;
Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly looke,
And tell them, that they greatly him mistooke.
So would he scoffe them out with mockerie,
For he therein had great felicitie;
And with sharp quips ioy'd others to deface,
Thinking that their disgracing did him grace:
So whilst that other like vaine wits he pleased,

And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eased.
But the right gentle minde would bite his lip,
To heare the Iauell so good men to nip:
For though the vulgar yeeld an open eare,
And common Courtiers loue to gybe and fleare
At euerie thing, which they heare spoken ill,
And the best speaches with ill meaning spill;
Yet the braue Courtier, in whose beauteous thought
Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loath such base condition, to backbite
Anies good name for enuie or despite:
He stands on tearmes of honourable minde,
Ne will be carried with the common winde
Of Courts inconstant mutabilitie,
Ne after euerie tattling fable flie;
But heares, and sees the follies of the rest,
And thereof gathers for himselfe the best:
He will not creepe, nor crouche with fained face,
But walkes vpright with comely stedfast pace,
And vnto all doth yeeld due curtesie;
But not with kissed hand belowe the knee,
As that same Apish crue is wont to doo:
For he disdaines himselfe t'embase theretoo.
He hates fowle leasings, and vile flatterie,
Two filthie blots in noble Gentrie;
And lothefull idlenes he doth detest,
The canker worme of euerie gentle brest;
The which to banish with faire exercise
Of knightly feates, he daylie doth deuise:
Now menaging the mouthes of stubborne steedes,
Now practising the proofe of warlike deedes,
Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,
Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare;
At other times he casts to sew the chace
Of swift wilde beasts, or runne on foote a race,
T'enlarge his breath (large breath in armes most needfull)
Or els by wrestling to wex strong and heedfull,
Or his stiffe armes to stretch with Eughen bowe,

713 eare, *F*: eare. *Q*

And manly legs, still passing too and fro,
Without a gowned beast him fast beside;
A vaine ensample of the *Persian* pride,
Who after he had wonne th'*Assyrian* foe,
Did euer after scorne on foote to goe.
Thus when this Courtly Gentleman with toyle
Himselfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle
Vnto his rest, and there with sweete delight
Of Musicks skill reuiues his toyled spright,
Or els with Loues, and Ladies gentle sports,
The ioy of youth, himselfe he recomforts:
Or lastly, when the bodie list to pause,
His minde vnto the Muses he withdrawes;
Sweete Ladie Muses, Ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light:
With whom he close confers with wise discourse,
Of Natures workes, of heauens continuall course,
Of forreine lands, of people different,
Of kingdomes change, of diuers gouernment,
Of dreadfull battailes of renowmed Knights;
With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights
To like desire and praise of noble fame,
The onely vpshot whereto he doth ayme:
For all his minde on honour fixed is,
To which he leuels all his purposis,
And in his Princes seruice spends his dayes,
Not so much for to gaine, or for to raise
Himselfe to high degree, as for his grace,
And in his liking to winne worthie place;
Through due deserts and comely carriage,
In whatso please employ his personage,
That may be matter meete to gaine him praise;
For he is fit to vse in all assayes,
Whether for Armes and warlike amenaunce,
Or else for wise and ciuill gouernaunce.
For he is practiz'd well in policie,
And thereto doth his Courting most applie:
To learne the enterdeale of Princes strange,
To marke th'intent of Counsells, and the change

Of states, and eke of priuate men somewhile,
Supplanted by fine falshood and faire guile;
Of all the which he gathereth, what is fit
T'enrich the storehouse of his powerfull wit,
Which through wise speaches, and graue conference
He daylie eekes, and brings to excellence.
Such is the rightfull Courtier in his kinde:
But vnto such the Ape lent not his minde;
Such were for him no fit companions,
Such would descrie his lewd conditions:
But the yong lustie gallants he did chose
To follow, meete to whom he might disclose
His witlesse pleasance, and ill pleasing vaine.
A thousand wayes he them could entertaine,
With all the thriftles games, that may be found
With mumming and with masking all around,
With dice, with cards, with balliards farre vnfit,
With shuttelcocks, misseeming manlie wit,
With courtizans, and costly riotize,
Whereof still somewhat to his share did rize:
Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes scorne
A Pandares coate (so basely was he borne);
Thereto he could fine louing verses frame,
And play the Poet oft. But ah, for shame
Let not sweete Poets praise, whose onely pride
Is vertue to aduaunce, and vice deride,
Be with the worke of losels wit defamed,
Ne let such verses Poetrie be named:
Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make
A seruant to the vile affection
Of such, as he depended most vpon,
And with the sugrie sweete thereof allure
Chast Ladies eares to fantasies impure.
To such delights the noble wits he led
Which him relieu'd, and their vaine humours fed
With fruitles follies, and vnsound delights.
But if perhaps into their noble sprights
Desire of honor, or braue thought of armes

Did euer creepe, then with his wicked charmes
And strong conceipts he would it driue away,
Ne suffer it to house there halfe a day.
And whenso loue of letters did inspire
Their gentle wits, and kindly wise desire,
That chieflie doth each noble minde adorne,
Then he would scoffe at learning, and eke scorne
The Sectaries thereof, as people base
And simple men, which neuer came in place
Of worlds affaires, but in darke corners mewd,
Muttred of matters, as their bookes them shewd,
Ne other knowledge euer did attaine,
But with their gownes their grauitie maintaine.
From them he would his impudent lewde speach
Against Gods holie Ministers oft reach,
And mocke Diuines and their profession:
What else then did he by progression,
But mocke high God himselfe, whom they professe?
But what car'd he for God, or godlinesse?
All his care was himselfe how to aduaunce,
And to vphold his courtly countenaunce
By all the cunning meanes he could deuise;
Were it by honest wayes, or otherwise,
He made small choyce: yet sure his honestie
Got him small gaines, but shameles flatterie,
And filthie brocage, and vnseemly shifts,
And borowe base, and some good Ladies gifts:
But the best helpe, which chiefly him sustain'd,
Was his man Raynolds purchase which he gain'd.
For he was school'd by kinde in all the skill
Of close conueyance, and each practise ill
Of coosinage and cleanly knauerie,
Which oft maintain'd his masters brauerie.
Besides he vsde another slipprie slight,
In taking on himselfe in common sight,
False personages, fit for euerie sted,
With which he thousands cleanly coosined:

852 And borrowing baselie, and good Ladies gifts: *G. MS.*
861 personages, *F*: personages *Q*

Now like a Merchant, Merchants to deceaue,
With whom his credite he did often leaue
In gage, for his gay Masters hopelesse dett:
Now like a Lawyer, when he land would lett,
Or sell fee-simples in his Masters name,
Which he had neuer, nor ought like the same:
Then would he be a Broker, and draw in
Both wares and money, by exchange to win:
Then would he seeme a Farmer, that would sell
Bargaines of woods, which he did lately fell,
Or corne, or cattle, or such other ware,
Thereby to coosin men not well aware;
Of all the which there came a secret fee
To th'Ape, that he his countenaunce might bee.
Besides all this, he vsd' oft to beguile
Poore suters, that in Court did haunt some while:
For he would learne their busines secretly,
And then informe his Master hastely,
That he by meanes might cast them to preuent,
And beg the sute, the which the other ment.
Or otherwise false Reynold would abuse
The simple Suter, and wish him to chuse
His Master, being one of great regard
In Court, to compas anie sute not hard,
In case his paines were recompenst with reason:
So would he worke the silly man by treason
To buy his Masters friuolous good will,
That had not power to doo him good or ill.
So pitifull a thing is Suters state.
Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to Court, to sue for had ywist,
That few haue found, and manie one hath mist;
Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
What hell it is, in suing long to bide:
To loose good dayes, that might be better spent;
To wast long nights in pensiue discontent;
To speed to day, to be put back to morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;
To haue thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres;

877 vs'd *F*

To haue thy asking, yet waite manie yeeres;
To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaires;
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to giue, to want, to be vndonne.
Vnhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend.
Who euer leaues sweete home, where meane estate
In safe assurance, without strife or hate,
Findes all things needfull for contentment meeke;
And will to Court for shadowes vaine to seeke,
Or hope to gaine, himselfe will a daw trie:
That curse God send vnto mine enemie.
For none but such as this bold Ape vnblest,
Can euer thriue in that vnluckie quest;
Or such as hath a Reynold to his man,
That by his shifts his Master furnish can.
But yet this Foxe could not so closely hide
His craftie feates, but that they were descride
At length, by such as sate in iustice seate,
Who for the same him fowlie did entreate;
And hauing worthily him punished,
Out of the Court for euer banished.
And now the Ape wanting his huckster man,
That wont prouide his necessaries, gan
To growe into great lacke, ne could vpholde
His countenaunce in those his garments olde:
Ne new ones could he easily prouide,
Though all men him vncased gan deride,
Like as a Puppit placed in a play,
Whose part once past all men bid take away:
So that he driuen was to great distresse,
And shortly brought to hopelesse wretchednesse.
Then closely as he might, he cast to leaue
The Court, not asking any passe or leaue;
But ran away in his rent rags by night,
Ne euer stayd in place, ne spake to wight,

913 a daw will try *F*: one day will cry *G. MS.*
935 might, *F*: might *Q*

Till that the Foxe his copesmate he had found,
To whome complayning his vnhappy stound,
At last againe with him in trauell ioynd,
And with him far'd some better chaunce to fynde.
So in the world long time they wandered,
And mickle want and hardnesse suffered;
That them repented much so foolishly
To come so farre to seeke for misery,
And leaue the sweetnes of contented home,
Though eating hipps, and drinking watry fome.
Thus as they them complayned too and fro,
Whilst through the forest rechlesse they did goe,
Lo where they spide, how in a gloomy glade,
The Lyon sleeping lay in secret shade,
His Crowne and Scepter lying him beside,
And hauing doft for heate his dreadfull hide:
Which when they sawe, the Ape was sore afrayde,
And would haue fled with terror all dismayde.
But him the Foxe with hardy words did stay,
And bad him put all cowardize away:
For now was time (if euer they would hope)
To ayme their counsels to the fairest scope,
And them for euer highly to aduaunce,
In case the good which their owne happie chaunce
Them freely offred, they would wisely take.
Scarse could the Ape yet speake, so did he quake,
Yet as he could, he askt how good might growe,
Where nought but dread and death do seeme in show.
Now (sayd he) whiles the Lyon sleepeth sound,
May we his Crowne and Mace take from the ground,
And eke his skinne the terror of the wood,
Wherewith we may our selues (if we thinke good)
Make Kings of Beasts, and Lords of forests all,
Subiect vnto that powre imperiall.
Ah but (sayd the Ape) who is so bold a wretch,
That dare his hardy hand to those outstretch:
When as he knowes his meede, if he be spide,
To be a thousand deathes, and shame beside?

969 skinne *Q*: skinne, *F*

Fond Ape (sayd then the Foxe) into whose brest
Neuer crept thought of honor, nor braue gest,
Who will not venture life a King to be,
And rather rule and raigne in soueraign see,
Than dwell in dust inglorious and bace,
Where none shall name the number of his place?
One ioyous houre in blisfull happines,
I chose before a life of wretchednes.
Be therefore counselled herein by me,
And shake off this vile harted cowardree.
If he awake, yet is not death the next,
For we may coulor it with some pretext
Of this, or that, that may excuse the cryme:
Else we may flye; thou to a tree mayst clyme,
And I creepe vnder ground; both from his reach:
Therefore be rul'd to doo as I doo teach.
The Ape, that earst did nought but chill and quake,
Now gan some courage vnto him to take,
And was content to attempt that enterprise,
Tickled with glorie and rash couetise.
But first gan question, whether should assay
Those royall ornaments to steale away?
Marie that shall your selfe (quoth he theretoo)
For ye be fine and nimble it to doo;
Of all the beasts which in the forrests bee,
Is not a fitter for this turne than yee:
Therefore, mine owne deare brother take good hart,
And euer thinke a Kingdome is your part.
Loath was the Ape, though praised, to aduenter,
Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,
Afraid of euerie leafe, that stir'd him by,
And euerie stick, that vnderneath did ly;
Vpon his tiptoes nicely he vp went,
For making noyse, and still his eare he lent
To euerie sound, that vnder heauen blew,
Now went, now stept, now crept, now backward drew,

980 soveraign see *Q*, *F*: soveraigntee *G. MS.* 984 chose *Q*: chuse *G. MS.* 997 whether *F*: whither *Q*

That it good sport had been him to haue eyde:
Yet at the last (so well he him applyde,)
Through his fine handling, and cleanly play,
He all those royall signes had stolne away,
And with the Foxes helpe them borne aside,
Into a secret corner vnespide.
Whither whenas they came, they fell at words,
Whether of them should be the Lord of Lords:
For th'Ape was stryfull, and ambicious;
And the Foxe guilefull, and most couetous,
That neither pleased was, to haue the rayne
Twixt them diuided into euen twaine,
But either (algates) would be Lords alone:
For Loue and Lordship bide no paragone.
I am most worthie (said the Ape) sith I
For it did put my life in ieopardie:
Thereto I am in person, and in stature
Most like a man, the Lord of euerie creature,
So that it seemeth I was made to raigne,
And borne to be a Kingly soueraigne.
Nay (said the Foxe) Sir Ape you are astray:
For though to steale the Diademe away
Were the worke of your nimble hand, yet I
Did first deuise the plot by pollicie;
So that it wholly springeth from my wit:
For which also I claime my selfe more fit
Than you, to rule: for gouernment of state
Will without wisedome soone be ruinate.
And where ye claime your selfe for outward shape
Most like a man, Man is not like an Ape
In his chiefe parts, that is, in wit and spirite:
But I therein most like to him doo merite
For my slie wyles and subtill craftinesse,
The title of the Kingdome to possesse.
Nath'les (my brother) since we passed are
Vnto this point, we will appease our iarre,
And I with reason meete will rest content,
That ye shall haue both crowne and gouernment,

1019 Whither *F*: Whether *Q* 1021 stryfull *Q*, *F*: stryfful *Harl. MS.*: striueful *G. MS.*

Vpon condition, that ye ruled bee
In all affaires, and counselled by mee;
And that ye let none other euer drawe
Your minde from me, but keepe this as a lawe:
And herevpon an oath vnto me plight.
The Ape was glad to end the strife so light,
And thereto swore: for who would not oft sweare,
And oft vnsweare, a Diademe to beare?
Then freely vp those royall spoyles he tooke,
Yet at the Lyons skin he inly quooke;
But it dissembled, and vpon his head
The Crowne, and on his backe the skin he did,
And the false Foxe him helped to array.
Then when he was all dight he tooke his way
Into the forest, that he might be seene
Of the wilde beasts in his new glory sheene.
There the two first, whome he encountred, were
The Sheepe and th'Asse, who striken both with feare
At sight of him, gan fast away to flye,
But vnto them the Foxe alowd did cry,
And in the Kings name bad them both to stay,
Vpon the payne that thereof follow may.
Hardly naythles were they restrayned so,
Till that the Foxe forth toward them did goe,
And there disswaded them from needlesse feare,
For that the King did fauour to them beare;
And therefore dreadles bad them come to Corte:
For no wild beasts should do them any torte
There or abroad, ne would his maiestye
Vse them but well, with gracious clemencye,
As whome he knew to him both fast and true;
So he perswaded them, with homage due
Themselues to humble to the Ape prostrate,
Who gently to them bowing in his gate,
Receyued them with chearefull entertayne.
Thenceforth proceeding with his princely trayne,
He shortly met the Tygre, and the Bore,

1058 vnsweare, *F*: vnsweare *Q*

Which with the simple Camell raged sore
In bitter words, seeking to take occasion,
Vpon his fleshly corpse to make inuasion:
But soone as they this mock-King did espy,
Their troublous strife they stinted by and by,
Thinking indeed that it the Lyon was:
He then to proue, whether his powre would pas
As currant, sent the Foxe to them streight way,
Commaunding them their cause of strife bewray;
And if that wrong on eyther side there were,
That he should warne the wronger to appeare
The morrow next at Court, it to defend;
In the meane time vpon the King t'attend.
The subtile Foxe so well his message sayd,
That the proud beasts him readily obayd:
Whereby the Ape in wondrous stomack woxe,
Strongly encorag'd by the crafty Foxe;
That King indeed himselfe he shortly thought,
And all the Beasts him feared as they ought:
And followed vnto his palaice hye,
Where taking Conge, each one by and by
Departed to his home in dreadfull awe,
Full of the feared sight, which late they sawe.
The Ape thus seized of the Regall throne,
Eftsones by counsell of the Foxe alone,
Gan to prouide for all things in assurance,
That so his rule might lenger haue endurance.
First to his Gate he pointed a strong gard,
That none might enter but with issue hard:
Then for the safegard of his personage,
He did appoint a warlike equipage
Of forreine beasts, not in the forest bred,
But part by land, and part by water fed;
For tyrannie is with strange ayde supported.
Then vnto him all monstrous beasts resorted
Bred of two kindes, as Griffons, Minotaures,
Crocodiles, Dragons, Beauers, and Centaures:

1108 Conge *F*: Couge *Q*

With those himselfe he strengthned mightelie,
That feare he neede no force of enemie.
Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
Like as the Foxe did guide his graceles skill,
And all wylde beasts made vassals of his pleasures,
And with their spoyles enlarg'd his priuate treasures.
No care of iustice, nor no rule of reason,
No temperance, nor no regard of season
Did thenceforth euer enter in his minde,
But crueltie, the signe of currish kinde,
And sdeignfull pride, and wilfull arrogaunce;
Such followes those whom fortune doth aduaunce.
But the false Foxe most kindly plaid his part:
For whatsoeuer mother wit, or arte
Could worke, he put in proofe: no practise slie,
No counterpoint of cunning policie,
No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,
But he the same did to his purpose wring.
Nought suffered he the Ape to giue or graunt,
But through his hand must passe the Fiaunt.
All offices, all leases by him lept,
And of them all whatso he likte, he kept.
Iustice he solde iniustice for to buy,
And for to purchase for his progeny.
Ill might it prosper, that ill gotten was,
But so he got it, little did he pas.
He fed his cubs with fat of all the soyle,
And with the sweete of others sweating toyle,
He crammed them with crumbs of Benefices,
And fild their mouthes with meeds of malefices,
He cloathed them with all colours saue white,
And loded them with lordships and with might,
So much as they were able well to beare,
That with the weight their backs nigh broken were;
He chaffred Chayres in which Churchmen were set,
And breach of lawes to priuie ferme did let;
No statute so established might bee,
Nor ordinaunce so needfull, but that hee

Would violate, though not with violence,
Yet vnder colour of the confidence
The which the Ape reposd' in him alone,
And reckned him the kingdomes corner stone.
And euer when he ought would bring to pas,
His long experience the platforme was:
And when he ought not pleasing would put by,
The cloke was care of thrift, and husbandry,
For to encrease the common treasures store;
But his owne treasure he encreased more
And lifted vp his loftie towres thereby,
That they began to threat the neighbour sky;
The whiles the Princes pallaces fell fast
To ruine: (for what thing can euer last?)
And whilest the other Peeres for pouertie
Were forst their auncient houses to let lie,
And their olde Castles to the ground to fall,
Which their forefathers famous ouer all
Had founded for the Kingdomes ornament,
And for their memories long moniment.
But he no count made of Nobilitie,
Nor the wilde beasts whom armes did glorifie,
The Realmes chiefe strength and girlond of the crowne
All these through fained crimes he thrust adowne,
Or made them dwell in darknes of disgrace:
For none, but whom he list might come in place.
Of men of armes he had but small regard,
But kept them lowe, and streigned verie hard.
For men of learning little he esteemed;
His wisedome he aboue their learning deemed.
As for the rascall Commons least he cared;
For not so common was his bountie shared;
Let God (said he) if please, care for the manie,
I for my selfe must care before els anie:
So did he good to none, to manie ill,
So did he all the kingdome rob and pill,

1165 repos'd *F*
1177 Peeres *F*: Peeres, *Q*
1180 (famous ouer all) *F*
1190 streigned *Q*: streightned *F*

Yet none durst speake, ne none durst of him plaine;
So great he was in grace, and rich through gaine.
Ne would he anie let to haue accesse
Vnto the Prince, but by his owne addresse:
For all that els did come, were sure to faile,
Yet would he further none but for auaile.
For on a time the Sheepe, to whom of yore
The Foxe had promised of friendship store,
What time the Ape the kingdome first did gaine,
Came to the Court, her case there to complaine,
How that the Wolfe her mortall enemie
Had sithence slaine her Lambe most cruellie;
And therefore crau'd to come vnto the King,
To let him knowe the order of the thing.
Soft Gooddie Sheepe (then said the Foxe) not soe:
Vnto the King so rash ye may not goe,
He is with greater matter busied,
Than a Lambe, or the Lambes owne mothers hed.
Ne certes may I take it well in part,
That ye my cousin Wolfe so fowly thwart,
And seeke with slaunder his good name to blot:
For there was cause, els doo it he would not.
Therefore surcease good Dame, and hence depart.
So went the Sheepe away with heauie hart.
So manie moe, so euerie one was vsed,
That to giue largely to the boxe refused.
Now when high *Ioue*, in whose almightie hand
The care of Kings, and power of Empires stand,
Sitting one day within his turret hye,
From whence he vewes with his blacklidded eye,
Whatso the heauen in his wide vawte containes,
And all that in the deepest earth remaines,
The troubled kingdome of wilde beasts behelde,
Whom not their kindly Souereigne did welde,
But an vsurping Ape with guile suborn'd,
Had all subuerst, he sdeignfully it scorn'd

1204 auaile *Q*, *F*: a vaile *G. MS.* 1224 boxe *Q*, *F*, *Harl. MS.*: oxe *G. MS.* 1229 vawte *Q*, *F*: cope *G. MS.* 1231 The *conj. C. Smith*: And *Q*, *F*

In his great heart, and hardly did refraine,
But that with thunder bolts he had him slaine,
And driuen downe to hell, his dewest meed:
But him auizing, he that dreadfull deed
Forbore, and rather chose with scornfull shame
Him to auenge, and blot his brutish name
Vnto the world, that neuer after anie
Should of his race be voyd of infamie:
And his false counsellor, the cause of all,
To damne to death, or dole perpetuall,
From whence he neuer should be quit, nor stal'd.
Forthwith he *Mercurie* vnto him cal'd,
And bad him flie with neuer resting speed
Vnto the forrest, where wilde beasts doo breed,
And there enquiring priuily, to learne,
What did of late chaunce to the Lyon stearne,
That he rul'd not the Empire, as he ought;
And whence were all those plaints vnto him brought
Of wrongs and spoyles, by saluage beasts committed;
Which done, he bad the Lyon be remitted
Into his seate, and those same treachours vile
Be punished for their presumptuous guile.
The Sonne of *Maia* soone as he receiu'd
That word, streight with his azure wings he cleau'd
The liquid clowdes, and lucid firmament;
Ne staid, till that he came with steep descent
Vnto the place, where his prescript did showe.
There stouping like an arrowe from a bowe,
He soft arriued on the grassie plaine,
And fairly paced forth with easie paine,
Till that vnto the Pallace nigh he came.
Then gan he to himselfe new shape to frame,
And that faire face, and that Ambrosiall hew,
Which wonts to decke the Gods immortall crew,
And beautefie the shinie firmament,
He doft, vnfit for that rude rabblement.
So standing by the gates in strange disguize,
He gan enquire of some in secret wize,

1245–6 stal'd . . . cal'd *Q*: stall'd . . . call'd *F*

Both of the King, and of his gouernment,
And of the Foxe, and his false blandishment:
And euermore he heard each one complaine
Of foule abuses both in realme and raine.
Which yet to proue more true, he meant to see,
And an ey-witnes of each thing to bee.
Tho on his head his dreadfull hat he dight,
Which maketh him inuisible in sight,
And mocketh th'eyes of all the lookers on,
Making them thinke it but a vision.
Through power of that, he runnes through enemies swerds;
Through power of that, he passeth through the herds
Of rauenous wilde beasts, and doth beguile
Their greedie mouthes of the expected spoyle;
Through power of that, his cunning theeueries
He wonts to worke, that none the same espies;
And through the power of that, he putteth on
What shape he list in apparition.
That on his head he wore, and in his hand
He tooke *Caduceus* his snakie wand,
With which the damned ghosts he gouerneth,
And furies rules, and Tartare tempereth.
With that he causeth sleep to seize the eyes,
And feare the harts of all his enemyes;
And when him list, an vniuersall night
Throughout the world he makes on euerie wight;
As when his Syre with *Alcumena* lay.
Thus dight, into the Court he tooke his way,
Both through the gard, which neuer did descride,
And through the watchmen, who him neuer spide:
Thenceforth he past into each secrete part,
Whereas he saw, that sorely grieu'd his hart,
Each place abounding with fowle iniuries,
And fild with treasure rackt with robberies:
Each place defilde with blood of guiltles beasts,
Which had been slaine, to serue the Apes beheasts;

1289 on] on, *Q*, *F* 1303 Thenceforth *Q*: Thence, forth *F*
1304 saw, . . . hart,] saw, . . . hart; *Q*: sawe (. . . hart) *F*

Gluttonie, malice, pride, and couetize,
And lawlesnes raigning with riotize;
Besides the infinite extortions,
Done through the Foxes great oppressions,
That the complaints thereof could not be tolde.
Which when he did with lothfull eyes beholde,
He would no more endure, but came his way,
And cast to seeke the Lion, where he may,
That he might worke the auengement for this shame,
On those two caytiues, which had bred him blame.
And seeking all the forrest busily,
At last he found, where sleeping he did ly:
The wicked weed, which there the Foxe did lay,
From vnderneath his head he tooke away,
And then him waking, forced vp to rize.
The Lion looking vp gan him auize,
As one late in a traunce, what had of long
Become of him: for fantasie is strong.
Arise (said *Mercurie*) thou sluggish beast,
That here liest senseles, like the corpse deceast,
The whilste thy kingdome from thy head is rent,
And thy throne royall with dishonour blent:
Arise, and doo thy selfe redeeme from shame,
And be aueng'd on those that breed thy blame.
Thereat enraged, soone he gan vpstart,
Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart,
And rouzing vp himselfe, for his rough hide
He gan to reach; but no where it espide.
Therewith he gan full terribly to rore,
And chafte at that indignitie right sore.
But when his Crowne and scepter both he wanted,
Lord how he fum'd, and sweld, and rag'd, and panted;
And threatned death, and thousand deadly dolours
To them that had purloyn'd his Princely honours.
With that in hast, disroabed as he was,
He toward his owne Pallace forth did pas;
And all the way he roared as he went,
That all the forrest with astonishment

1316 may *Q*, *F*: laie *G. MS.*

Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein
Fled fast away from that so dreadfull din.
At last he came vnto his mansion,
Where all the gates he found fast lockt anon,
And manie warders round about them stood:
With that he roar'd alowd, as he were wood,
That all the Pallace quaked at the stound,
As if it quite were riuen from the ground,
And all within were dead and hartles left;
And th'Ape himselfe, as one whose wits were reft,
Fled here and there, and euerie corner sought,
To hide himselfe from his owne feared thought.
But the false Foxe when he the Lion heard,
Fled closely forth, streightway of death afeard,
And to the Lion came, full lowly creeping,
With fained face, and watrie eyne halfe weeping,
T'excuse his former treason and abusion,
And turning all vnto the Apes confusion:
Nath'les the royall Beast forbore beleeuing,
But bad him stay at ease till further preeuing.
Then when he saw no entrance to him graunted,
Roaring yet lowder that all harts it daunted,
Vpon those gates with force he fiercely flewe,
And rending them in pieces, felly slewe
Those warders strange, and all that els he met.
But th'Ape still flying, he no where might get:
From rowme to rowme, from beame to beame he fled
All breathles, and for feare now almost ded:
Yet him at last the Lyon spide, and caught,
And forth with shame vnto his iudgement brought.
Then all the beasts he causd' assembled bee,
To heare their doome, and sad ensample see:
The Foxe, first Author of that treacherie,
He did vncase, and then away let flie.
But th'Apes long taile (which then he had) he quight
Cut off, and both eares pared of their hight;
Since which, all Apes but halfe their eares haue left,
And of their tailes are vtterlie bereft.

1363 abusion, *F*: abusion. *Q* 1377 causd' *Q*: caus'd *F*

So Mother *Hubberd* her discourse did end:
Which pardon me, if I amisse haue pend;
For weake was my remembrance it to hold,
And bad her tongue that it so bluntly tolde.

FINIS.

1386 pend; *F*: pend, *Q*

Ruines of Rome: by Bellay.

1

YE heauenly spirites, whose ashie cinders lie
Vnder deep ruines, with huge walls opprest,
But not your praise, the which shall neuer die
Through your faire verses, ne in ashes rest;
If so be shrilling voyce of wight aliue
May reach from hence to depth of darkest hell,
Then let those deep Abysses open riue,
That ye may vnderstand my shreiking yell.
Thrice hauing seene vnder the heauens veale
Your toombs deuoted compasse ouer all,
Thrice vnto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
And for your antique furie here doo call,
The whiles that I with sacred horror sing
Your glorie, fairest of all earthly thing.

2

Great *Babylon* her haughtie walls will praise,
And sharped steeples high shot vp in ayre;
Greece will the olde *Ephesian* buildings blaze;
And *Nylus* nurslings their Pyramides faire;
The same yet vaunting *Greece* will tell the storie
Of *Ioues* great Image in *Olympus* placed,
Mausolus worke will be the *Carians* glorie,
And *Crete* will boast the Labyrinth, now raced;
The antique *Rhodian* will likewise set forth
The great Colosse, erect to Memorie;
And what els in the world is of like worth,
Some greater learned wit will magnifie.
But I will sing aboue all moniments
Seuen *Romane* Hils, the worlds 7. wonderments.

21 *Mausolus F*: *Mansolus Q* glorie. *Q*, *F*

3

Thou stranger, which for *Rome* in *Rome* here seekest,
And nought of *Rome* in *Rome* perceiu'st at all,
These same olde walls, olde arches, which thou seest,
Olde Palaces, is that which *Rome* men call.
Behold what wreake, what ruine, and what wast,
And how that she, which with her mightie powre
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd herselfe at last,
The pray of time, which all things doth deuowre.
Rome now of *Rome* is th'onely funerall,
And onely *Rome* of *Rome* hath victorie;
Ne ought saue *Tyber* hastning to his fall
Remaines of all: O worlds inconstancie.
That which is firme doth flit and fall away,
And that is flitting, doth abide and stay.

4

She, whose high top aboue the starres did sore,
One foote on *Thetis*, th'other on the Morning,
One hand on *Scythia*, th'other on the *More*,
Both heauen and earth in roundnesse compassing,
Ioue fearing, least if she should greater growe,
The old Giants should once againe vprise,
Her whelm'd with hills, these 7. hils, which be nowe
Tombes of her greatnes, which did threate the skies:
Vpon her head he heapt Mount *Saturnal*,
Vpon her bellie th'antique *Palatine*,
Vpon her stomacke laid Mount *Quirinal*,
On her left hand the noysome *Esquiline*,
And *Cælian* on the right; but both her feete
Mount *Viminall* and *Aventine* doo meete.

32 Palaces, is that] Palaces is that, *Q*: Palaces, is that, *F* 48 *The* old Giants *Huth Q*: Th'old Giants *Q*: The Giants old *F* 56 *Viminal* *Huth Q*, *F*: *Vimnial Q*

5

Who lists to see, what euer nature, arte,
And heauen could doo, O *Rome*, thee let him see,
In case thy greatnes he can gesse in harte,
By that which but the picture is of thee.
Rome is no more: but if the shade of *Rome*
May of the bodie yeeld a seeming sight,
It's like a corse drawne forth out of the tombe
By Magicke skill out of eternall night:
The corpes of *Rome* in ashes is entombed,
And her great spirite reioyned to the spirite
Of this great masse, is in the same enwombed;
But her braue writings, which her famous merite
In spight of time, out of the dust doth reare,
Doo make her Idole through the world appeare.

6

Such as the *Berecynthian* Goddesse bright
In her swift charret with high turrets crownde,
Proud that so manie Gods she brought to light;
Such was this Citie in her good daies fownd:
This Citie, more than that great *Phrygian* mother
Renowm'd for fruite of famous progenie,
Whose greatnes by the greatnes of none other,
But by her selfe her equall match could see:
Rome onely might to *Rome* compared bee,
And onely *Rome* could make great *Rome* to tremble:
So did the Gods by heauenly doome decree,
That other earthlie power should not resemble
Her that did match the whole earths puissaunce,
And did her courage to the heauens aduaunce.

76 Renowm'd *Q*: Renownd *F* 77 greatnes *Q*: greatnes, *F*

7

Ye sacred ruines, and ye tragick sights,
Which onely doo the name of *Rome* retaine,
Olde moniments, which of so famous sprights
The honour yet in ashes doo maintaine:
Triumphant Arcks, spyres neighbours to the skie,
That you to see doth th'heauen it selfe appall,
Alas, by little ye to nothing flie,
The peoples fable, and the spoyle of all:
And though your frames do for a time make warre
Gainst time, yet time in time shall ruinate
Your workes and names, and your last reliques marre.
My sad desires, rest therefore moderate:
For if that time make ende of things so sure,
It als will end the paine, which I endure.

8

Through armes and vassals *Rome* the world subdu'd,
That one would weene, that one sole Cities strength
Both land and sea in roundnes had suruew'd,
To be the measure of her bredth and length:
This peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was
Of vertuous nephewes, that posteritie
Striuing in power their grandfathers to passe,
The lowest earth ioin'd to the heauen hie;
To th'end that hauing all parts in their power,
Nought from the Romane Empire might be quight,
And that though time doth Commonwealths deuowre,
Yet no time should so low embase their hight,
That her head earth'd in her foundations deep,
Should not her name and endles honour keep.

106 earth *F*: earth, *Q* 111 foundations *Q*: foundation *F*

9

Ye cruell starres, and eke ye Gods vnkinde,
Heauen enuious, and bitter stepdame Nature,
Be it by fortune, or by course of kinde
That ye doo weld th'affaires of earthlie creature;
Why haue your hands long sithence traueiled
To frame this world, that doth endure so long?
Or why were not these Romane palaces
Made of some matter no lesse firme and strong?
I say not, as the common voyce doth say,
That all things which beneath the Moone haue being
Are temporall, and subiect to decay:
But I say rather, though not all agreeing
With some, that weene the contrarie in thought;
That all this whole shall one day come to nought.

10

As that braue sonne of *Aeson*, which by charmes
Atcheiu'd the golden Fleece in *Colchid* land,
Out of the earth engendred men of armes
Of Dragons teeth, sowne in the sacred sand;
So this braue Towne, that in her youthlie daies
An *Hydra* was of warriours glorious,
Did fill with her renowmed nourslings praise
The firie sunnes both one and other hous:
But they at last, there being then not liuing
An *Hercules*, so ranke seed to represse;
Emongst themselues with cruell furie striuing,
Mow'd downe themselues with slaughter mercilesse;
Renewing in themselues that rage vnkinde,
Which whilom did those earthborn brethren blinde.

11

Mars shaming to haue giuen so great head
To his off-spring, that mortall puissaunce
Puft vp with pride of Romane hardie head,
Seem'd aboue heauens powre it selfe to aduaunce;
Cooling againe his former kindled heate,
With which he had those Romane spirits fild;
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath,
Into the Gothicke colde hot rage instil'd:
Then gan that Nation, th'earths new Giant brood,
To dart abroad the thunder bolts of warre,
And beating downe these walls with furious mood
Into her mothers bosome, all did marre;
To th'end that none, all were it *Ioue* his sire
Should boast himselfe of the Romane Empire.

12

Like as whilome the children of the earth
Heapt hils on hils, to scale the starrie skie,
And fight against the Gods of heauenly berth,
Whiles *Ioue* at them his thunderbolts let flie;
All suddenly with lightning ouerthrowne,
The furious squadrons downe to ground did fall,
That th'earth vnder her childrens weight did grone,
And th'heauens in glorie triumpht ouer all:
So did that haughtie front which heaped was
On these seuen Romane hils, it selfe vpreare
Ouer the world, and lift her loftie face
Against the heauen, that gan her force to feare.
But now these scorned fields bemone her fall,
And Gods secure feare not her force at all.

145–6 heate; . . . fild, *Q*, *F* 149 Giant *Q*: Giants *F*

13

Nor the swift furie of the flames aspiring,
Nor the deep wounds of victours raging blade,
Nor ruthlesse spoyle of souldiers blood-desiring,
The which so oft thee (*Rome*) their conquest made;
Ne stroke on stroke of fortune variable,
Ne rust of age hating continuance,
Nor wrath of Gods, nor spight of men vnstable,
Nor thou opposd' against thine owne puissance;
Nor th'horrible vprore of windes high blowing,
Nor swelling streames of that God snakie-paced,
Which hath so often with his overflowing
Thee drenched, haue thy pride so much abaced;
But that this nothing, which they haue thee left,
Makes the world wonder, what they from thee reft.

14

As men in Summer fearles passe the foord,
Which is in Winter lord of all the plaine,
And with his tumbling streames doth beare aboord
The ploughmans hope, and shepheards labour vaine:
And as the coward beasts vse to despise
The noble Lion after his liues end,
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine foolhardise
Daring the foe, that cannot him defend:
And as at *Troy* most dastards of the Greekes
Did braue about the corpes of *Hector* colde;
So those which whilome wont with pallid cheekes
The Romane triumphs glorie to behold,
Now on these ashie tombes shew boldnesse vaine,
And conquer'd dare the Conquerour disdaine.

176 opposd *F*

15

Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashie ghoasts,
Which ioying in the brightnes of your day,
Brought foorth those signes of your presumptuous boasts
Which now their dusty reliques do bewray;
Tell me ye spirits (sith the darksome riuer
Of *Styx*, not passable to soules returning,
Enclosing you in thrice three wards for euer,
Doo not restraine your images still mourning)
Tell me then (for perhaps some one of you
Yet here aboue him secretly doth hide)
Doo ye not feele your torments to accrewe,
When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of these old *Romane* works built with your hands,
Now to become nought els, but heaped sands?

16

Like as ye see the wrathfull Sea from farre,
In a great mountaine heap't with hideous noyse,
Eftsoones of thousand billowes shouldred narre,
Against a Rocke to breake with dreadfull poyse:
Like as ye see fell *Boreas* with sharpe blast,
Tossing huge tempests through the troubled skie,
Eftsoones hauing his wide wings spent in wast,
To stop his wearie cariere suddenly:
And as ye see huge flames spred diuerslie,
Gathered in one vp to the heauens to spyre,
Eftsoones consum'd to fall downe feebily:
So whilom did this Monarchie aspyre
As waues, as winde, as fire spred ouer all,
Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall.

210 Now to become *F*: To become *Q*

17

So long as *Ioues* great Bird did make his flight,
Bearing the fire with which heauen doth vs fray,
Heauen had not feare of that presumptuous might,
With which the Giaunts did the Gods assay.
But all so soone, as scortching Sunne had brent
His wings, which wont the earth to ouerspredd,
The earth out of her massie wombe forth sent
That antique horror, which made heauen adredd.
Then was the Germane Rauen in disguise
That Romane Eagle seene to cleaue asunder,
And towards heauen freshly to arise
Out of these mountaines, now consum'd to pouder.
In which the foule that serues to beare the lightning,
Is now no more seen flying, nor alighting.

18

These heapes of stones, these old wals which ye see,
Were first enclosures but of saluage soyle;
And these braue Pallaces which maystred bee
Of time, were shepheards cottages somewhile.
Then tooke the shepheards Kingly ornaments
And the stout hynde arm'd his right hand with steele:
Eftsoones their rule of yearely Presidents
Grew great, and sixe months greater a great deele;
Which made perpetuall, rose to so great might,
That thence th'Imperiall Eagle rooting tooke,
Till th'heauen it selfe opposing gainst her might,
Her power to *Peters* successor betooke;
Who shepheardlike, (as fates the same foreseeing)
Doth shew, that all things turne to their first being.

243 ornaments] ornament *Q*, *F*

19

All that is perfect, which th'heauen beautefies;
All that's imperfect, borne belowe the Moone;
All that doth feede our spirits and our eies;
And all that doth consume our pleasures soone;
All the mishap, the which our daies outweares,
All the good hap of th'oldest times afore,
Rome in the time of her great ancesters,
Like a *Pandora*, locked long in store.
But destinie this huge *Chaos* turmoyling,
In which all good and euill was enclosed,
Their heauenly vertues from these woes assoyling,
Caried to heauen, from sinfull bondage losed:
But their great sinnes, the causers of their paine,
Vnder these antique ruines yet remaine.

20

No otherwise than raynie cloud, first fed
With earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,
Eftsoones in compas arch't, to steepe his hed,
Doth plonge himselfe in *Tethys* bosome faire;
And mounting vp againe, from whence he came,
With his great bellie spreds the dimmed world,
Till at the last dissoluing his moist frame,
In raine, or snowe, or haile he forth is horld;
This Citie, which was first but shepheards shade,
Vprising by degrees, grewe to such height,
That Queene of land and sea her selfe she made.
At last not able to beare so great weight,
Her power disperst, through all the world did vade
To shew that all in th'end to nought shall fade.

270 *Tethys Q* : *Thetys F*

21

The same which *Pyrrhus*, and the puissaunce
Of *Afrike* could not tame, that same braue Citie,
Which with stout courage arm'd against mischaunce,
Sustein'd the shocke of common enmitie;
Long as her ship tost with so manie freakes,
Had all the world in armes against her bent,
Was neuer seene, that anie fortunes wreakes
Could breake her course begun with braue intent.
But when the obiect of her vertue failed,
Her power it selfe against it selfe did arme;
As he that hauing long in tempest sailed,
Faine would ariue, but cannot for the storme,
If too great winde against the port him driue,
Doth in the port it selfe his vessell riue.

22

When that braue honour of the Latine name,
Which mear'd her rule with *Africa*, and *Byze*,
With *Thames* inhabitants of noble fame,
And they which see the dawning day arize;
Her nourslings did with mutinous vprore
Harten against her selfe, her conquer'd spoile,
Which she had wonne from all the world afore,
Of all the world was spoyl'd within a while.
So when the compast course of the vniuerse
In sixe and thirtie thousand yeares is ronne,
The bands of th'elements shall backe reuerse
To their first discord, and be quite vndonne:
The seedes, of which all things at first were bred,
Shall in great *Chaos* wombe againe be hid.

23

O warie wisedome of the man, that would
That *Carthage* towres from spoile should be forborne,
To th'end that his victorious people should
With cancring laisure not be ouerworne;
He well foresaw, how that the Romane courage,
Impatient of pleasures faint desires,
Through idlenes would turne to ciuill rage,
And be her selfe the matter of her fires.
For in a people giuen all to ease,
Ambition is engendred easily;
As in a vicious bodie, grose disease
Soone growes through humours superfluitie.
That came to passe, when swolne with plenties pride,
Nor prince, nor peere, nor kin they would abide.

24

If the blinde furie, which warres breedeth oft,
Wonts not t'enrage the hearts of equall beasts,
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,
Or armed be with clawes, or scalie creasts;
What fell *Erynnis* with hot burning tongs,
Did grype your hearts, with noysome rage imbew'd,
That each to other working cruell wrongs,
Your blades in your owne bowels you embrew'd?
Was this (ye *Romanes*) your hard destinie?
Or some old sinne, whose vnappeased guilt
Powr'd vengeance forth on you eternallie?
Or brothers blood, the which at first was spilt
Vpon your walls, that God might not endure,
Vpon the same to set foundation sure?

25

O that I had the *Thracian* Poets harpe,
For to awake out of th'infernall shade
Those antique *Cæsars*, sleeping long in darke,
The which this auncient Citie whilome made:
Or that I had *Amphions* instrument,
To quicken with his vitall notes accord,
The stonie ioynts of these old walls now rent,
By which th'*Ausonian* light might be restor'd:
Or that at least I could with pencill fine,
Fashion the pourtraicts of these Palacis,
By paterne of great *Virgils* spirit diuine;
I would assay with that which in me is,
To builde with leuell of my loftie style,
That which no hands can euermore compyle.

26

Who list the Romane greatnes forth to figure,
Him needeth not to seeke for vsage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or squaire, to measure
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight:
But him behooues to vew in compasse round
All that the Ocean graspes in his long armes;
Be it where the yerely starre doth scortch the ground,
Or where colde *Boreas* blowes his bitter stormes.
Rome was th'whole world, and al the world was *Rome*,
And if things nam'd their names doo equalize,
When land and sea ye name, then name ye *Rome*;
And naming *Rome* ye land and sea comprize:
For th'auncient Plot of *Rome* displayed plaine,
The map of all the wide world doth containe.

354 hight: *F*: hight, *Q* 362 *Rome Q*: *Rome*, *F*

27

Thou that at *Rome* astonisht dost behold
The antique pride, which menaced the skie,
These haughtie heapes, these palaces of olde,
These wals, these arcks, these baths, these temples hie;
Iudge by these ample ruines vew, the rest
The which iniurious time hath quite outworne,
Since of all workmen helde in reckning best,
Yet these olde fragments are for paternes borne:
Then also marke, how Rome from day to day,
Repayring her decayed fashion,
Renewes herselfe with buildings rich and gay;
That one would iudge, that the *Romaine Dæmon*
Doth yet himselfe with fatall hand enforce,
Againe on foote to reare her pouldred corse.

28

He that hath seene a great Oke drie and dead,
Yet clad with reliques of some Trophees olde,
Lifting to heauen her aged hoarie head,
Whose foote in ground hath left but feeble holde;
But halfe disbowel'd lies aboue the ground,
Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked armes,
And on her trunke all rotten and vnsound
Onely supports herselfe for meate of wormes;
And though she owe her fall to the first winde,
Yet of the deuout people is ador'd,
And manie yong plants spring out of her rinde;
Who such an Oke hath seene let him record
That such this Cities honour was of yore,
And mongst all Cities florished much more.

29

All that which *Aegypt* whilome did deuise,
All that which *Greece* their temples to embraue,
After th'Ionicke, Atticke, Doricke guise,
Or *Corinth* skil'd in curious workes to graue;
All that *Lysippus* practike arte could forme,
Apelles wit, or *Phidias* his skill,
Was wont this auncient Citie to adorne,
And the heauen it selfe with her wide wonders fill;
All that which *Athens* euer brought forth wise,
All that which *Afrike* euer brought forth strange,
All that which *Asie* euer had of prise,
Was here to see. O meruelous great change:
Rome liuing, was the worlds sole ornament,
And dead, is now the worlds sole moniment.

30

Like as the seeded field greene grasse first showes,
Then from greene grasse into a stalke doth spring,
And from a stalke into an eare forth-growes,
Which eare the frutefull graine doth shortly bring;
And as in season due the husband mowes
The wauing lockes of those faire yeallow heares,
Which bound in sheaues, and layd in comely rowes,
Vpon the naked fields in stackes he reares:
So grew the Romane Empire by degree,
Till that Barbarian hands it quite did spill,
And left of it but these olde markes to see,
Of which all passers by doo somewhat pill:
As they which gleane, the reliques vse to gather,
Which th'husbandman behind him chanst to scater.

414 stackes *F*: stalkes *Q*

31

That same is now nought but a champian wide,
Where all this worlds pride once was situate.
No blame to thee, whosoeuer dost abide
By *Nyle*, or *Gange*, or *Tygre*, or *Euphrate*,
Ne *Afrike* thereof guiltie is, nor *Spaine*,
Nor the bolde people by the *Thamis* brincks,
Nor the braue warlicke brood of *Alemaine*,
Nor the borne Souldier which *Rhine* running drinks:
Thou onely cause, O Ciuill furie, art
Which sowing in th'*Aemathian* fields thy spight,
Didst arme thy hand against thy proper hart;
To th'end that when thou wast in greatest hight
To greatnes growne, through long prosperitie,
Thou then adowne might'st fall more horriblie.

32

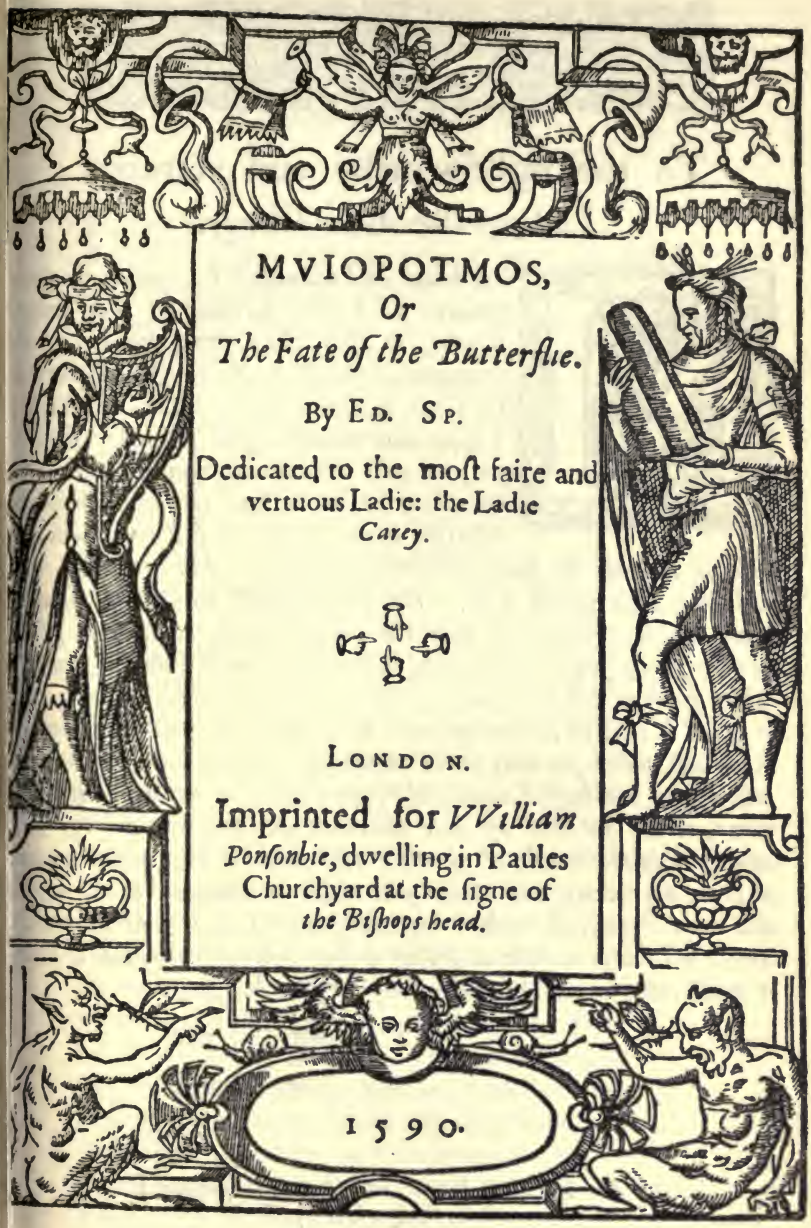
Hope ye my verses that posteritie
Of age ensuing shall you euer read?
Hope ye that euer immortalitie
So meane Harpes worke may chalenge for her meed?
If vnder heauen anie endurance were,
These moniments, which not in paper writ,
But in Porphyre and Marble doo appeare,
Might well haue hop'd to haue obtained it.
Nath'les my Lute, whom *Phœbus* deignd to giue,
Cease not to sound these olde antiquities:
For if that time doo let thy glorie liue,
Well maist thou boast, how euer base thou bee,
That thou art first, which of thy Nation song
Th'olde honour of the people gowned long.

435 verses *F*: yerses *Q*

L'Envoy.

Bellay, first garland of free Poësie
That *France* brought forth, though fruitfull of braue wits,
Well worthie thou of immortalitie,
That long hast traueld by thy learned writs,
Olde *Rome* out of her ashes to reuiue,
And giue a second life to dead decayes:
Needes must he all eternitie suruiue,
That can to other giue eternall dayes.
Thy dayes therefore are endles, and thy prayse
Excelling all, that euer went before;
And after thee, gins *Bartas* hie to rayse
His heauenly Muse, th'Almightie to adore.
Liue happie spirits, th'honour of your name,
And fill the world with neuer dying fame.

FINIS.



MVIOPOTMOS,

Or

The Fate of the Butterflie.

By Ed. Sp.

Dedicated to the moſt faire and vertuous Ladie: the Ladie *Carey.*

London.

Imprinted for *VVilliam Ponſonbie*, dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the ſigne of *the Biſhops head.*

1590.

To the right worthy and vertuous Ladie; the La: *Carey.*

Most braue and bountifull La: for so excellent fauours as I haue receiued at your sweet handes, to offer these fewe leaues as in recompence, should be as to offer flowers to the Gods for their diuine benefites. Therefore I haue determined to giue my selfe wholy to you, as quite abandoned from my selfe, and absolutely vowed to your seruices: which in all right is euer held for full recompence of debt or damage to haue the person yeelded. My person I wot wel how little worth it is. But the faithfull minde and humble zeale which I beare vnto your La: may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and vse the poore seruice thereof; which taketh glory to aduance your excellent partes and noble vertues, and to spend it selfe in honouring you: not so much for your great bounty to my self, which yet may not be vnminded; nor for name or kindreds sake by you vouchsafed, beeing also regardable; as for that honorable name, which yee haue by your braue deserts purchast to your self, and spred in the mouths of al men: with which I haue also presumed to grace my verses, and vnder your name to commend to the world this smal Poëme, the which beseeching your La: to take in worth, and of all things therein according to your wonted graciousnes to make a milde construction, I humbly pray for your happines.

Your La: euer

humbly;

E. S.

1 *La: Q*: *Lady F* 12 *La: Q*: *Ladyship F*
26 E. S. *Q*: Ed. Sp. *F*

Muiopotmos : or
The Fate of the Butterflie.

I Sing of deadly dolorous debate,
Stir'd vp through wrathfull *Nemesis* despight,
Betwixt two mightie ones of great estate,
Drawne into armes, and proofe of mortall fight,
Through prowd ambition, and hartswelling hate,
Whilest neither could the others greater might
And sdeignfull scorne endure; that from small iarre
Their wraths at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicall effect,
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournfulst Muse of nyne,
That wontst the tragick stage for to direct,
In funerall complaints and waylfull tyne,
Reueale to me, and all the meanes detect,
Through which sad *Clarion* did at last declyne
To lowest wretchednes; And is there then
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men?

Of all the race of siluer-winged Flies
Which doo possesse the Empire of the aire,
Betwixt the centred earth, and azure skies,
Was none more fauourable, nor more faire,
Whilst heauen did fauour his felicities,
Then *Clarion*, the eldest sonne and haire
Of *Muscaroll*, and in his fathers sight
Of all aliue did seeme the fairest wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed
Of future good, which his yong toward yeares,
Full of braue courage and bold hardyhed,
Aboue th'ensample of his equall peares,
Did largely promise, and to him forered
(Whilst oft his heart did melt in tender teares)
That he in time would sure proue such an one,
As should be worthie of his fathers throne.

The fresh yong flie, in whom the kindly fire
Of lustfull youngth began to kindle fast,
Did much disdaine to subiect his desire
To loathsome sloth, or houres in ease to wast,
But ioy'd to range abroad in fresh attire;
Through the wide compas of the ayrie coast,
And with vnwearied wings each part t'inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowmed sire.

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dar'd to stie
Vp to the clowdes, and thence with pineons light,
To mount aloft vnto the Christall skie,
To vew the workmanship of heauens hight:
Whence downe descending he along would flie
Vpon the streaming riuers, sport to finde;
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous winde.

So on a Summers day, when season milde
With gentle calme the world had quieted,
And high in heauen *Hyperions* fierie childe
Ascending, did his beames abroad dispred,
Whiles all the heauens on lower creatures smilde;
Yong *Clarion* with vauntfull lustie head,
After his guize did cast abroad to fare;
And theretoo gan his furnitures prepare.

His breastplate first, that was of substance pure,
Before his noble heart he firmely bound,
That mought his life from yron death assure,
And ward his gentle corpes from cruell wound:
For it by arte was framed, to endure
The bit of balefull steele and bitter stownd,
No lesse than that, which *Vulcane* made to sheild
Achilles life from fate of *Troyan* field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
An hairie hide of some wilde beast, whom hee
In saluage forrest by aduenture slew,
And reft the spoyle his ornament to bee:

34 yonght *Q*: youth *F*

Which spredding all his backe with dreadfull vew,
Made all that him so horrible did see,
Thinke him *Alcides* with the Lyons skin,
When the *Næmean* Conquest he did win.

Vpon his head his glistering Burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous deuice,
And curiously engrauen, he did set:
The mettall was of rare and passing price;
Not *Bilbo* steele, nor brasse from *Corinth* fet,
Nor costly *Oricalche* from strange *Phœnice*;
But such as could both *Phœbus* arrowes ward,
And th'hayling darts of heauen beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunced towards either side,
Like two sharpe speares, his enemies to gore:
Like as a warlike Brigandine, applyde
To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore,
The engines which in them sad death doo hyde:
So did this flie outstretch his fearefull hornes,
Yet so as him their terrour more adornes.

Lastly his shinie wings as siluer bright,
Painted with thousand colours, passing farre
All Painters skill, he did about him dight:
Not halfe so manie sundrie colours arre
In *Iris* bowe, ne heauen doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with manie a twinckling starre,
Nor *Iunoes* Bird in her ey-spotted traine
So manie goodly colours doth containe.

Ne (may it be withouten perill spoken)
The Archer God, the sonne of *Cytheree*,
That ioyes on wretched louers to be wroken,
And heaped spoyles of bleeding harts to see,
Beares in his wings so manie a changefull token.
Ah my liege Lord, forgiue it vnto mee,
If ought against thine honour I haue tolde;
Yet sure those wings were fairer manifolde.

Full manie a Ladie faire, in Court full oft
Beholding them, him secretly enuide,
And wisht that two such fannes, so silken soft,
And golden faire, her Loue would her prouide;
Or that when them the gorgeous Flie had doft,
Some one that would with grace be gratifide,
From him would steale them priuily away,
And bring to her so precious a pray.

Report is that dame *Venus* on a day,
In spring when flowres doo clothe the fruitful ground,
Walking abroad with all her Nymphes to play,
Bad her faire damzels flocking her arownd,
To gather flowres, her forhead to array:
Emongst the rest a gentle Nymph was found,
Hight *Astery*, excelling all the crewe
In curteous vsage, and vnstained hewe.

Who being nimbler ioynted than the rest,
And more industrious, gathered more store
Of the fields honour, than the others best;
Which they in secret harts enuying sore,
Tolde *Venus*, when her as the worthiest
She praisd', that *Cupide* (as they heard before)
Did lend her secret aide, in gathering
Into her lap the children of the spring.

Whereof the Goddesse gathering iealous feare,
Not yet vnmindfull, how not long agoe
Her sonne to *Psyche* secrete loue did beare,
And long it close conceal'd, till mickle woe
Thereof arose, and manie a rufull teare;
Reason with sudden rage did ouergoe,
And giuing hastie credit to th'accuser,
Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Eftsoones that Damzel by her heauenly might,
She turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
In the wide aire to make her wandring flight;
And all those flowres, with which so plenteouslie

126 praisd *F*

Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,
She placed in her wings, for memorie
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:
Since which that flie them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the fresh *Clarion* being readie dight,
Vnto his iourney did himselfe addresse,
And with good speed began to take his flight:
Ouer the fields in his franke lustinesse,
And all the champion he soared light,
And all the countrey wide he did possesse,
Feeding vpon their pleasures bounteouslie,
That none gainsaid, nor none did him enuie.

The woods, the riuers, and the medowes green,
With his aire-cutting wings he measured wide,
Ne did he leaue the mountaines bare vnseene,
Nor the ranke grassie fennes delights vntride.
But none of these, how euer sweete they beene,
Mote please his fancie, nor him cause t'abide:
His choicefull sense with euerie change doth flit.
No common things may please a wauering wit.

To the gay gardins his vnstaid desire
Him wholly caried, to refresh his sprights:
There lauish Nature in her best attire,
Powres forth sweete odors, and alluring sights;
And Arte with her contending, doth aspire
T'excell the naturall, with made delights:
And all that faire or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excesse doth there abound.

There he arriuing, round about doth flie,
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes suruey with curious busie eye,
Of euerie flowre and herbe there set in order;
Now this, now that he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feete their silken leaues deface;
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

149 champion he *Q*; champaine o're he *F*

And euermore with most varietie,
And change of sweetnesse (for all change is sweete)
He casts his glutton sense to satisfie,
Now sucking of the sap of herbe most meete,
Or of the deaw, which yet on them does lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feete:
And then he pearcheth on some braunch thereby,
To weather him, and his moyst wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play,
To spoyle the pleasures of that Paradise:
The wholsome Saulge, and Lauender still gray,
Ranke smelling Rue, and Cummin good for eyes,
The Roses raigning in the pride of May,
Sharpe Isope, good for greene wounds remedies,
Faire Marigoldes, and Bees alluring Thime,
Sweete Marioram, and Daysies decking prime.

Coole Violets, and Orpine growing still,
Embathed Balme, and chearfull Galingale,
Fresh Costmarie, and breathfull Camomill,
Dull Poppie, and drink-quickning Setuale,
Veyne-healing Veruen, and hed-purging Dill,
Sound Sauorie, and Bazill hartie-hale,
Fat Colworts, and comforting Perseline,
Colde Lettuce, and refreshing Rosmarine.

And whatso else of vertue good or ill
Grewe in this Gardin, fetcht from farre away,
Of euerie one he takes, and tastes at will,
And on their pleasures greedily doth pray.
Then when he hath both plaid, and fed his fill,
In the warme Sunne he doth himselfe embay,
And there him rests in riotous suffisaunce
Of all his gladfulnes, and kingly ioyaunce.

What more felicitie can fall to creature,
Than to enioy delight with libertie,
And to be Lord of all the workes of Nature,
To raine in th'aire from earth to highest skie,

196 *Huth Q omits* Dull

To feed on flowres, and weeds of glorious feature,
To take what euer thing doth please the eie?
Who rests not pleased with such happines,
Well worthie he to taste of wretchednes.

But what on earth can long abide in state?
Or who can him assure of happie day;
Sith morning faire may bring fowle euening late,
And least mishap the most blisse alter may?
For thousand perills lie in close awaite
About vs daylie, to worke our decay;
That none, except a God, or God him guide,
May them auoyde, or remedie prouide.

And whatso heauens in their secret doome
Ordained haue, how can fraile fleshly wight
Forecast, but it must needs to issue come?
The sea, the aire, the fire, the day, the night,
And th'armies of their creatures all and some
Do serue to them, and with importune might
Warre against vs the vassals of their will.
Who then can saue, what they dispose to spill?

Not thou, O *Clarion*, though fairest thou
Of all thy kinde, vnhappie happie Flie,
Whose cruell fate is wouen euen now
Of *Ioues* owne hand, to worke thy miserie:
Ne may thee helpe the manie hartie vow,
Which thy olde Sire with sacred pietie
Hath powred forth for thee, and th'altars sprent:
Nought may thee saue from heauens auengement.

It fortuned (as heauens had behight)
That in this gardin, where yong *Clarion*
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight
The foe of faire things, th'author of confusion,
The shame of Nature, the bondslaue of spight,
Had lately built his hatefull mansion,
And lurking closely, in awayte now lay,
How he might anie in his trap betray.

But when he spide the ioyous Butterflie
In this faire plot dispacing too and fro,
Fearles of foes and hidden ieopardie,
Lord how he gan for to bestirre him tho,
And to his wicked worke each part applie:
His heart did earne against his hated foe,
And bowels so with ranckling poyson swelde,
That scarce the skin the strong contagion helde.

The cause why he this Flie so maliced,
Was (as in stories it is written found)
For that his mother which him bore and bred,
The most fine-fingred workwoman on ground,
Arachne, by his meanes was vanquished
Of *Pallas*, and in her owne skill confound,
When she with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her shame, and sorrow neuer ended.

For the *Tritonian* Goddesse hauing hard
Her blazed fame, which all the world had fil'd,
Came downe to proue the truth, and due reward
For her prais-worthie workmanship to yeild
But the presumptuous Damzel rashly dar'd
The Goddesse selfe to chalenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill.

Minerua did the chalenge not refuse,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make:
So to their worke they sit, and each doth chuse
What storie she will for her tapet take.
Arachne figur'd how *Ioue* did abuse
Europa like a Bull, and on his backe
Her through the sea did beare; so liuely seene,
That it true Sea, and true Bull ye would weene.

She seem'd still backe vnto the land to looke,
And her play-fellowes aide to call, and feare
The dashing of the waues, that vp she tooke
Her daintie feete, and garments gathered neare:

250 dispacing *Q*: displacing *Huth Q*, *F* 254 earne *Q*: yerne *F*

But (Lord) how she in euerie member shooke,
When as the land she saw no more appeare,
But a wilde wildernes of waters deepe:
Then gan she greatly to lament and weepe.

Before the Bull she pictur'd winged Loue,
With his yong brother Sport, light fluttering
Vpon the waues, as each had been a Doue;
The one his bowe and shafts, the other Spring
A burning Teade about his head did moue,
As in their Syres new loue both triumphing:
And manie Nymphes about them flocking round,
And manie *Tritons*, which their hornes did sound.

And round about, her worke she did empale
With a faire border wrought of sundrie flowres,
Enwouen with an Yuie winding trayle:
A goodly worke, full fit for Kingly bowres,
Such as Dame *Pallas*, such as Enuie pale,
That al good things with venemous tooth deuowres,
Could not accuse. Then gan the Goddesse bright
Her selfe likewise vnto her worke to dight.

She made the storie of the olde debate,
Which she with *Neptune* did for *Athens* trie:
Twelue Gods doo sit around in royall state,
And *Ioue* in midst with awfull Maiestie,
To iudge the strife betweene them stirred late:
Each of the Gods by his like visnomie
Eathe to be knowen; but *Ioue* aboue them all,
By his great lookes and power Imperiall.

Before them stands the God of Seas in place,
Clayming that sea-coast Citie as his right,
And strikes the rockes with his three-forked mace;
Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in sight,
The signe by which he chalengeth the place,
That all the Gods, which saw his wondrous might
Did surely deeme the victorie his due:
But seldome seene, foreiudgement proueth true.

Then to her selfe she giues her *Aegide* shield,
And steelhed speare, and morion on her hedd,
Such as she oft is seene in warlicke field:
Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dredd
She smote the ground, the which streight foorth did yield
A fruitfull Olyue tree, with berries spredd,
That all the Gods admir'd; then all the storie
She compast with a wreathe of Olyues hoarie.

Emongst those leaues she made a Butterflie,
With excellent deuice and wondrous slight,
Fluttring among the Oliues wantonly,
That seem'd to liue, so like it was in sight:
The veluet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The silken downe with which his backe is dight,
His broad outstretched hornes, his hayrie thies,
His glorious colours, and his glistering eies.

Which when *Arachne* saw, as ouerlaid,
And mastered with workmanship so rare,
She stood astonied long, ne ought gainesaid,
And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare,
And by her silence, signe of one dismaid,
The victorie did yeeld her as her share:
Yet did she inly fret, and felly burne,
And all her blood to poysonous rancor turne.

That shortly from the shape of womanhed
Such as she was, when *Pallas* she attempted,
She grew to hideous shape of dryrihed,
Pined with griefe of follie late repented:
Eftsoones her white streight legs were altered
To crooked crawling shankes, of marrowe empted,
And her faire face to fowle and loathsome hewe,
And her fine corpes to a bag of venim grewe.

This cursed creature, mindfull of that olde
Enfestred grudge, the which his mother felt,
So soone as *Clarion* he did beholde,
His heart with vengefull malice inly swelt,

335 hayrie *Q*: ayrie *F* 346 attempted, *Q*, *F*: attempted *Huth Q*
354 Enfestred *Q*: Enfested *Huth Q*, *F*

And weauing straight a net with manie a folde
About the caue, in which he lurking dwelt,
With fine small cords about it stretched wide,
So finely sponne, that scarce they could be spide.

Not anie damzell, which her vaunteth most
In skilfull knitting of soft silken twyne;
Nor anie weauer, which his worke doth boast
In dieper, in damaske, or in lyne;
Nor anie skil'd in workmanship embost;
Nor anie skil'd in loupes of fingring fine,
Might in their diuers cunning euer dare,
With this so curious networke to compare.

Ne doo I thinke, that that same subtil gin,
The which the *Lemnian* God framde craftilie,
Mars sleeping with his wife to compasse in,
That all the Gods with common mockerie
Might laugh at them, and scorne their shamefull sin,
Was like to this. This same he did applie,
For to entrap the careles *Clarion*,
That rang'd each where without suspition.

Suspition of friend, nor feare of foe,
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walkt at will, and wandred too and fro,
In the pride of his freedome principall:
Litle wist he his fatall future woe,
But was secure, the liker he to fall.
He likest is to fall into mischaunce,
That is regardles of his gouernaunce.

Yet still *Aragnoll* (so his foe was hight)
Lay lurking couertly him to surprise,
And all his gins that him entangle might,
Drest in good order as he could deuise.
At length the foolish Flie without foresight,
As he that did all daunger quite despise,
Toward those parts came flying careleslie,
Where hidden was his hatefull enemie.

370 framde craftilie *Huth Q*, *F*: did slily frame *Q* 391 thoss *Q*
392 hatefull *Q*: fatal *F*

Who seeing him, with secrete ioy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in euerie vaine,
And his false hart fraught with all treasons store,
Was fil'd with hope, his purpose to obtaine:
Himselfe he close vpgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceiptfull traine
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne anie noyse, ne anie motion made.

Like as a wily Foxe, that hauing spide,
Where on a sunnie banke the Lambes doo play,
Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
Lyes in ambushment of his hoped pray,
Ne stirreth limbe, till seeing readie tide,
He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away
One of the litle yonglings vnawares:
So to his worke *Aragnoll* him prepares.

Who now shall giue vnto my heauie eyes
A well of teares, that all may ouerflow?
Or where shall I finde lamentable cryes,
And mournfull runes enough my griefe to show?
Helpe O thou Tragick Muse, me to deuise
Notes sad enough, t'expresse this bitter throw:
For loe, the drerie stownd is now arriued,
That of all happines hath vs depriued.

The luckles *Clarion*, whether cruell Fate,
Or wicked Fortune faultles him misled,
Or some vngracious blast out of the gate
Of *Aeoles* raine perforce him droue on hed,
Was (O sad hap and howre vnfortunate)
With violent swift flight forth caried
Into the cursed cobweb, which his foe
Had framed for his finall ouerthroe.

There the fond Flie entangled, strugled long,
Himselfe to free thereout; but all in vaine.
For striuing more, the more in laces strong
Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his winges twaine

419 Or *Q*: Of *F* 420 Of *Q*: Or *F*

In lymie snares the subtill loupes among;
That in the ende he breathelesse did remaine,
And all his yougthly forces idly spent,
Him to the mercie of th'auenger lent.

Which when the greisly tyrant did espie,
Like a grimme Lyon rushing with fierce might
Out of his den, he seized greedelie
On the resistles pray, and with fell spight,
Vnder the left wing stroke his weapon slie
Into his heart, that his deepe groning spright
In bloodie streames foorth fled into the aire,
His bodie left the spectacle of care.

FINIS.

Visions of the worlds vanitie.

1

ONe day, whiles that my daylie cares did sleepe,
My spirit, shaking off her earthly prison,
Began to enter into meditation deepe
Of things exceeding reach of common reason;
Such as this age, in which all good is geason,
And all that humble is and meane debaced,
Hath brought forth in her last declining season,
Griefe of good mindes, to see goodnesse disgraced.
On which when as my thought was throghly placed,
Vnto my eyes strange showes presented were,
Picturing that, which I in minde embraced,
That yet those sights empassion me full nere.
Such as they were (faire Ladie) take in worth,
That when time serues, may bring things better forth.

2

In Summers day, when *Phœbus* fairly shone,
I saw a Bull as white as driuen snowe,
With gilden hornes embowed like the Moone,
In a fresh flowring meadow lying lowe:
Vp to his eares the verdant grasse did growe,
And the gay floures did offer to be eaten;
But he with fatnes so did ouerflowe,
That he all wallowed in the weedes downe beaten,
Ne car'd with them his daintie lips to sweeten:
Till that a Brize, a scorned little creature,
Through his faire hide his angrie sting did threaten,
And vext so sore, that all his goodly feature,
And all his plenteous pasture nought him pleased:
So by the small the great is oft diseased.

3

Beside the fruitfull shore of muddie *Nile*,
Vpon a sunnie banke outstretched lay
In monstrous length, a mightie Crocodile,
That cram'd with guiltles blood, and greedie pray
Of wretched people trauailing that way,
Thought all things lesse than his disdainfull pride.
I saw a little Bird, cal'd *Tedula*,
The least of thousands which on earth abide,
That forst this hideous beast to open wide
The greisly gates of his deuouring hell,
And let him feede, as Nature doth prouide,
Vpon his iawes, that with blacke venime swell.
Why then should greatest things the least disdaine,
Sith that so small so mightie can constraine?

4

The kingly Bird, that beares *Ioues* thunder-clap,
One day did scorne the simple Scarabee,
Proud of his highest seruice, and good hap,
That made all other Foules his thralls to bee:
The silly Flie, that no redresse did see,
Spide where the Eagle built his towring nest,
And kindling fire within the hollow tree,
Burnt vp his yong ones, and himselfe distrest;
Ne suffred him in anie place to rest,
But droue in *Ioues* owne lap his egs to lay;
Where gathering also filth him to infest,
Forst with the filth his egs to fling away:
For which when as the Foule was wroth, said *Ioue*,
Lo how the least the greatest may reproue.

5

Toward the sea turning my troubled eye,
I saw the fish (if fish I may it cleepe)
That makes the sea before his face to flye,
And with his flaggie finnes doth seeme to sweepe
The fomie waues out of the dreadfull deep,
The huge *Leuiathan*, dame Natures wonder,
Making his sport, that manie makes to weep:
A sword-fish small him from the rest did sunder,
That in his throat him pricking softly vnder,
His wide Abysse him forced forth to spewe,
That all the sea did roare like heauens thunder,
And all the waues were stain'd with filthie hewe.
Hereby I learned haue, not to despise,
What euer thing seemes small in common eyes.

6

An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold,
Whose backe was arm'd against the dint of speare
With shields of brasse, that shone like burnisht golde,
And forkhed sting, that death in it did beare,
Stroue with a Spider his vnequall peare:
And bad defiance to his enemie.
The subtill vermin creeping closely neare,
Did in his drinke shed poyson priuilie;
Which through his entrailes spredding diuersly,
Made him to swell, that nigh his bowells brust,
And him enforst to yeeld the victorie,
That did so much in his owne greatnesse trust.
O how great vainnesse is it then to scorne
The weake, that hath the strong so oft forlorne.

7

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,
Of wondrous length, and streight proportion,
That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe;
Mongst all the daughters of proud *Libanon*,
Her match in beautie was not anie one.
Shortly within her inmost pith there bred
A litle wicked worme, perceiu'd of none,
That on her sap and vitall moysture fed:
Thenceforth her garland so much honoured
Began to die, (O great ruth for the same)
And her faire lockes fell from her loftie head,
That shortly balde, and bared she became.
I, which this sight beheld, was much dismayed,
To see so goodly thing so soone decayed.

8

Soone after this I saw an Elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeouslie,
That on his backe did beare (as batteilant)
A gilden towre, which shone exceedinglie;
That he himselfe through foolish vanitie,
Both for his rich attire, and goodly forme,
Was puffed vp with passing surquedrie,
And shortly gan all other beasts to scorne,
Till that a little Ant, a silly worme,
Into his nosthrils creeping, so him pained,
That casting downe his towres, he did deforme
Both borrowed pride, and natiue beautie stained.
Let therefore nought that great is, therein glorie,
Sith so small thing his happines may varie.

110 natiue *Huth Q, F*: natures *Q*

9

Looking far foorth into the Ocean wide,
A goodly ship with banners brauely dight,
And flag in her top-gallant I espide,
Through the maine sea making her merry flight:
Faire blew the winde into her bosome right;
And th'heauens looked louely all the while,
That she did seeme to daunce, as in delight,
And at her owne felicitie did smile.
All sodainely there cloue vnto her keele
A little fish, that men call *Remora*,
Which stopt her course, and held her by the heele,
That winde nor tide could moue her thence away.
Straunge thing me seemeth, that so small a thing
Should able be so great an one to wring.

10

A mighty Lyon, Lord of all the wood,
Hauing his hunger throughly satisfide,
With pray of beasts, and spoyle of liuing blood,
Safe in his dreadles den him thought to hide:
His sternesse was his prayse, his strength his pride,
And all his glory in his cruell clawes.
I saw a wasp, that fiercely him defide,
And bad him battaile euen to his iawes;
Sore he him stong, that it the blood forth drawes,
And his proude heart is fild with fretting ire:
In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his pawes,
And from his bloodie eyes doth sparkle fire;
That dead himselfe he wisheth for despight.
So weakest may anoy the most of might.

11

What time the Romaine Empire bore the raine
Of all the world, and florisht most in might,
The nations gan their soueraignтie disdaine,
And cast to quitt them from their bondage quight:
So when all shrouded were in silent night,
The *Galles* were, by corrupting of a mayde,
Possest nigh of the Capitol through slight,
Had not a Goose the treachery bewrayde.
If then a Goose great *Rome* from ruine stayde,
And *Ioue* himselfe, the patron of the place,
Preserud from being to his foes betrayde,
Why do vaine men mean things so much deface,
And in their might repose their most assurance,
Sith nought on earth can chalenge long endurance?

12

When these sad sights were ouerpast and gone,
My spright was greatly moued in her rest,
With inward ruth and deare affection,
To see so great things by so small distrest:
Thenceforth I gan in my engrieued brest
To scorne all difference of great and small,
Sith that the greatest often are opprest,
And vnawares doe into daunger fall.
And ye, that read these ruines tragicall
Learne by their losse to loue the low degree,
And if that fortune chaunce you vp to call
To honours seat, forget not what you be:
For he that of himselfe is most secure,
Shall finde his state most fickle and vnsure.

FINIS.

The Visions of Bellay.

1

IT was the time, when rest soft sliding downe
From heauens hight into mens heauy eyes,
In the forgetfulnes of sleepe doth drowne
The carefull thoughts of mortall miseries:
Then did a Ghost before mine eyes appeare,
On that great riuers banck, that runnes by *Rome*,
Which calling me by name, bad me to reare
My lookes to heauen whence all good gifts do come,
And crying lowd, loe now beholde (quoth hee)
What vnder this great temple placed is:
Lo all is nought but flying vanitee.
So I that know this worlds inconstancies,
Sith onely God surmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence do stay.

2

On high hills top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by iust assize,
With hundreth pillours fronting faire the same,
All wrought with Diamond after Dorick wize:
Nor brick, nor marble was the wall in view,
But shining Christall, which from top to base
Out of her womb a thousand rayons threw,
On hundred steps of *Afrike* golds enchase:
Golde was the parget, and the seeling bright
Did shine all scaly with great plates of golde;
The floore of *Iasp* and *Emeraude* was dight.
O worlds vainesse. Whiles thus I did behold,
An earthquake shooke the hill from lowest seat,
And ouerthrew this frame with ruine great.

For the *1569* version of *The Visions of Bellay* and *The Visions of Petrarch*, v. Appendix. 12 inconstancies,] inconstancies. *Q*, *F* 22 On *Morris conj.*: One *Q*, *F* *Afrike* golds *Q*, *F*: *Afrikes* gold *Morris conj.*

3

Then did a sharped spyre of Diamond bright,
Ten feete each way in square, appeare to mee,
Iustly proportion'd vp vnto his hight,
So far as Archer might his leuel see:
The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,
Made of the mettall, which we most do honour,
And in this golden vessell couched weare
The ashes of a mightie Emperour:
Vpon foure corners of the base were pight,
To beare the frame, foure great Lyons of gold;
A worthy tombe for such a worthy wight.
Alas this world doth nought but grieuance hold.
I saw a tempest from the heauen descend,
Which this braue monument with flash did rend.

4

I saw raysde vp on yuorie pilloures tall,
Whose bases were of richest mettalls warke,
The chapters Alablaster, the fryses christall,
The double front of a triumphall Arke:
On each side purtraid was a Victorie,
Clad like a Nimph, that wings of siluer weares,
And in triumphant chayre was set on hie,
The auncient glory of the Romaine Peares.
No worke it seem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,
But rather wrought by his owne industry,
That thunder-dartes for *Ioue* his syre doth fit.
Let me no more see faire thing vnder sky,
Sith that mine eyes haue seene so faire a sight
With sodain fall to dust consumed quight.

38 great Lyons *Q*: Lyons great *F* 43 pillers *1569*: pillowes *Q*, *F*

5

Then was the faire *Dodonian* tree far seene,
Vpon seauen hills to spread his gladsome gleame,
And conquerours bedecked with his greene,
Along the bancks of the *Ausonian* streame:
There many an auncient Trophee was addrest,
And many a spoyle, and many a goodly show,
Which that braue races greatnes did attest,
That whilome from the *Troyan* blood did flow.
Rauisht I was so rare a thing to vew,
When lo a barbarous troupe of clownish fone
The honour of these noble boughs down threw,
Vnder the wedge I heard the tronck to grone;
And since I saw the roote in great disdaine
A twinne of forked trees send forth againe.

6

I saw a Wolfe vnder a rockie caue
Noursing two whelpes; I saw her litle ones
In wanton dalliance the teate to craue,
While she her neck wreath'd from them for the nones:
I saw her raunge abroad to seeke her food,
And roming through the field with greedie rage
T'embrew her teeth and clawes with lukewarm blood
Of the small heards, her thirst for to asswage.
I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
Downe from the mountaines bordring *Lombardie*,
That with an hundred speares her flank wide rended.
I saw her on the plaine outstretched lie,
Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne soyle:
Soone on a tree vphang'd I saw her spoyle.

61 addrest, *F*: addrest. *Q*

7

I saw the Bird that can the Sun endure,
With feeble wings assay to mount on hight,
By more and more she gan her wings t'assure,
Following th'ensample of her mothers sight:
I saw her rise, and with a larger flight
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons
To measure the most haughtie mountaines hight,
Vntill she raught the Gods owne mansions:
There was she lost, when suddaine I behelde,
Where tumbling through the ayre in firie fold;
All flaming downe she on the plaine was felde,
And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes colde.
I saw the foule that doth the light dispise,
Out of her dust like to a worme arise.

8

I saw a riuer swift, whose fomy billowes
Did wash the ground work of an old great wall;
I saw it couer'd all with griesly shadowes,
That with black horror did the ayre appall:
Thereout a strange beast with seuen heads arose,
That townes and castles vnder her brest did coure,
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes
Alike with equall rauine to deuoure.
Much was I mazde, to see this monsters kinde
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew,
When as at length I saw the wrathfull winde,
Which blows cold storms, burst out of *Scithian* mew,
That sperst these cloudes, and in so short as thought,
This dreadfull shape was vanished to nought.

110 mew, *F*: mew *Q*

9

Then all astonied with this mighty ghoast,
An hideous bodie big and strong I sawe,
With side long beard, and locks down hanging loast,
Sterne face, and front full of Saturnlike awe;
Who leaning on the belly of a pot,
Pourd foorth a water, whose out gushing flood
Ran bathing all the creakie shore aflot,
Whereon the *Troyan* prince spilt *Turnus* blood;
And at his feete a bitch wolfe suck did yeeld
To two young babes: his left the *Palme* tree stout,
His right hand did the peacefull *Oliue* wield,
And head with Lawrell garnisht was about.
Sudden both *Palme* and *Oliue* fell away,
And faire greene Lawrell branch did quite decay.

10

Hard by a riuers side a virgin faire,
Folding her armes to heauen with thousand throbs,
And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,
To falling riuers sound thus tun'd her sobs.
Where is (quoth she) this whilom honoured face?
Where the great glorie and the auncient praise,
In which all worlds felicitie had place,
When Gods and men my honour vp did raise?
Suffisd' it not that ciuill warres me made
The whole worlds spoile, but that this Hydra new,
Of hundred *Hercules* to be assaide,
With seuen heads, budding monstrous crimes anew,
So many *Neroes* and *Caligulaes*
Out of these crooked shores must dayly rayse?

113 astonied *F*: astoined *Q* 117 pot, *F*: pot. *Q* 135 suffis'd *F* 140 rayse? *F*: rayse. *Q*

11

Vpon an hill a bright flame I did see,
Wauing aloft with triple point to skie,
Which like incense of precious Cedar tree,
With balmie odours fil'd th'ayre farre and nie.
A Bird all white, well feathered on each wing,
Hereout vp to the throne of Gods did flie,
And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,
Whilst in the smoake she vnto heauen did stie.
Of this faire fire the scattered rayes forth threw
On euerie side a thousand shining beames:
When sudden dropping of a siluer dew
(O grieuous chance) gan quench those precious flames;
That it which earst so pleasant sent did yeld,
Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeld.

12

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,
As cleare as Christall gainst the Sunnie beames,
The bottome yeallow, like the golden grayle
That bright *Pactolus* washeth with his streames;
It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All pleasure there, for which mans hart could long;
And there a noyse alluring sleepe soft trembled,
Of manie accords more sweete than Mermaids song:
The seates and benches shone as yuorie,
And hundred Nymphes sate side by side about;
When from nigh hills with hideous outcrie,
A troupe of Satyres in the place did rout,
Which with their villeine feete the streame did ray,
Threw down the seats, and droue the Nymphs away.

163 as *Q*: of *F*

13

Much richer then that vessell seem'd to bee,
Which did to that sad *Florentine* appeare,
Casting mine eyes farre off, I chaunst to see,
Vpon the *Latine* Coast herselfe to reare:
But suddenly arose a tempest great,
Bearing close enuie to these riches rare,
Which gan assaile this ship with dreadfull threat,
This ship, to which none other might compare.
And finally the storme impetuous
Sunke vp these riches, second vnto none,
Within the gulfe of greedie *Nereus*.
I saw both ship and mariners each one,
And all that treasure drowned in the maine:
But I the ship saw after raisd' againe.

14

Long hauing deeply gron'd these visions sad,
I saw a Citie like vnto that same,
Which saw the messenger of tidings glad;
But that on sand was built the goodly frame:
It seem'd her top the firmament did rayse,
And no lesse rich than faire, right worthie sure
(If ought here worthie) of immortall dayes,
Or if ought vnder heauen might firme endure.
Much wondred I to see so faire a wall:
When from the Northerne coast a storme arose,
Which breathing furie from his inward gall
On all, which did against his course oppose,
Into a clowde of dust sperst in the aire
The weake foundations of this Citie faire.

Q heads this and the following page Visions of the Worlds Vanitie
182 raisd *F*

15

At length, euen at the time, when *Morpheus*
Most trulie doth vnto our eyes appeare,
Wearie to see the heauens still wauering thus,
I saw *Typhæus* sister comming neare;
Whose head full brauely with a morion hidd,
Did seeme to match the Gods in Maiestie.
She by a riuers bancke that swift downe slidd,
Ouer all the world did raise a Trophee hie;
An hundred vanquisht Kings vnder her lay,
With armes bound at their backs in shamefull wize;
Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
I saw the heauens in warre against her rize:
Then downe she stricken fell with clap of thonder,
That with great noyse I wakte in sudden wonder.

FINIS.

The Visions of Petrarch.

formerly translated.

I

BEing one day at my window all alone,
So manie strange things happened me to see,
As much it grieueth me to thinke thereon.
At my right hand a Hynde appear'd to mee,
So faire as mote the greatest God delite;
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,
Of which the one was blacke, the other white:
With deadly force so in their cruell race
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,
That at the last, and in short time I spide,
Vnder a Rocke where she alas opprest,
Fell to the ground, and there vntimely dide.
Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,
Oft makes me wayle so hard a destenie.

2

After at sea a tall ship did appeare,
Made all of Heben and white Yuorie,
The sailes of golde, of silke the tackle were,
Milde was the winde, calme seem'd the sea to bee,
The skie eachwhere did show full bright and faire;
With rich treasures this gay ship fraighted was:
But sudden storme did so turmoyle the aire,
And tumbled vp the sea, that she (alas)
Strake on a rock, that vnder water lay,
And perished past all recouerie.
O how great ruth and sorrowfull assay,
Doth vex my spirite with perplexitie,
Thus in a moment to see lost and drown'd,
So great riches, as like cannot be found.

3

Then heauenly branches did I see arise
Out of the fresh and lustie Lawrell tree,
Amidst the yong greene wood: of Paradise
Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see:
Such store of birds therein yshrowded were,
Chaunting in shade their sundrie melodie,
That with their sweetnes I was rauish't nere.
While on this Lawrell fixed was mine eie,
The skie gan euerie where to ouercast,
And darkned was the welkin all about,
When sudden flash of heauens fire out brast,
And rent this royall tree quite by the roote,
Which makes me much and euer to complaine:
For no such shadow shalbe had againe.

4

Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise
A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,
Whereto approched not in anie wise
The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne;
But manie Muses, and the Nymphes withall,
That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the soft sounding of the waters fall,
That my glad hart thereat did much reioyce.
But while herein I tooke my chiefe delight,
I saw (alas) the gaping earth deuoure
The spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight.
Which yet aggreeues my hart euen to this houre,
And wounds my soule with rufull memorie,
To see such pleasures gon so suddenly.

29 Then *1569*: The *Q*, *F*

5

I saw a Phœnix in the wood alone,
With purple wings, and crest of golden hewe;
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
That of some heauenly wight I had the vewe;
Vntill he came vnto the broken tree,
And to the spring, that late deuoured was.
What say I more? each thing at last we see
Doth passe away: the Phœnix there alas
Spying the tree destroid, the water dride,
Himselfe smote with his beake, as in disdaine,
And so foorthwith in great despight he dide:
That yet my heart burnes in exceeding paine,
For ruth and pitie of so haples plight.
O let mine eyes no more see such a sight.

6

At last so faire a Ladie did I spie,
That thinking yet on her I burne and quake;
On hearbs and flowres she walked pensiuely,
Milde, but yet loue she proudly did forsake:
White seem'd her robes, yet wouen so they were,
As snow and golde together had been wrought.
Aboue the wast a darke clowde shrouded her,
A stinging Serpent by the heele her caught;
Wherewith she languisht as the gathered floure,
And well assur'd she mounted vp to ioy.
Alas, on earth so nothing doth endure,
But bitter griefe and sorrowfull annoy:
Which make this life wretched and miserable,
Tossed with stormes of fortune variable.

7

When I beheld this tickle trustles state
Of vaine worlds glorie, flitting too and fro,
And mortall men tossed by troublous fate
In restles seas of wretchednes and woe,
I wish I might this wearie life forgoe,
And shortly turne vnto my happie rest,
Where my free spirite might not anie moe
Be vext with sights, that doo her peace molest.
And ye faire Ladie, in whose bounteous brest
All heauenly grace and vertue shrined is,
When ye these rythmes doo read, and vew the rest,
Loath this base world, and thinke of heauens blis:
And though ye be the fairest of Gods creatures,
Yet thinke, that death shall spoyle your goodly features.

FINIS.

Q omits 7 *above this sonnet* 85 behold *Morris*: beheld *Q*, *Ff*
95 rythmes *Q*: rimes *F*

Daphnaïda.

An Elegie vpon the death of the noble and vertuous Douglas Howard, *Daughter and* heire of *Henry* Lord *Howard*, Vis-*count Byndon, and wife of* Arthure Gorges *Esquier.*

Dedicated to the Right honorable the Lady Helena, Marqueſſe of *Northampton.*

By Ed. Sp.

AT LONDON
Printed for William Ponſonby, *dwelling in* Paules Churchyard at the ſigne of the Biſhops head 1591.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND VER-

tuous Lady *Helena Marquesse* of North-hampton.

I *Haue the rather presumed humbly to offer vnto your Honour the dedication of this little Poëme, for that the noble and vertuous Gentlewoman of whom it is written, was by match neere alied, and in affection greatly deuoted vnto your Ladiship. The occasion why I wrote the same, was aswell the great good fame which I heard of her deceassed, as the particular goodwill which I beare vnto her husband Master* Arthur Gorges, *a louer of learning and vertue, whose house, as your Ladiship by mariage hath honoured, so doe I find the name of them by many notable records, to be of great antiquitie in this Realme; and such as haue euer borne themselues with honourable reputation to the world, and vnspotted loyaltie to their Prince and Countrey: besides so lineally are they descended from the* Howards, *as that the Lady* Anne Howard, *eldest daughter to* Iohn *Duke of* Norfolke, *was wife to Sir* Edmund, *mother to Sir* Edward, *and grandmother to Sir* William *and Sir* Thomas Gorges *Knightes. And therefore I doe assure my selfe, that no due honour done to the white Lyon but will be most gratefull to your Ladiship, whose husband and children do so neerely participate with the bloud of that noble family. So in all dutie I recommende this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honourable fauour and protection.* London *this first of Ianuarie.* 1591.

Your Honours humbly euer.

Ed. Sp.

The dedicatory letter is missing in B.M. copy of Q 1 13 honourable *F*: honoarable *Q* 26 Ed. *Q 2*: Edm. *F*

Daphnaïda.

WHat euer man he be, whose heauie minde
With griefe of mournefull great mishap opprest,
Fit matter for his cares increase would finde:
Let reade the rufull plaint herein exprest
Of one (I weene) the wofulst man aliue;
Euen sad *Alcyon*, whose empierced brest
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces riue.

But who so else in pleasure findeth sense,
Or in this wretched life dooth take delight,
Let him be banisht farre away from hence:
Ne let the sacred Sisters here be hight,
Though they of sorrowe heauilie can sing;
For euen their heauie song would breede delight:
But here no tunes, saue sobs and grones shall ring.

In stead of them, and their sweete harmonie,
Let those three fatall Sisters, whose sad hands
Doo weaue the direfull threds of destinie,
And in their wrath breake off the vitall bands,
Approach hereto: and let the dreadfull Queene
Of darkenes deepe come from the Stygian strands,
And grisly Ghosts to heare this dolefull teene.

In gloomie euening, when the wearie Sun
After his dayes long labour drew to rest,
And sweatie steeds now hauing ouer run
The compast skie, gan water in the west,
I walkt abroade to breath the freshing ayre
In open fields, whose flowring pride opprest
With early frosts, had lost their beautie faire.

3 finde: *Q 1*: fynd, *Q 2*, *F*

There came vnto my minde a troublous thought,
Which dayly dooth my weaker wit possesse,
Ne lets it rest, vntill it forth haue brought
Her long borne Infant, fruit of heauinesse,
Which she conceiued hath through meditation
Of this worlds vainnesse and lifes wretchednesse,
That yet my soule it deepely doth empassion.

So as I muzed on the miserie,
In which men liue, and I of many most,
Most miserable man; I did espie
Where towards me a sory wight did cost,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray:
And *Iaakob* staffe in hand deuoutlie crost,
Like to some Pilgrim come from farre away.

His carelesse locks, vncombed and vnshorne,
Hong long adowne, and beard all ouer growne,
That well he seemd to be sum wight forlorne;
Downe to the earth his heauie eyes were throwne
As loathing light: and euer as he went,
He sighed soft, and inly deepe did grone,
As if his heart in peeces would haue rent.

Approaching nigh, his face I vewed nere,
And by the semblant of his countenance,
Me seemd I had his person seene elsewhere,
Most like *Alcyon* seeming at a glaunce;
Alcyon he, the iollie Shepheard swaine,
That wont full merrilie to pipe and daunce,
And fill with pleasance euery wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt because of his disguize,
I softlie sayd *Alcyon?* There with all
He lookt a side as in disdainefull wise,
Yet stayed not: till I againe did call.
Then turning back he saide with hollow sound,
Who is it, that dooth name me, wofull thrall,
The wretchedst man that treades this day on ground?

43 vnshorne, *Q 2*, *F*: vnshorne *Q 1*

One, whome like wofulnesse impressed deepe,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heare,
And giuen like cause with thee to waile and weepe:
Griefe findes some ease by him that like does beare.
Then stay *Alcyon*, gentle shepheard stay,
(Quoth I) till thou haue to my trustie eare
Committed, what thee dooth so ill apay.

Cease foolish man (saide he halfe wrothfully)
To seeke to heare that which cannot be told:
For the huge anguish, which dooth multiplie
My dying paines, no tongue can well vnfold:
Ne doo I care, that any should bemone
My hard mishap, or any weepe that would,
But seeke alone to weepe, and dye alone.

Then be it so (quoth I) that thou art bent
To die alone, vnpitied, vnplained,
Yet ere thou die, it were conuenient
To tell the cause, which thee theretoo constrained:
Least that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,
That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt.

Who life dooes loath, and longs to bee vnbound
From the strong shackles of fraile flesh (quoth he)
Nought cares at all, what they that liue on ground
Deeme the occasion of his death to bee:
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
Than question made of his calamitie,
For harts deep sorrow hates both life and light.

Yet since so much thou seemst to rue my griefe,
And carest for one that for himselfe cares nought,
(Signe of thy loue, though nought for my reliefe:
For my reliefe exceedeth liuing thought)
I will to thee this heauie case relate.
Then harken well till it to ende be brought,
For neuer didst thou heare more haplesse fate.

64 deepe, *Q 2*, *F*: deepe *Q 1* 67 beare. *F*: beare, *Qq* 72 told: *2*, *F*: tolde. *Q 1* 76 mishap, *Q 1*: mishap *Q 2*, *F* 96 relate. *F*: late, *Qq*

Whilome I vsde (as thou right well doest know)
My little flocke on westerne downes to keepe,
Not far from whence *Sabrinaes* streame doth flow,
And flowrie bancks with siluer liquor steepe:
Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaunce,
For all my ioy was on my gentle sheepe,
And to my pype to caroll and to daunce.

It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearelesse and free, a faire young Lionesse,
White as the natiue Rose before the chaunge,
Which *Venus* blood did in her leaues impresse,
I spied playing on the grassie playne
Her youthfull sports and kindlie wantonnesse,
That did all other Beasts in beawtie staine.

Much was I moued at so goodly sight;
Whose like before mine eye had seldome seene,
And gan to cast, how I her compasse might,
And bring to hand, that yet had neuer beene:
So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,
That I her caught disporting on the grene,
And brought away fast bound with siluer chaine.

And afterwards I handled her so fayre,
That though by kind shee stout and saluage were,
For being borne an auncient Lions haire,
And of the race, that all wild beastes do feare;
Yet I her fram'd and wan so to my bent,
That shee became so meeke and milde of cheare,
As the least lamb in all my flock that went.

For shee in field, where euer I did wend,
Would wend with me, and waite by me all day:
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause requir'd, or els in sleepe, if nay,
Shee would all night by mee or watch, or sleepe;
And euermore when I did sleepe or play,
She of my flock would take full warie keepe.

100 keepe, *F*: keepe. *Qq* 106 befell, *Q 2*, *F*: befell *Q 1* 109 impresse, *Q 1*, *F*: impresse. *Q 2* 113 sight; *Qq*: sight, *F* 122 haire *Q 1*: hayre *Q 2*: heire *F*

Safe then and safest were my sillie sheepe,
Ne fear'd the Wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast:
All were I drown'd in carelesse quiet deepe:
My louelie Lionesse without beheast
So carefull was for them and for my good,
That when I waked, neither most nor least
I found miscaried or in plaine or wood.

Oft did the Shepeheards, which my hap did heare,
And oft their lasses which my luck enuide,
Daylie resort to me from farre and neare,
To see my Lyonesse, whose praises wide
Were spred abroad; and when her worthinesse
Much greater than the rude report they tri'de,
They her did praise, and my good fortune blesse.

Long thus I ioyed in my happinesse,
And well did hope my ioy would haue no end:
But oh fond man, that in worlds ficklenesse
Reposedst hope, or weenedst her thy frend,
That glories most in mortall miseries,
And daylie doth her changefull counsels bend
To make new matter fit for Tragedies.

For whilest I was thus without dread or dout,
A cruell *Satyre* with his murdrous dart,
Greedie of mischiefe ranging all about,
Gaue her the fatall wound of deadlie smart:
And reft fro me my sweete companion,
And reft fro me my loue, my life, my hart:
My Lyonesse (ah woe is mee) is gon.

Out of the world thus was she reft awaie,
Out of the world, vnworthie such a spoyle;
And borne to heauen, for heauen a fitter pray:
Much fitter than the Lyon, which with toyle
Alcides slew, and fixt in firmament;
Her now I seek throughout this earthlie soyle,
And seeking misse, and missing doe lament.

142 lasses *Qq*: lasses, *F* 153 bend *Q 2*: bend: *Q 1*, *F* 157 mischefe *Q 1*: mischiefe, *Q 2*, *F* 159 fro *Q 1*: from *Q 2*, *F* 160 hart: *Q 2*, *F*: hart, *Q 1*

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weepe,
That I for pittie of his heauie plight,
Could not abstaine mine eyes with teares to steepe:
But when I saw the anguish of his spright
Some deale alaid, I him bespake againe.
Certes *Alcyon*, painfull is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almost equall paine.

Yet doth not my dull wit well vnderstand
The riddle of thy loued Lionesse;
For rare it seemes in reason to be skand
That man, who doth the whole worlds rule possesse,
Should to a beast his noble hart embase,
And be the vassall of his vassalesse:
Therefore more plaine aread this doubtfull case.

Then sighing sore, *Daphne* thou knewest (quoth he)
She now is dead; ne more endured to say:
But fell to ground for great extreamitie,
That I beholding it, with deepe dismay
Was much appald, and lightlie him vprearing,
Reuoked life that would haue fled away,
All were my self through griefe in deadly drearing.

Then gan I him to comfort all my best,
And with milde counsaile stroue to mitigate
The stormie passion of his troubled brest;
But he thereby was more empassionate:
As stubborne steed, that is with curb restrained,
Becomes more fierce and feruent in his gate;
And breaking foorth at last, thus dearnelie plained.

1 What man henceforth, that breatheth vitall ayre,
Will honour heauen, or heauenlie powers adore?
Which so vniustlie doe their iudgments share;
Mongst earthlie wightes, as to afflict so sore
The innocent, as those which do transgresse,
And do not spare the best or fayrest, more
Than worst or fowlest, but doe both oppresse.

179 possesse, *F*: possesse *Qq* 192 brest; *F*: brest, *Qq*
202 fairest, more *Q 2*, *F*: fayrest more, *Q 1*

If this be right, why did they then create
The world so fayre, sith fairenesse is neglected?
Or whie be they themselues immaculate,
If purest things be not by them respected?
She faire, shee pure, most faire most pure shee was,
Yet was by them as thing impure reiected:
Yet shee in purenesse, heauen it selfe did pas.

In purenesse and in all celestiall grace,
That men admire in goodlie womankinde,
Shee did excell, and seem'd of Angels race,
Liuing on earth like Angell new diuinde,
Adorn'd with wisedome and with chastitie:
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

No age hath bred (since fayre *Astræa* left
The sinfull world) more vertue in a wight,
And when she parted hence, with her she reft
Great hope; and robd her race of bountie quight:
Well may the shepheard lasses now lament,
For dubble losse by her hath on them light;
To loose both her and bounties ornament.

Ne let *Elisa* royall Shepheardesse
The praises of my parted loue enuy,
For she hath praises in all plenteousnesse
Powr'd vpon her like showers of *Castaly*
By her own Shepheard, *Colin* her owne Shepherd,
That her with heauenly hymnes doth deifie,
Of rustick muse full hardly to be betterd.

She is the Rose, the glorie of the day,
And mine the Primrose in the lowly shade,
Mine, ah not mine; amisse I mine did say:
Not mine but his, which mine awhile her made:
Mine to be his, with him to liue for ay:
O that so faire a flower so soone should fade,
And through vntimely tempest fall away.

212 womankinde, *F*: womankinde; *Qq*
213 excell, *F*: excell *Qq* race, *Q 2*, *F*: race *Q 1*

She fell away in her first ages spring,
Whil'st yet her leafe was greene, and fresh her rinde,
And whil'st her braunch faire blossomes foorth did bring,
She fell away against all course of kinde:
For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong;
She fel away like fruit blowne downe with winde:
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vndersong.

2 What hart so stony hard, but that would weepe,
And poure foorth fountaines of incessant teares?
What *Timon*, but would let compassion creepe
Into his brest, and pierce his frosen eares?
In stead of teares, whose brackish bitter well
I wasted haue, my heart blood dropping weares,
To thinke to ground how that faire blossome fell.

Yet fell she not, as one enforst to dye,
Ne dyde with dread and grudging discontent,
But as one toyld with trauaile downe doth lye,
So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,
And closde her eyes with carelesse quietnesse;
The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,
And soule assoyld from sinfull fleshlinesse.

Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,
She all resolu'd and ready to remoue,
Calling to me (ay me) this wise bespake;
Alcyon, ah my first and latest loue,
Ah why does my *Alcyon* weepe and mourne,
And grieue my ghost, that ill mote him behoue,
As if to me had chanst some euill tourne?

I, since the messenger is come for mee,
That summons soules vnto the bridale feast
Of his great Lord, must needes depart from thee,
And straight obay his soueraine beheast:
Why should *Alcyon* then so sore lament,
That I from miserie shall be releast,
And freed from wretched long imprisonment?

254 discontent, *Q 2*, *F*: discontent *Q 1* 255 trauaile *Q 1*: trauell *Q 2*, *F*

Our daies are full of dolor and disease,
Our life afflicted with incessant paine,
That nought on earth may lessen or appease.
Why then should I desire here to remaine?
Or why should he that loues me, sorie bee
For my deliuerance, or at all complaine
My good to heare, and toward ioyes to see?

I goe, and long desired haue to goe,
I goe with gladnesse to my wished rest,
Whereas no worlds sad care, nor wasting woe
May come their happie quiet to molest,
But Saints and Angels in celestiall thrones
Eternally him praise, that hath them blest;
There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

Yet ere I goe, a pledge I leaue with thee
Of the late loue, the which betwixt vs past,
My yong *Ambrosia*, in lieu of mee
Loue her: so shall our loue for euer last.
Thus deare adieu, whom I expect ere long:
So hauing said, away she softly past:
Weep Shepheard weep, to make mine vndersong.

3 So oft as I record those piercing words,
Which yet are deepe engrauen in my brest,
And those last deadly accents, which like swords
Did wound my heart and rend my bleeding chest,
With those sweet sugred speaches doo compare,
The which my soule first conquerd and possest,
The first beginners of my endles care;

And when those pallid cheekes and ashy hew,
In which sad death his pourtraicture had writ,
And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the clowde of ghastly night did sit,
I match with that sweet smile and chearful brow,
Which all the world subdued vnto it;
How happie was I then, and wretched now?

286 blest; *Q 2*, *F*: blest, *Q 1*

How happie was I, when I saw her leade
The Shepheards daughters dauncing in a rownd?
How trimly would she trace and softly tread
The tender grasse with rosie garland crownd?
And when she list aduance her heauenly voyce,
Both Nimphs and Muses nigh she made astownd,
And flocks and shepheards caused to reioyce.

But now ye Shepheard lasses, who shall lead
Your wandring troupes, or sing your virelayes?
Or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is dead
That was the Lady of your holy dayes?
Let now your blisse be turned into bale,
And into plaints conuert your ioyous playes,
And with the same fill euery hill and dale.

Let Bagpipe neuer more be heard to shrill,
That may allure the senses to delight;
Ne euer Shepheard sound his Oaten quill
Vnto the many, that prouoke them might
To idle pleasance: but let ghastlinesse
And drery horror dim the chearfull light,
To make the image of true heauinesse.

Let birds be silent on the naked spray,
And shady woods resound with dreadfull yells:
Let streaming floods their hastie courses stay,
And parching drougth drie vp the christall wells;
Let th'earth be barren and bring foorth no flowres,
And th'ayre be fild with noyse of dolefull knells,
And wandring spirits walke vntimely howres.

And Nature nurse of euery liuing thing,
Let rest her selfe from her long wearinesse,
And cease henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
But hideous monsters full of vglinesse:
For she it is, that hath me done this wrong,
No nurse, but Stepdame, cruell, mercilesse,
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnder song.

337 Nature *Qq*: Nature, *F* 342 Stepdame, cruell, *Q 2*, *F*: Stepdame cruell *Q 1*

4 My little flocke, whom earst I lou'd so well,
And wont to feede with finest grasse that grew,
Feede ye hencefoorth on bitter *Astrofell*,
And stinking Smallage, and vnsauerie Rew;
And when your mawes are with those weeds corrupted,
Be ye the pray of Wolues: ne will I rew,
That with your carkasses wild beasts be glutted.

Ne worse to you my sillie sheepe I pray,
Ne sorer vengeance wish on you to fall
Than to my selfe, for whose confusde decay
To carelesse heauens I doo daylie call:
But heauens refuse to heare a wretches cry,
And cruell death doth scorne to come at call,
Or graunt his boone that most desires to dye.

The good and righteous he away doth take,
To plague th'vnrighteous which aliue remaine:
But the vngodly ones he doth forsake,
By liuing long to multiplie their paine:
Els surely death should be no punishment,
As the great Iudge at first did it ordaine,
But rather riddance from long languishment.

Therefore my *Daphne* they haue tane away;
For worthie of a better place was she:
But me vnworthie willed here to stay,
That with her lacke I might tormented be.
Sith then they so haue ordred, I will pay
Penance to her according their decree,
And to her ghost doo seruice day by day.

For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction wast my better age.
My bread shall be the anguish of my mind,
My drink the teares which fro mine eyes do raine,
My bed the ground that hardest I may finde;
So will I wilfully increase my paine.

And she my loue that was, my Saint that is,
When she beholds from her celestiall throne,
(In which shee ioyeth in eternall blis)
My bitter penance, will my case bemone,
And pitie me that liuing thus doo die:
For heauenly spirits haue compassion
On mortall men, and rue their miserie.

So when I haue with sorowe satisfide
Th'importune fates, which vengeance on me seeke,
And th'heauens with long languor pacifide,
She for pure pitie of my sufferance meeke,
Will send for me; for which I daylie long,
And will till then my painfull penance eeke:
Weep Shepheard, weep to make my vnder song.

5 Hencefoorth I hate what euer Nature made,
And in her workmanship no pleasure finde:
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade,
So soone as on them blowes the Northern winde,
They tarrie not, but flit and fall away,
Leauing behind them nought but griefe of minde,
And mocking such as thinke they long will stay.

I hate the heauen, because it doth withhold
Me from my loue, and eke my loue from me;
I hate the earth, because it is the mold
Of fleshly slime and fraile mortalitie;
I hate the fire, because to nought it flyes,
I hate the Ayre, because sighes of it be,
I hate the Sea, because it teares supplyes.

I hate the day, because it lendeth light
To see all things, and not my loue to see;
I hate the darknesse and the drery night,
Because they breed sad balefulnesse in mee:
I hate all times, because all times doo flye
So fast away, and may not stayed bee,
But as a speedie post that passeth by.

388 th'heauens *F*: th'eauens *Qq* 391 till *Hughes 1715*: tell *Qq*, *F*
395 fade, *Qq*: fade. *F*

I hate to speake, my voyce is spent with crying:
I hate to heare, lowd plaints haue duld mine eares:
I hate to tast, for food withholds my dying:
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares:
I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left:
I hate to feele, my flesh is numbd with feares:
So all my senses from me are bereft.

I hate all men, and shun all womankinde;
The one, because as I they wretched are,
The other, for because I doo not finde
My loue with them, that wont to be their Starre:
And life I hate, because it will not last,
And death I hate, because it life doth marre,
And all I hate, that is to come or past.

So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Because it changeth euer too and fro,
And neuer standeth in one certaine state,
But still vnstedfast round about doth goe,
Like a Mill wheele, in midst of miserie,
Driuen with streames of wretchednesse and woe,
That dying liues, and liuing still does dye.

So doo I liue, so doo I daylie die,
And pine away in selfe-consuming paine,
Sith she that did my vitall powres supplie,
And feeble spirits in their force maintaine
Is fetcht fro me, why seeke I to prolong
My wearie daies in dolor and disdaine?
Weep Shepheard weep to make my vnder song.

6 Why doo I longer liue in lifes despight?
And doo not dye then in despight of death:
Why doo I longer see this loathsome light,
And doo in darknesse not abridge my breath,
Sith all my sorrow should haue end thereby,
And cares finde quiet; is it so vneath
To leaue this life, or dolorous to dye?

422–3 one, . . . other, *Q 2*: one . . . other *Q 1* 442–3 despight? . death: *Qq*: despight, . . . death? *F*

To liue I finde it deadly dolorous;
For life drawes care, and care continuall woe:
Therefore to dye must needes be ioyeous,
And wishfull thing this sad life to forgoe.
But I must stay; I may it not amend,
My *Daphne* hence departing bad me so,
She bad me stay, till she for me did send.

Yet whilest I in this wretched vale doo stay,
My wearie feete shall euer wandring be,
That still I may be readie on my way,
When as her messenger doth come for me:
Ne will I rest my feete for feeblenesse,
Ne will I rest my limmes for fraïltie,
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heauinesse.

But as the mother of the Gods, that sought
For faire *Eurydice* her daughter deere
Throghout the world, with wofull heauie thought;
So will I trauell whilest I tarrie heere,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I euer lin,
Ne when as drouping *Titan* draweth neere
To loose his teeme, will I take vp my Inne.

Ne sleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights)
Shall euer lodge vpon mine ey-lids more;
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights,
Nor failing force to former strength restore:
But I will wake and sorrow all the night
With *Philumene*, my fortune to deplore,
With *Philumene*, the partner of my plight.

And euer as I see the starres to fall,
And vnder ground to goe, to giue them light
Which dwell in darknes, I to minde will call,
How my faire Starre (that shinde on me so bright)
Fell sodainly, and faded vnder ground;
Since whose departure, day is turnd to night,
And night without a *Venus* starre is found.

469 Inne *Q 2*, *F*: Innne *Q 1* 473 restore: *F*: restore, *Qq*
477 starres *Q 1*: starre *Q 2*, *F*

But soone as day doth shew his deawie face,
And calls foorth men vnto their toylsome trade,
I will withdraw me to some darksome place,
Or some deepe caue, or solitarie shade;
There will I sigh and sorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares vnlade:
Weep Shepheard, weep, to make my vndersong.

7 Hencefoorth mine eyes shall neuer more behold
Faire thing on earth, ne feed on false delight
Of ought that framed is of mortall moulde,
Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight:
For all I see is vaine and transitorie,
Ne will be helde in anie stedfast plight,
But in a moment loose their grace and glorie.

And ye fond men on fortunes wheele that ride,
Or in ought vnder heauen repose assurance,
Be it riches, beautie, or honors pride:
Be sure that they shall haue no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away;
For nought of them is yours, but th'onely vsance
Of a small time, which none ascertaine may.

And ye true Louers, whom desastrous chaunce
Hath farre exiled from your Ladies grace,
To mourne in sorrow and sad sufferaunce,
When ye doo heare me in that desert place
Lamenting lowde my *Daphnes* Elegie,
Helpe me to wayle my miserable case,
And when life parts, vouchsafe to close mine eye.

And ye more happie Louers, which enioy
The presence of your dearest loues delight,
When ye doo heare my sorrowfull annoy,
Yet pittie me in your empassiond spright,
And thinke that such mishap, as chaunst to me,
May happen vnto the most happiest wight;
For all mens states alike vnstedfast be.

487 deepe *Q 1*: deere *Q 2*, *F* 488 sigh *Q 1*: sigh, *Q 2*, *F*

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which do feed
Your carelesse flocks on hils and open plaines,
With better fortune, than did me succeed,
Remember yet my vndeserued paines;
And when ye heare, that I am dead or slaine,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow swaines
That sad *Alcyon* dyde in lifes disdaine.

And ye faire Damsels, Shepheards dere delights,
That with your loues do their rude hearts possesse,
When as my hearse shall happen to your sightes,
Vouchsafe to deck the same with Cyparesse;
And euer sprinckle brackish teares among,
In pitie of my vndeseru'd distresse,
The which I wretch, endured haue thus long.

And ye poore Pilgrimes, that with restlesse toyle
Wearie your selues in wandring desert wayes,
Till that you come, where ye your vowes assoyle,
When passing by ye read these wofull layes
On my graue written, rue my *Daphnes* wrong,
And mourne for me that languish out my dayes:
Cease Shepheard, cease, and end thy vndersong.

Thus when he ended had his heauie plaint,
The heauiest plaint that euer I heard sound,
His cheekes wext pale, and sprights began to faint,
As if againe he would haue fallen to ground;
Which when I saw, I (stepping to him light)
Amooued him out of his stonie swound,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no waie recomforted would be,
Nor suffer solace to approach him nie,
But casting vp a sdeinfull eie at me,
That in his traunce I would not let him lie,
Did rend his haire, and beat his blubbred face
As one disposed wilfullie to die,
That I sore grieu'd to see his wretched case.

522 paines; *F*: paines, *Qq*
524 swaines] swaines; *Qq*, *F*
526 Damsels, *F*: Damsels *Qq*
549 a sdeinfull *F*: asdeinfull *Qq*

Tho when the pang was somewhat ouerpast,
And the outragious passion nigh appeased,
I him desirde, sith daie was ouercast,
And darke night fast approched, to be pleased
To turne aside vnto my Cabinet,
And staie with me, till he were better eased
Of that strong stownd, which him so sore beset.
But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreate with me to staie,
But without taking leaue, he foorth did goe
With staggring pace and dismall lookes dismay,
As if that death he in the face had seene,
Or hellish hags had met vpon the way:
But what of him became I cannot weene.

FINIS.

COLIN. CLOVTS
Come home againe.

By Ed. Spencer.

BODLEIANA · BIBLIOTHECA

LONDON
Printed for *William Ponsonbie.*
1595.

TO THE RIGHT

worthy and noble Knight

Sir *Walter Raleigh*, Captaine of her Maiesties Guard, Lord Wardein of the Stanneries, *and Lieutenant of the Countie of Cornwall.*

(·.·)

SIR, that you may see that I am not alwaies ydle as yee thinke, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogither vndutifull, though not precisely officious, I make you present of this simple pastorall, vnworthie of your higher conceipt for the meanesse of the stile, but agreeing with the truth in circumstance and matter. The which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of paiment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge my selfe bounden vnto you, for your singular fauours and sundrie good turnes shewed to me at my late being in England, and with your good countenance protect against the malice of euill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning. I pray continually for your happinesse. From my house of Kilcolman *the* 27. *of December.* 1591.

Yours euer humbly.

Ed. Sp.

COLIN CLOVTS
come home againe.

THe shepheards boy (best knowen by that name)
That after *Tityrus* first sung his lay,
Laies of sweet loue, without rebuke or blame,
Sate (as his custome was) vpon a day,
Charming his oaten pipe vnto his peres,
The shepheard swaines that did about him play:
Who all the while with greedie listfull eares,
Did stand astonisht at his curious skill,
Like hartlesse deare, dismayd with thunders sound.
At last when as he piped had his fill,
He rested him: and sitting then around,
One of those groomes (a iolly groome was he,
As euer piped on an oaten reed,
And lou'd this shepheard dearest in degree,
Hight *Hobbinol*) gan thus to him areed.
Colin my liefe, my life, how great a losse
Had all the shepheards nation by thy lacke?
And I poore swaine of many greatest crosse:
That sith thy *Muse* first since thy turning backe
Was heard to sound as she was wont on hye,
Hast made vs all so blessed and so blythe.
Whilest thou wast hence, all dead in dole did lie:
The woods were heard to waile full many a sythe,
And all their birds with silence to complaine:
The fields with faded flowers did seem to mourne,
And all their flocks from feeding to refraine:
The running waters wept for thy returne,
And all their fish with languour did lament:
But now both woods and fields, and floods reviue,
Sith thou art come, their cause of meriment,
That vs late dead, hast made againe aliue:

1 knowen *F*: knowne *Q* 18 And I, poore swaine, of many, greatest crosse: *F*

But were it not too painfull to repeat
The passed fortunes, which to thee befell
In thy late voyage, we thee would entreat,
Now at thy leisure them to vs to tell.
To whom the shepheard gently answered thus,
Hobbin thou temptest me to that I couet:
For of good passed newly to discus,
By dubble vsurie doth twise renew it.
And since I saw that Angels blessed eie,
Her worlds bright sun, her heauens fairest light,
My mind full of my thoughts satietie,
Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight:
Since that same day in nought I take delight,
Ne feeling haue in any earthly pleasure,
But in remembrance of that glorious bright,
My lifes sole blisse, my hearts eternall threasure.
Wake then my pipe, my sleepie *Muse* awake,
Till I haue told her praises lasting long:
Hobbin desires, thou maist it not forsake,
Harke then ye iolly shepheards to my song.
With that they all gan throng about him neare,
With hungrie eares to heare his harmonie:
The whiles their flocks deuoyd of dangers feare,
Did round about them feed at libertie.
One day (quoth he) I sat, (as was my trade)
Vnder the foote of *Mole* that mountaine hore,
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade,
Of the greene alders by the *Mullaes* shore:
There a straunge shepheard chaunst to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right:
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight, himselfe he did ycleepe,
The shepheard of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main-sea deepe.
He sitting me beside in that same shade,

37 *Hobbin Q*: *Hobbin, F* 44 delight, *F*: delight. *Q*
67 deepe. *F*: deepe, *Q*

Prouoked me to plaie some pleasant fit,
And when he heard the musicke which I made,
He found himselfe full greatly pleasd at it:
Yet æmuling my pipe, he tooke in hond
My pipe before that æmuled of many,
And plaid theron; (for well that skill he cond)
Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.
He pip'd, I sung; and when he sung, I piped,
By chaunge of turnes, each making other mery,
Neither enuying other, nor enuied,
So piped we, vntill we both were weary.
There interrupting him, a bonie swaine,
That *Cuddy* hight, him thus atweene bespake:
And should it not thy readie course restraine,
I would request thee *Colin*, for my sake,
To tell what thou didst sing, when he did plaie.
For well I weene it worth recounting was,
Whether it were some hymne, or morall laie,
Or carol made to praise thy loued lasse.
Nor of my loue, nor of my losse (quoth he).
I then did sing, as then occasion fell:
For loue had me forlorne, forlorne of me,
That made me in that desart chose to dwell.
But of my riuer *Bregogs* loue I soong,
Which to the shiny *Mulla* he did beare,
And yet doth beare, and euer will, so long
As water doth within his bancks appeare.
Of fellow ship (said then that bony Boy)
Record to vs that louely lay againe:
The staie whereof, shall nought these eares annoy,
Who all that *Colin* makes, do couet faine.
Heare then (quoth he) the tenor of my tale,
In sort as I it to that shepheard told:
No leasing new, nor Grandams fable stale,
But auncient truth confirm'd with credence old.
Old father *Mole*, (*Mole* hight that mountain gray
That walls the Northside of *Armulla* dale)

88 losse *Q*: Lasse *F* 91 chose *Q*: choose *F*

He had a daughter fresh as floure of May,
Which gaue that name vnto that pleasant vale;
Mulla the daughter of old *Mole*, so hight.
The Nimph, which of that water course has charge,
That springing out of *Mole*, doth run downe right
To *Butteuant*, where spreading forth at large,
It giueth name vnto that auncient Cittie,
Which *Kilnemullah* cleped is of old:
Whose ragged ruines breed great ruth and pittie,
To trauailers, which it from far behold.
Full faine she lou'd, and was belou'd full faine,
Of her owne brother riuer, *Bregog* hight,
So hight because of this deceitfull traine,
Which he with *Mulla* wrought to win delight.
But her old sire more carefull of her good,
And meaning her much better to preferre,
Did thinke to match her with the neighbour flood,
Which *Allo* hight, Broad water called farre:
And wrought so well with his continuall paine,
That he that riuer for his daughter wonne:
The dowre agreed, the day assigned plaine,
The place appointed where it should be doone.
Nath lesse the Nymph her former liking held;
For loue will not be drawne, but must be ledde,
And *Bregog* did so well her fancie weld,
That her good will he got her first to wedde.
But for her father sitting still on hie,
Did warily still watch which way she went,
And eke from far obseru'd with iealous eie,
Which way his course the wanton *Bregog* bent,
Him to deceiue for all his watchfull ward,
The wily louer did deuise this slight:
First into many parts his streame he shar'd,
That whilest the one was watcht, the other might
Passe vnespide to meete her by the way;
And then besides, those little streames so broken
He vnder ground so closely did conuay,

131 got *Q*: got, *F*

That of their passage doth appeare no token,
Till they into the *Mullaes* water slide.
So secretly did he his loue enioy:
Yet not so secret, but it was descride,
And told her father by a shepheards boy.
Who wondrous wroth for that so foule despight,
In great auenge did roll downe from his hill
Huge mightie stones, the which encomber might
His passage, and his water-courses spill.
So of a Riuer, which he was of old,
He none was made, but scattred all to nought,
And lost emong those rocks into him rold,
Did lose his name: so deare his loue he bought.
Which hauing said, him *Thestylis* bespake,
Now by my life this was a mery lay:
Worthie of *Colin* selfe, that did it make.
But read now eke of friendship I thee pray,
What dittie did that other shepheard sing?
For I do couet most the same to heare,
As men vse most to couet forreine thing.
That shall I eke (quoth he) to you declare.
His song was all a lamentable lay,
Of great vnkindnesse, and of vsage hard,
Of *Cynthia* the Ladie of the sea,
Which from her presence faultlesse him debard.
And euer and anon with singults rife,
He cryed out, to make his vndersong
Ah my loues queene, and goddesse of my life,
Who shall me pittie, when thou doest me wrong?
Then gan a gentle bony lasse to speake,
That *Marin* hight, Right well he sure did plaine:
That could great *Cynthiaes* sore displeasure breake,
And moue to take him to her grace againe.
But tell on further *Colin*, as befell
Twixt him and thee, that thee did hence dissuade.
When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,
(Quoth he) and each an end of singing made,

168 singults *F*: singulfs *Q* 173 *Marin Q*: *Martin F*

He gan to cast great lyking to my lore,
And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot:
That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.
The which to leaue, thenceforth he counseld mee,
Vnmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull,
And wend with him, his *Cynthia* to see:
Whose grace was great, and bounty most rewardfull.
Besides her peerlesse skill in making well
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
Such as all womankynd did far excell:
Such as the world admyr'd and praised it:
So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
He me perswaded forth with him to fare:
Nought tooke I with me, but mine oaten quill:
Small needments else need shepheard to prepare.
So to the sea we came; the sea? that is
A world of waters heaped vp on hie,
Rolling like mountaines in wide wildernesse,
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse crie.
And is the sea (quoth *Coridon*) so fearfull?
Fearful much more (quoth he) then hart can fear:
Thousand wyld beasts with deep mouthes gaping direfull
Therin stil wait poore passengers to teare.
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,
Before he die, alreadie dead with feare,
And yet would liue with heart halfe stonie cold,
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.
And yet as ghastly dreadfull, as it seemes,
Bold men presuming life for gaine to sell,
Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring stremes
Seek waies vnknowne, waies leading down to hell.
For as we stood there waiting on the strond,
Behold an huge great vessell to vs came,
Dauncing vpon the waters back to lond,
As if it scornd the daunger of the same,
Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,

185 regardfull, *F*: regardfull *Q* 193 fare: *F*: fare, *Q*

Glewed togither with some subtile matter,
Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,
And life to moue it selfe vpon the water.
Strange thing, how bold and swift the monster was,
That neither car'd for wynd, nor haile, nor raine,
Nor swelling waues, but thorough them did passe
So proudly, that she made them roare againe.
The same aboord vs gently did receaue,
And without harme vs farre away did beare,
So farre that land our mother vs did leaue,
And nought but sea and heauen to vs appeare.
Then hartlesse quite and full of inward feare,
That shepheard I besought to me to tell,
Vnder what skie, or in what world we were,
In which I saw no liuing people dwell.
Who me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that same was the Regiment
Of a great shepheardesse, that *Cynthia* hight,
His liege his Ladie, and his lifes Regent.
If then (quoth I) a shepheardesse she bee,
Where be the flockes and heards, which she doth keep?
And where may I the hills and pastures see,
On which she vseth for to feed her sheepe?
These be the hills (quoth he) the surges hie,
On which faire *Cynthia* her heards doth feed:
Her heards be thousand fishes with their frie,
Which in the bosome of the billowes breed.
Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chief,
Is *Triton* blowing loud his wreathed horne:
At sound whereof, they all for their relief
Wend too and fro at euening and at morne.
And *Proteus* eke with him does driue his heard
Of stinking Seales and Porcpisces together,
With hoary head and deawy dropping beard,
Compelling them which way he list, and whether.
And I among the rest of many least,
Haue in the Ocean charge to me assignd:

249–51 together . . . whether *Q*: togither . . . whither *F*

Where I will liue or die at her beheast,
And serue and honour her with faithfull mind.
Besides an hundred Nymphs all heauenly borne,
And of immortall race, doo still attend
To wash faire *Cynthiaes* sheep, when they be shorne,
And fold them vp, when they haue made an end.
Those be the shepheards which my *Cynthia* serue,
At sea, beside a thousand moe at land:
For land and sea my *Cynthia* doth deserue
To haue in her commandement at hand.
Thereat I wondred much, till wondring more
And more, at length we land far off descryde:
Which sight much gladed me; for much afore
I feard, least land we neuer should haue eyde:
Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
As if the way she perfectly had knowne.
We *Lunday* passe; by that same name is ment
An Island, which the first to west was showne.
From thence another world of land we kend,
Floting amid the sea in ieopardie,
And round about with mightie white rocks hemd,
Against the seas encroching crueltie.
Those same the shepheard told me, were the fields
In which dame *Cynthia* her landheards fed,
Faire goodly fields, then which *Armulla* yields
None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red.
The first to which we nigh approched, was
An high headland thrust far into the sea,
Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,
Yet seemed to be a goodly pleasant lea:
There did a loftie mount at first vs greet,
Which did a stately heape of stones vpreare,
That seemd amid the surges for to fleet,
Much greater then that frame, which vs did beare:
There did our ship her fruitfull wombe vnlade,
And put vs all ashore on *Cynthias* land.
What land is that thou meanst (then *Cuddy* sayd)

266 gladed *Q*: gladded *F*

And is there other, then whereon we stand?
Ah *Cuddy* (then quoth *Colin*) thous a son,
That hast not seene least part of natures worke:
Much more there is vnkend, then thou doest kon,
And much more that does from mens knowledge lurke.
For that same land much larger is then this,
And other men and beasts and birds doth feed:
There fruitfull corne, faire trees, fresh herbage is
And all things else that liuing creatures need.
Besides most goodly riuers there appeare,
No whit inferiour to thy *Funchins* praise,
Or vnto *Allo* or to *Mulla* cleare:
Nought hast thou foolish boy seene in thy daies.
But if that land be there (quoth he) as here,
And is theyr heauen likewise there all one?
And if like heauen, be heauenly graces there,
Like as in this same world where we do wone?
Both heauen and heauenly graces do much more
(Quoth he) abound in that same land, then this.
For there all happie peace and plenteous store
Conspire in one to make contented blisse:
No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard,
No bloodie issues nor no leprosies,
No griesly famine, nor no raging sweard,
No nightly bodrags, nor no hue and cries;
The shepheards there abroad may safely lie,
On hills and downes, withouten dread or daunger:
No rauenous wolues the good mans hope destroy,
Nor outlawes fell affray the forest raunger.
There learned arts do florish in great honor,
And Poets wits are had in peerlesse price:
Religion hath lay powre to rest vpon her,
Aduancing vertue and suppressing vice.
For end, all good, all grace there freely growes,
Had people grace it gratefully to vse:
For God his gifts there plenteously bestowes,
But gracelesse men them greatly do abuse.

292 thous *Q*: thou's *F* 303 daies. *F*: daies, *Q*

But say on further, then said *Corylas*,
The rest of thine aduentures, that betyded.
Foorth on our voyage we by land did passe,
(Quoth he) as that same shepheard still vs guyded,
Vntill that we to *Cynthiaes* presence came:
Whose glorie, greater then my simple thought,
I found much greater then the former fame;
Such greatnes I cannot compare to ought:
But if I her like ought on earth might read,
I would her lyken to a crowne of lillies,
Vpon a virgin brydes adorned head,
With Roses dight and Goolds and Daffadillies;
Or like the circlet of a Turtle true,
In which all colours of the rainbow bee;
Or like faire *Phebes* garlond shining new,
In which all pure perfection one may see.
But vaine it is to thinke by paragone
Of earthly things, to iudge of things diuine:
Her power, her mercy, and her wisedome, none
Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define.
Why then do I base shepheard bold and blind,
Presume the things so sacred to prophane?
More fit it is t'adore with humble mind,
The image of the heauens in shape humane.
With that *Alexis* broke his tale asunder,
Saying, By wondring at thy *Cynthiaes* praise,
Colin, thy selfe thou mak'st vs more to wonder,
And her vpraising, doest thy selfe vpraise.
But let vs heare what grace she shewed thee,
And how that shepheard strange, thy cause aduanced?
The shepheard of the Ocean (quoth he)
Vnto that Goddesse grace me first enhanced,
And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare,
That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,
And it desir'd at timely houres to heare,
All were my notes but rude and roughly dight.
For not by measure of her owne great mynd,

333 glorie, *F*: glorie *Q* 353 praise,] praise: *Q*, *F*
363 dight. *F*: dight, *Q*

And wondrous worth she mott my simple song,
But ioyd that country shepheard ought could fynd
Worth harkening to, emongst the learned throng.
Why? (said *Alexis* then) what needeth shee
That is so great a shepheardesse her selfe,
And hath so many shepheards in her fee,
To heare thee sing, a simple silly Elfe?
Or be the shepheards which do serue her laesie,
That they list not their mery pipes applie?
Or be their pipes vntunable and craesie,
That they cannot her honour worthylie?
Ah nay (said *Colin*) neither so, nor so:
For better shepheards be not vnder skie,
Nor better hable, when they list to blow
Their pipes aloud, her name to glorifie.
There is good *Harpalus*, now woxen aged
In faithfull seruice of faire *Cynthia:*
And there is *Corydon* though meanly waged,
Yet hablest wit of most I know this day.
And there is sad *Alcyon* bent to mourne,
Though fit to frame an euerlasting dittie,
Whose gentle spright for *Daphnes* death doth tourn
Sweet layes of loue to endlesse plaints of pittie.
Ah pensiue boy pursue that braue conceipt,
In thy sweet Eglantine of *Meriflure*,
Lift vp thy notes vnto their wonted height,
That may thy *Muse* and mates to mirth allure.
There eke is *Palin* worthie of great praise,
Albe he enuie at my rustick quill:
And there is pleasing *Alcon*, could he raise
His tunes from laies to matter of more skill.
And there is old *Palemon* free from spight,
Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer rew:
Yet he himselfe may rewed be more right,
That sung so long vntill quite hoarse he grew.
And there is *Alabaster* throughly taught,
In all this skill, though knowen yet to few:

367 the *Q*: that *F* 378 blow *F*: blow, *Q* 380 *Harpalus*, . . . ed] *Harpalus* . . . aged, *Q*: *Harpalus*, . . . aged, *F* 382 *Corydon F*: *Corydon Q* 401 few: *F*: few, *Q*

Yet were he knowne to *Cynthia* as he ought,
His Eliseïs would be redde anew.
Who liues that can match that heroick song,
Which he hath of that mightie Princesse made?
O dreaded Dread, do not thy selfe that wrong,
To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade:
But call it forth, O call him forth to thee,
To end thy glorie which he hath begun:
That when he finisht hath as it should be,
No brauer Poeme can be vnder Sun.
Nor *Po* nor *Tyburs* swans so much renowned,
Nor all the brood of *Greece* so highly praised,
Can match that *Muse* when it with bayes is crowned,
And to the pitch of her perfection raised.
And there is a new shepheard late vp sprong,
The which doth all afore him far surpasse:
Appearing well in that well tuned song,
Which late he sung vnto a scornfull lasse.
Yet doth his trembling *Muse* but lowly flie,
As daring not too rashly mount on hight,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie,
In loues soft laies and looser thoughts delight.
Then rouze thy feathers quickly *Daniell*,
And to what course thou please thy selfe aduance:
But most me seemes, thy accent will excell,
In Tragick plaints and passionate mischance.
And there that shepheard of the Ocean is,
That spends his wit in loues consuming smart:
Full sweetly tempred is that *Muse* of his
That can empierce a Princes mightie hart.
There also is (ah no, he is not now)
But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone and lies full low,
Hauing his *Amaryllis* left to mone.
Helpe, O ye shepheards helpe ye all in this,
Helpe *Amaryllis* this her losse to mourne:
Her losse is yours, your losse *Amyntas* is,
Amyntas floure of shepheards pride forlorne:

He whilest he liued was the noblest swaine,
That euer piped in an oaten quill:
Both did he other, which could pipe, maintaine,
And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill.
And there though last not least is *Aetion*,
A gentler shepheard may no where be found:
Whose *Muse* full of high thoughts inuention,
Doth like himselfe Heroically sound.
All these, and many others mo remaine,
Now after *Astrofell* is dead and gone:
But while as *Astrofell* did liue and raine,
Amongst all these was none his Paragone.
All these do florish in their sundry kynd,
And do their *Cynthia* immortall make:
Yet found I lyking in her royall mynd,
Not for my skill, but for that shepheards sake.
Then spake a louely lasse, hight *Lucida*,
Shepheard, enough of shepheards thou hast told,
Which fauour thee, and honour *Cynthia:*
But of so many Nymphs which she doth hold
In her retinew, thou hast nothing sayd;
That seems, with none of them thou fauor foundest,
Or art ingratefull to each gentle mayd,
That none of all their due deserts resoundest.
Ah far be it (quoth *Colin Clout*) fro me,
That I of gentle Mayds should ill deserue:
For that my selfe I do professe to be
Vassall to one, whom all my dayes I serue;
The beame of beautie sparkled from aboue,
The floure of vertue and pure chastitie,
The blossome of sweet ioy and perfect loue,
The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie:
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrize:
To her my loue I lowly do prostrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice:
My thought, my heart, my loue, my life is shee,
And I hers euer onely, euer one:

One euer I all vowed hers to bee,
One euer I, and others neuer none.
Then thus *Melissa* said; Thrise happie Mayd,
Whom thou doest so enforce to deifie:
That woods, and hills, and valleyes thou hast made
Her name to eccho vnto heauen hie.
But say, who else vouchsafed thee of grace?
They all (quoth he) me graced goodly well,
That all I praise, but in the highest place,
Vrania, sister vnto *Astrofell*,
In whose braue mynd, as in a golden cofer,
All heauenly gifts and riches locked are:
More rich then pearles of *Ynde*, or gold of *Opher*,
And in her sex more wonderfull and rare.
Ne lesse praise worthie I *Theana* read,
Whose goodly beames though they be ouer dight
With mourning stole of carefull wydowhead,
Yet through that darksome vale do glister bright;
She is the well of bountie and braue mynd,
Excelling most in glorie and great light:
She is the ornament of womankind,
And Courts chief garlond with all vertues dight.
Therefore great *Cynthia* her in chiefest grace
Doth hold, and next vnto her selfe aduance,
Well worthie of so honourable place,
For her great worth and noble gouernance.
Ne lesse praise worthie is her sister deare,
Faire *Marian*, the *Muses* onely darling:
Whose beautie shyneth as the morning cleare,
With siluer deaw vpon the roses pearling.
Ne lesse praise worthie is *Mansilia*,
Best knowne by bearing vp great *Cynthiaes* traine:
That same is she to whom *Daphnaida*
Vpon her neeces death I did complaine.
She is the paterne of true womanhead,
And onely mirrhor of feminitie:
Worthie next after *Cynthia* to tread,

487 *Vrania F*: *Vriana Q* 488 mynd, *F*: mind *Q*

As she is next her in nobilitie.
Ne lesse praise worthie *Galathea* seemes,
Then best of all that honourable crew,
Faire *Galathea* with bright shining beames,
In flaming feeble eyes that her do view.
She there then waited vpon *Cynthia*,
Yet there is not her won, but here with vs
About the borders of our rich *Coshma*,
Now made of *Maa* the Nymph delitious.
Ne lesse praisworthie faire *Neæra* is,
Neæra ours, not theirs, though there she be,
For of the famous Shure, the Nymph she is,
For high desert, aduaunst to that degree.
She is the blosome of grace and curtesie,
Adorned with all honourable parts:
She is the braunch of true nobilitie,
Belou'd of high and low with faithfull harts.
Ne lesse praisworthie *Stella* do I read,
Though nought my praises of her needed arre,
Whom verse of noblest shepheard lately dead
Hath prais'd and rais'd aboue each other starre.
Ne lesse praisworthie are the sisters three,
The honor of the noble familie:
Of which I meanest boast my selfe to be,
And most that vnto them I am so nie.
Phyllis, *Charillis*, and sweet *Amaryllis*,
Phillis the faire, is eldest of the three:
The next to her, is bountifull *Charillis*.
But th'youngest is the highest in degree.
Phyllis the floure of rare perfection,
Faire spreading forth her leaues with fresh delight,
That with their beauties amorous reflexion,
Bereaue of sence each rash beholders sight.
But sweet *Charillis* is the Paragone
Of peerlesse price, and ornament of praise,
Admyr'd of all, yet enuied of none,
Through the myld temperance of her goodly raies.
Thrice happie do I hold thee noble swaine,

The which art of so rich a spoile possest,
And it embracing deare without disdaine,
Hast sole possession in so chaste a brest:
Of all the shepheards daughters which there bee,
(And yet there be the fairest vnder skie,
Or that elsewhere I euer yet did see)
A fairer Nymph yet neuer saw mine eie:
She is the pride and primrose of the rest,
Made by the maker selfe to be admired:
And like a goodly beacon high addrest,
That is with sparks of heauenle beautie fired.
But *Amaryllis*, whether fortunate,
Or else vnfortunate may I aread,
That freed is from *Cupids* yoke by fate,
Since which she doth new bands aduenture dread.
Shepheard what euer thou hast heard to be
In this or that praysd diuersly apart,
In her thou maist them all assembled see,
And seald vp in the threasure of her hart.
Ne thee lesse worthie gentle *Flauia*,
For thy chaste life and vertue I esteeme:
Ne thee lesse worthie curteous *Candida*,
For thy true loue and loyaltie I deeme.
Besides yet many mo that *Cynthia* serue,
Right noble Nymphs, and high to be commended:
But if I all should praise as they deserue,
This sun would faile me ere I halfe had ended.
Therefore in closure of a thankfull mynd,
I deeme it best to hold eternally,
Their bounteous deeds and noble fauours shrynd,
Then by discourse them to indignifie.
So hauing said, *Aglaura* him bespake:
Colin, well worthie were those goodly fauours
Bestowd on thee, that so of them doest make,
And them requitest with thy thankfull labours.
But of great *Cynthiaes* goodnesse and high grace,
Finish the storie which thou hast begunne.

557–8 (And . . . see) *F*: And . . . see. *Q* 567 she *Q*: he *F*
588 grace, *Q*: grace *F*

More eath (quoth he) it is in such a case
How to begin, then know how to haue donne.
For euerie gift and euerie goodly meed,
Which she on me bestowd, demaunds a day;
And euerie day, in which she did a deed,
Demaunds a yeare it duly to display.
Her words were like a streame of honny fleeting,
The which doth softly trickle from the hiue:
Hable to melt the hearers heart vnweeting,
And eke to make the dead againe aliue.
Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes,
Which load the braunches of the fruitfull vine:
Offring to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the same with store of timely wine.
Her lookes were like beames of the morning Sun,
Forth looking through the windowes of the East:
When first the fleecie cattell haue begun
Vpon the perled grasse to make their feast.
Her thoughts are like the fume of Franckincence,
Which from a golden Censer forth doth rise:
And throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro thence
In rolling globes vp to the vauted skies.
There she beholds with high aspiring thought,
The cradle of her owne creation:
Emongst the seats of Angels heauenly wrought,
Much like an Angell in all forme and fashion,
Colin (said *Cuddy* then) thou hast forgot
Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so hie:
Such loftie flight, base shepheard seemeth not,
From flocks and fields, to Angels and to skie.
True (answered he) but her great excellence,
Lifts me aboue the measure of my might:
That being fild with furious insolence,
I feele my selfe like one yrapt in spright.
For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
Then want I words to speake it fitly forth:
And when I speake of her what I haue thought,

600 clusters *F*: glusters *Q* 601 braunches *Collier*: bunches *Q*, *F*

I cannot thinke according to her worth.
Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake,
So long as life my limbs doth hold together,
And when as death these vitall bands shall breake,
Her name recorded I will leaue for euer.
Her name in euery tree I will endosse,
That as the trees do grow, her name may grow:
And in the ground each where will it engrosse,
And fill with stones, that all men may it know.
The speaking woods and murmuring waters fall,
Her name Ile teach in knowen termes to frame:
And eke my lambs when for their dams they call,
Ile teach to call for *Cynthia* by name.
And long while after I am dead and rotten:
Amongst the shepheards daughters dancing rownd,
My layes made of her shall not be forgotten.
But sung by them with flowry gyrlonds crownd.
And ye, who so ye be, that shall surviue:
When as ye heare her memory renewed,
Be witnesse of her bountie here aliue,
Which she to *Colin* her poore shepheard shewed.
  Much was the whole assembly of those heards,
Moov'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake:
And stood awhile astonisht at his words,
Till *Thestylis* at last their silence brake,
Saying, Why *Colin*, since thou foundst such grace
With *Cynthia* and all her noble crew:
Why didst thou euer leaue that happie place,
In which such wealth might vnto thee accrew?
And back returnedst to this barrein soyle,
Where cold and care and penury do dwell:
Here to keep sheepe, with hunger and with toyle,
Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell.
  Happie indeed (said *Colin*) I him hold,
That may that blessed presence still enioy,
Of fortune and of enuy vncomptrold,
Which still are wont most happie states t'annoy:

But I by that which little while I prooued:
Some part of those enormities did see,
The which in Court continually hooued,
And followd those which happie seemd to bee.
Therefore I silly man, whose former dayes
Had in rude fields bene altogether spent,
Durst not aduenture such vnknowen wayes,
Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment,
But rather chose back to my sheep to tourne,
Whose vtmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
Then hauing learnd repentance late, to mourne
Emongst those wretches which I there descryde.
Shepheard (said *Thestylis*) it seemes of spight
Thou speakest thus gainst their felicitie,
Which thou enuiest, rather then of right
That ought in them blameworthie thou doest spie.
Cause haue I none (quoth he) of cancred will
To quite them ill, that me demeand so well:
But selfe-regard of priuate good or ill,
Moues me of each, so as I found, to tell,
And eke to warne yong shepheards wandring wit,
Which through report of that liues painted blisse,
Abandon quiet home, to seeke for it,
And leaue their lambes to losse, misled amisse.
For sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
For shepheard fit to lead in that same place,
Where each one seeks with malice and with strife,
To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,
Himselfe to raise: and he doth soonest rise
That best can handle his deceitfull wit,
In subtil shifts, and finest sleights deuise,
Either by slaundring his well deemed name,
Through leasings lewd, and fained forgerie:
Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,
By creeping close into his secrecie;
To which him needs a guilefull hollow hart,
Masked with faire dissembling curtesie,

670 Durst *F*: Darest *Q* 683 tell, *F*: tell *Q*
687 losse, *F*: losse *Q* 699 needs *Todd*: needs, *Q*, *Ff*

A filed toung furnisht with tearmes of art,
No art of schoole, but Courtiers schoolery.
For arts of schoole haue there small countenance,
Counted but toyes to busie ydle braines,
And there professours find small maintenance,
But to be instruments of others gaines.
Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
Vnlesse to please, it selfe it can applie:
But shouldred is, or out of doore quite shit,
As base, or blunt, vnmeet for melodie.
For each mans worth is measured by his weed,
As harts by hornes, or asses by their eares:
Yet asses been not all whose eares exceed,
Nor yet all harts, that hornes the highest beares.
For highest lookes haue not the highest mynd,
Nor haughtie words most full of highest thoughts:
But are like bladders blowen vp with wynd,
That being prickt do vanish into noughts.
Euen such is all their vaunted vanitie,
Nought else but smoke, that fumeth soone away;
Such is their glorie that in simple eie
Seeme greatest, when their garments are most gay.
So they themselues for praise of fooles do sell,
And all their wealth for painting on a wall;
With price whereof, they buy a golden bell,
And purchace highest rowmes in bowre and hall:
Whiles single Truth and simple honestie
Do wander vp and downe despys'd of all;
Their plaine attire such glorious gallantry
Disdaines so much, that none them in doth call.
Ah *Colin* (then said *Hobbinol*) the blame
Which thou imputest, is too generall,
As if not any gentle wit of name,
Nor honest mynd might there be found at all.
For well I wot, sith I my selfe was there,
To wait on *Lobbin* (*Lobbin* well thou knewest)
Full many worthie ones then waiting were,
As euer else in Princes Court thou vewest.

720 away; *F*: away, *Q*

Of which, among you many yet remaine,
Whose names I cannot readily now ghesse:
Those that poore Sutors papers do retaine,
And those that skill of medicine professe.
And those that do to *Cynthia* expound
The ledden of straunge languages in charge:
For *Cynthia* doth in sciences abound,
And giues to their professors stipends large.
Therefore vniustly thou doest wyte them all,
For that which thou mislikedst in a few.
Blame is (quoth he) more blamelesse generall,
Then that which priuate errours doth pursew:
For well I wot, that there amongst them bee,
Full many persons of right worthie parts,
Both for report of spotlesse honestie,
And for profession of all learned arts,
Whose praise hereby no whit impaired is,
Though blame do light on those that faultie bee,
For all the rest do most-what fare amis,
And yet their owne misfaring will not see:
For either they be puffed vp with pride,
Or fraught with enuie that their galls do swell,
Or they their dayes to ydlenesse diuide,
Or drownded lie in pleasures wastefull well,
In which like Moldwarps nousling still they lurke,
Vnmyndfull of chiefe parts of manlinesse,
And do themselues for want of other worke,
Vaine votaries of laesie loue professe,
Whose seruice high so basely they ensew,
That *Cupid* selfe of them ashamed is,
And mustring all his men in *Venus* vew,
Denies them quite for seruitors of his.
And is loue then (said *Corylas*) once knowne
In Court, and his sweet lore professed there?
I weened sure he was our God alone:
And only woond in fields and forests here.
Not so (quoth he) loue most aboundeth there.

743 expound *F*: expound, *Q* 757 fare *F*: far *Q* 762 rownded *Q*: drowned *F* 772 there? *F*: there, *Q* 774 here. (*and fresh paragraph at* 775) *F*: here, (*and fresh paragraph at* 776) *Q*

For all the walls and windows there are writ,
All full of loue, and loue, and loue my deare,
And all their talke and studie is of it.
Ne any there doth braue or valiant seeme,
Vnlesse that some gay Mistresse badge he beares:
Ne any one himselfe doth ought esteeme,
Vnlesse he swim in loue vp to the eares.
But they of loue and of his sacred lere,
(As it should be) all otherwise deuise,
Then we poore shepheards are accustomd here,
And him do sue and serue all otherwise.
For with lewd speeches and licentious deeds,
His mightie mysteries they do prophane,
And vse his ydle name to other needs,
But as a complement for courting vaine.
So him they do not serue as they professe,
But make him serue to them for sordid vses,
Ah my dread Lord, that doest liege hearts possesse,
Auenge thy selfe on them for their abuses.
But we poore shepheards, whether rightly so,
Or through our rudenesse into errour led,
Do make religion how we rashly go,
To serue that God, that is so greatly dred;
For him the greatest of the Gods we deeme,
Borne without Syre or couples, of one kynd,
For *Venus* selfe doth soly couples seeme,
Both male and female, through commixture ioynd,
So pure and spotlesse *Cupid* forth she brought,
And in the gardens of *Adonis* nurst:
Where growing, he his owne perfection wrought,
And shortly was of all the Gods the first.
Then got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
In which so fell and puissant he grew,
That *Ioue* himselfe his powre began to dread,
And taking vp to heauen, him godded new.
From thence he shootes his arrowes euery where

795–6 shepheards, . . . led, *F*: shepheards . . . led: *Q* 800 couples, *F*: couples *Q* 802 female, *F*: female *Q* 805 growing, he *F*: growing he, *Q*

Into the world, at randon as he will,
On vs fraile men, his wretched vassals here,
Like as himselfe vs pleaseth, saue or spill.
So we him worship, so we him adore
With humble hearts to heauen vplifted hie,
That to true loues he may vs euermore
Preferre, and of their grace vs dignifie:
Ne is there shepheard, ne yet shepheards swaine,
What euer feeds in forest or in field,
That dare with euil deed or leasing vaine
Blaspheme his powre, or termes vnworthie yield.
Shepheard it seemes that some celestiall rage
Of loue (quoth *Cuddy*) is breath'd into thy brest,
That powreth forth these oracles so sage,
Of that high powre, wherewith thou art possest.
But neuer wist I till this present day
Albe of loue I alwayes humbly deemed,
That he was such an one, as thou doest say,
And so religiously to be esteemed.
Well may it seeme by this thy deep insight,
That of that God the Priest thou shouldest bee:
So well thou wot'st the mysterie of his might,
As if his godhead thou didst present see.
Of loues perfection perfectly to speake,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed (said *Colin*) passeth reasons reach,
And needs his priest t'expresse his powre diuine.
For long before the world he was y'bore
And bred aboue in *Venus* bosome deare:
For by his powre the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.
For how should else things so far from attone
And so great enemies as of them bee,
Be euer drawne together into one,
And taught in such accordance to agree?
Through him the cold began to couet heat,
And water fire; the light to mount on hie,
And th'heauie downe to peize; the hungry t'eat

846 agree? *F*: agree. *Q*

And voydnesse to seeke full satietie.
So being former foes, they wexed friends,
And gan by litle learne to loue each other:
So being knit, they brought forth other kynds
Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.
Then first gan heauen out of darknesse dread
For to appeare, and brought forth chearfull day:
Next gan the earth to shew her naked head,
Out of deep waters which her drownd alway.
And shortly after, euerie liuing wight
Crept forth like wormes out of her slimie nature,
Soone as on them the Suns life giuing light,
Had powred kindly heat and formall feature,
Thenceforth they gan each one his like to loue,
And like himselfe desire for to beget,
The Lyon chose his mate, the Turtle Doue
Her deare, the Dolphin his owne Dolphinet:
But man that had the sparke of reasons might,
More then the rest to rule his passion,
Chose for his loue the fairest in his sight,
Like as himselfe was fairest by creation.
For beautie is the bayt which with delight
Doth man allure, for to enlarge his kynd,
Beautie the burning lamp of heauens light,
Darting her beames into each feeble mynd:
Against whose powre, nor God nor man can fynd,
Defence, ne ward the daunger of the wound,
But being hurt, seeke to be medicynd
Of her that first did stir that mortall stownd.
Then do they cry and call to loue apace,
With praiers lowd importuning the skie,
Whence he them heares, and when he list shew grace,
Does graunt them grace that otherwise would die.
So loue is Lord of all the world by right,
And rules the creatures by his powrfull saw:
All being made the vassalls of his might,

859 after, . . . wight *F*: after . . . wight, *Q* 861 life giuing *F 2*: like giuing *Q*, *F* 866 Dolphinet: *F*: Dolphinet, *Q* 868 passion, *F*: passion: *Q* 884 the *F*: their *Q*

Through secret sence which therto doth them draw.
Thus ought all louers of their lord to deeme:
And with chaste heart to honor him alway:
But who so else doth otherwise esteeme,
Are outlawes, and his lore do disobay.
For their desire is base, and doth not merit,
The name of loue, but of disloyall lust:
Ne mongst true louers they shall place inherit,
But as Exuls out of his court be thrust.
So hauing said, *Melissa* spake at will,
Colin, thou now full deeply hast divynd:
Of loue and beautie, and with wondrous skill,
Hast *Cupid* selfe depainted in his kynd.
To thee are all true louers greatly bound,
That doest their cause so mightily defend:
But most, all wemen are thy debtors found,
That doest their bountie still so much commend.
That ill (said *Hobbinol*) they him requite,
For hauing loued euer one most deare:
He is repayd with scorne and foule despite,
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare.
Indeed (said *Lucid*) I haue often heard
Faire *Rosalind* of diuers fowly blamed:
For being to that swaine too cruell hard,
That her bright glorie else hath much defamed.
But who can tell what cause had that faire Mayd
To vse him so that vsed her so well:
Or who with blame can iustly her vpbrayd,
For louing not? for who can loue compell?
And sooth to say, it is foolhardie thing,
Rashly to wyten creatures so diuine,
For demigods they be and first did spring
From heauen, though graft in frailnesse feminine.
And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
How one that fairest *Helene* did reuile:
Through iudgement of the Gods to been ywroken
Lost both his eyes and so remaynd long while,

897 beautie, *F*: beautie *Q* 914 compell? *F*: compell. *Q*

Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with treble praise:
Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read betimes,
How rashly blame of *Rosalind* ye raise.
Ah shepheards (then said *Colin*) ye ne weet
How great a guilt vpon your heads ye draw:
To make so bold a doome with words vnmeet,
Of thing celestiall which ye neuer saw.
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepheards daughters which emongst you bee,
But of diuine regard and heauenly hew,
Excelling all that euer ye did see.
Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
But to my selfe the blame that lookt so hie:
So hie her thoughts as she her selfe haue place,
And loath each lowly thing with loftie eie.
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swaine, sith her I may not loue:
Yet that I may her honour paravant,
And praise her worth, though far my wit aboue.
Such grace shall be some guerdon for the griefe,
And long affliction which I haue endured:
Such grace sometimes shall giue me some reliefe,
And ease of paine which cannot be recured.
And ye my fellow shepheards which do see
And heare the languours of my too long dying,
Vnto the world for euer witnesse bee,
That hers I die, nought to the world denying,
This simple trophe of her great conquest.
So hauing ended, he from ground did rise,
And after him vprose eke all the rest:
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
Warnd them to draw their bleating flocks to rest.

FINIS.

923–4 rimes, . . . praise: *F*: rimes: . . . praise, *Q*
954 skies *F 2*: skies, *Q*: skies. *F*

ASTROPHEL.

A Paſtorall Elegie vpon the death of the moſt Noble and valorous Knight, Sir *Philip Sidney*.

Dedicated

To the moſt beautifull and vertuous Ladie, the Counteſſe of Eſſex.

Astrophel.

SHepheards that wont on pipes of oaten reed,
Oft times to plaine your loues concealed smart:
And with your piteous layes haue learnd to breed
Compassion in a countrey lasses hart.
Hearken ye gentle shepheards to my song,
And place my dolefull plaint your plaints emong.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
The mournfulst verse that euer man heard tell:
To you whose softened hearts it may empierse,
With dolours dart for death of Astrophel.
To you I sing and to none other wight,
For well I wot my rymes bene rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nycer wit
Shall hap to heare, or couet them to read:
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the liuing but the dead.
And if in him found pity euer place,
Let him be moov'd to pity such a case.

A Gentle Shepheard borne in *Arcady*,
Of gentlest race that euer shepheard bore:
About the grassie bancks of *Hæmony*,
Did keepe his sheep, his litle stock and store.
Full carefully he kept them day and night,
In fairest fields, and *Astrophel* he hight.

Young *Astrophel* the pride of shepheards praise,
Young *Astrophel* the rusticke lasses loue:
Far passing all the pastors of his daies,
In all that seemly shepheard might behoue.
In one thing onely fayling of the best,
That he was not so happie as the rest.

For from the time that first the Nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to feed,
A sclender swaine excelling far each other,
In comely shape, like her that did him breed,
He grew vp fast in goodnesse and in grace,
And doubly faire wox both in mynd and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle vsage and demeanure myld:
That all mens hearts with secret rauishment
He stole away, and weetingly beguyld.
Ne spight it selfe that all good things doth spill,
Found ought in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his ioyance innocent,
Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall:
And he himselfe seemd made for meriment,
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.
There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,
When *Astrophel* so euer was away.

For he could pipe and daunce, and caroll sweet,
Emongst the shepheards in their shearing feast:
As Somers larke, that with her song doth greet
The dawning day forth comming from the East.
And layes of loue he also could compose.
Thrise happie she, whom he to praise did chose.

Full many Maydens often did him woo,
Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,
Or make for them as he was wont to doo,
For her that did his heart with loue inflame.
For which they promised to dight, for him,
Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

And many a Nymph both of the wood and brooke,
Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill:
Both christall wells and shadie groues forsooke,
To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill.

14 feed, *F*: feed: *Q* 16 breed, *F*: breed. *Q* 33 larke, *F*: larke *Q* greet *F*: greet, *Q* 35 compose. *F*: compose, *Q* 41 dight, *F*: dight *Q*

And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
Or mellow fruit if it were haruest time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
Yet wood Gods for them often sighed sore:
Ne for their gifts vnworthie of his wit,
Yet not vnworthie of the countries store.
For one alone he cared, for one he sight,
His lifes desire, and his deare loues delight.

Stella the faire, the fairest star in skie,
As faire as *Venus* or the fairest faire:
A fairer star saw neuer liuing eie,
Shot her sharp pointed beames through purest aire.
Her he did loue, her he alone did honor,
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all vpon her.

To her he vowd the seruice of his daies,
On her he spent the riches of his wit:
For her he made hymnes of immortall praise,
Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ.
Her, and but her, of loue he worthie deemed,
For all the rest but litle he esteemed.

Ne her with ydle words alone he wowed,
And verses vaine (yet verses are not vaine)
But with braue deeds to her sole seruice vowed,
And bold atchieuements her did entertaine.
For both in deeds and words he nourtred was,
Both wise and hardie (too hardie alas).

In wrestling nimble, and in renning swift,
In shooting steddie, and in swimming strong:
Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to lift,
And all the sports that shepheards are emong.
In euery one he vanquisht euery one,
He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting, such felicitie,
Or rather infelicitie he found:

50 often *F*: oft *Q* 53 sight *Q*: sigh't *F* 65 but her, *F*: but her *Q* 73–4 In wrestling, nimble; and in running, swift; In shooting, steddie; and in swimming, *F* 79 hunting, *F*: hunting *Q* 80 rather *F*: rather, *F*

That euery field and forest far away,
He sought, where saluage beasts do most abound.
No beast so saluage but he could it kill,
No chace so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill matcht with such courage as he had,
Did prick him foorth with proud desire of praise:
To seek abroad, of daunger nought y'drad,
His mistresse name, and his owne fame to raise.
What needeth perill to be sought abroad,
Since round about vs, it doth make aboad?

It fortuned, as he that perilous game
In forreine soyle pursued far away:
Into a forest wide and waste he came
Where store he heard to be of saluage pray.
So wide a forest and so waste as this,
Nor famous *Ardeyn*, nor fowle *Arlo* is.

There his welwouen toyles and subtil traines
He laid, the brutish nation to enwrap:
So well he wrought with practise and with paines,
That he of them great troups did soone entrap.
Full happie man (misweening much) was hee,
So rich a spoile within his power to see.

Eftsoones all heedlesse of his dearest hale,
Full greedily into the heard he thrust:
To slaughter them, and worke their finall bale,
Least that his toyle should of their troups be brust.
Wide wounds emongst them many one he made,
Now with his sharp borespear, now with his blade.

His care was all how he them all might kill,
That none might scape (so partiall vnto none)
Ill mynd so much to mynd anothers ill,
As to become vnmyndfull of his owne.
But pardon that vnto the cruell skies,
That from himselfe to them withdrew his eies.

89 needeth *F*: need *Q*
91 fortuned, as he *F*: fortuned as he, *Q*
93 wide *F*: wide, *Q*
97–8 traines He laid, *F*: traines, He laid *Q*
106 brust *Q*: burst *F*

So as he rag'd emongst that beastly rout,
A cruell beast of most accursed brood
Vpon him turnd (despeyre makes cowards stout)
And with fell tooth accustomed to blood,
Launched his thigh with so mischieuous might,
That it both bone and muscles ryued quight.

So deadly was the dint and deep the wound,
And so huge streames of blood thereout did flow,
That he endured not the direfull stound,
But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw.
The whiles the captiue heard his nets did rend,
And hauing none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah where were ye this while his shepheard peares,
To whom aliue was nought so deare as hee:
And ye faire Mayds the matches of his yeares,
Which in his grace did boast you most to bee?
Ah where were ye, when he of you had need,
To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed?

Ah wretched boy the shape of dreryhead,
And sad ensample of mans suddein end:
Full litle faileth but thou shalt be dead,
Vnpitied, vnplaynd, of foe or frend.
Whilest none is nigh, thine eylids vp to close,
And kisse thy lips like faded leaues of rose.

A sort of shepheards sewing of the chace,
As they the forest raunged on a day:
By fate or fortune came vnto the place,
Where as the lucklesse boy yet bleeding lay.
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still haue bled,
Had not good hap those shepheards thether led.

They stopt his wound (too late to stop it was)
And in their armes then softly did him reare:
Tho (as he wild) vnto his loued lasse,
His dearest loue him dolefully did beare.
The dolefulst beare that euer man did see,
Was *Astrophel*, but dearest vnto mee.

116 brood] brood: *Q*, *F* 122 flow, *F*: flow: *Q*

She when she saw her loue in such a plight,
With crudled blood and filthie gore deformed:
That wont to be with flowers and gyrlonds dight,
And her deare fauours dearly well adorned,
Her face, the fairest face, that eye mote see,
She likewise did deforme like him to bee.

Her yellow locks that shone so bright and long,
As Sunny beames in fairest somers day
She fiersly tore, and with outragious wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away.
And her faire brest the threasury of ioy,
She spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy.

His palled face impictured with death,
She bathed oft with teares and dried oft:
And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath,
Out of his lips like lillies pale and soft.
And oft she cald to him, who answerd nought,
But onely by his lookes did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret,
And piteous mone the which she for him made,
No toong can tell, nor any forth can set,
But he whose heart like sorrow did inuade.
At last when paine his vitall powres had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staied not a whit,
But after him did make vntimely haste:
Forth with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
And followed her make like Turtle chaste.
To proue that death their hearts cannot diuide,
Which liuing were in loue so firmly tide.

The Gods which all things see, this same beheld,
And pittying this paire of louers trew,
Transformed them there lying on the field,
Into one flowre that is both red and blew.

154 adorned, *F*: adorned *Q* 158 day] dáy: *Q*, *F* 161 brest *Q*: brest, *F* 166 lips *Q*: lips, *F* 170 made, *F*: made: *Q* 182 trew, *F*: trew: *Q*

It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade,
Like *Astrophel*, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appeares,
As fairly formd as any star in skyes:
Resembling *Stella* in her freshest yeares,
Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes,
And all the day it standeth full of deow,
Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow.

That hearbe of some, Starlight is cald by name,
Of others *Penthia*, though not so well:
But thou where euer thou doest finde the same,
From this day forth do call it *Astrophel.*
And when so euer thou it vp doest take,
Do pluck it softly for that shepheards sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did passe,
The shepheards all which loued him full deare,
And sure full deare of all he loued was,
Did thether flock to see what they did heare.
And when that pitteous spectacle they vewed.
The same with bitter teares they all bedewed.

And euery one did make exceeding mone,
With inward anguish and great griefe opprest:
And euery one did weep and waile, and mone,
And meanes deviz'd to shew his sorrow best.
That from that houre since first on grassie greene
Shepheards kept sheep, was not like mourning seen.

But first his sister that *Clorinda* hight,
The gentlest shepheardesse that liues this day:
And most resembling both in shape and spright
Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay.
Which least I marre the sweetnesse of the vearse,
In sort as she it sung, I will rehearse.

200 deare,] deare: *Q*: deare *followed by bracket* (And . . . was) *F*
209 greene *F*: greene, *Q*

AY me, to whom shall I my case complaine,
That may compassion my impatient griefe?
Or where shall I enfold my inward paine,
That my enriuen heart may find reliefe?
Shall I vnto the heauenly powres it show?
Or vnto earthly men that dwell below?

To heauens? ah they alas the authors were,
And workers of my vnremedied wo:
For they foresee what to vs happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so.
From them comes good, from them comes also il,
That which they made, who can them warne to spill.

To men? ah they alas like wretched bee,
And subiect to the heauens ordinance:
Bound to abide what euer they decree,
Their best redresse, is their best sufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort mee,
The which no lesse, need comforted to bee?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrow mourne,
Sith none aliue like sorrowfull remaines:
And to my selfe my plaints shall back retourne,
To pay their vsury with doubled paines.
The woods, the hills, the riuers shall resound
The mournfull accent of my sorrowes ground.

Woods, hills and riuers, now are desolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace:
And all the fields do waile their widow state,
Sith death their fairest flowre did late deface.
The fairest flowre in field that euer grew,
Was *Astrophel*; that was, we all may rew,

What cruell hand of cursed foe vnknowne,
Hath cropt the stalke which bore so faire a flowre?
Vntimely cropt, before it well were growne,
And cleane defaced in vntimely howre.
Great losse to all that euer him did see,
Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee.

17 they, like wretched, *F*: they like wetched *Q* 35 did see *F*: see *Q*

Breake now your gyrlonds, O ye shepheards lasses,
Sith the faire flowre, which them adornd, is gon:
The flowre, which them adornd, is gone to ashes,
Neuer againe let lasse put gyrlond on.
In stead of gyrlond, weare sad Cypres nowe,
And bitter Elder, broken from the bowe.

Ne euer sing the loue-layes which he made,
Who euer made such layes of loue as hee?
Ne euer read the riddles, which he sayd
Vnto your selues, to make you mery glee.
Your mery glee is now laid all abed,
Your mery maker now alasse is dead.

Death the deuourer of all worlds delight,
Hath robbed you and reft fro me my ioy:
Both you and me, and all the world he quight
Hath robd of ioyance, and left sad annoy.
Ioy of the world, and shepheards pride was hee,
Shepheards hope neuer like againe to see.

Oh death that hast vs of such riches reft,
Tell vs at least, what hast thou with it done?
What is become of him whose flowre here left
Is but the shadow of his likenesse gone.
Scarse like the shadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pas.

But that immortall spirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestiall grace:
By soueraine choyce from th'heuenly quires select,
And lineally deriv'd from Angels race,
O what is now of it become, aread.
Ay me, can so diuine a thing be dead?

Ah no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
But liues for aie, in blisfull Paradise:
Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth lie.
In bed of lillies wrapt in tender wise.
And compast all about with roses sweet,
And daintie violets from head to feet.

65 become, *F*: become *Q*

There thousand birds all of celestiall brood,
To him do sweetly caroll day and night:
And with straunge notes, of him well vnderstood,
Lull him a sleep in Angelick delight;
Whilest in sweet dreame to him presented bee
Immortall beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees and takes exceeding pleasure
Of their diuine aspects, appearing plaine,
And kindling loue in him aboue all measure,
Sweet loue still ioyous, neuer feeling paine.
For what so goodly forme he there doth see,
He may enioy from iealous rancor free.

There liueth he in euerlasting blis,
Sweet spirit neuer fearing more to die:
Ne dreading harme from any foes of his,
Ne fearing saluage beasts more crueltie.
Whilest we here wretches waile his priuate lack,
And with vaine vowes do often call him back.

But liue thou there still happie, happie spirit,
And giue vs leaue thee here thus to lament:
Not thee that doest thy heauens ioy inherit,
But our owne selues that here in dole are drent.
Thus do we weep and waile, and wear our eies,
Mourning in others, our owne miseries.

Which when she ended had, another swaine
Of gentle wit and daintie sweet deuice:
Whom *Astrophel* full deare did entertaine,
Whilest here he liv'd, and held in passing price,
Hight *Thestylis*, began his mournfull tourne,
And made the *Muses* in his song to mourne.

And after him full many other moe,
As euerie one in order lov'd him best,
Gan dight themselues t'expresse their inward woe,
With dolefull layes vnto the time addrest.
The which I here in order will rehearse,
As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearse.

76 Angelick *Q*: Angel-like *F* 104 As *Q*: And *F*

The mourning Muse *of* Thestylis.

COme forth ye Nymphes come forth, forsake your watry bowres,
Forsake your mossy caues, and help me to lament:
Help me to tune my dolefull notes to gurgling sound
Of *Liffies* tumbling streames: Come let salt teares of ours,
Mix with his waters fresh. O come, let one consent
Ioyne vs to mourne with wailfull plaints the deadly wound
Which fatall clap hath made; decreed by higher powres.
The dreery day in which they haue from vs yrent
The noblest plant that might from East to West be found.
Mourne, mourn, great *Philips* fall, mourn we his wofull end,
Whom spitefull death hath pluct vntimely from the tree,
Whiles yet his yeares in flowre, did promise worthie frute.
Ah dreadfull *Mars* why didst thou not thy knight defend?
What wrathfull mood, what fault of ours hath moued thee
Of such a shining light to leaue vs destitute?
Thou with benigne aspect sometime didst vs behold,
Thou hast in Britons valour tane delight of old,
And with thy presence oft vouchsaft to attribute
Fame and renowme to vs for glorious martiall deeds.
But now thy ireful bemes haue chill'd our harts with cold;
Thou hast estrang'd thy self, and deignest not our land:
Farre off to others now, thy fauour honour breeds,
And high disdaine doth cause thee shun our clime (I feare)
For hadst thou not bene wroth, or that time neare at hand,
Thou wouldst haue heard the cry that woful England made,
Eke *Zelands* piteous plaints, and *Hollands* toren heare
Would haply haue appeas'd thy diuine angry mynd:
Thou shouldst haue seen the trees refuse to yeeld their shade,
And wailing to let fall the honor of their head,
And birds in mournfull tunes lamenting in their kinde:
Vp from his tombe the mightie *Corineus* rose,
Who cursing oft the fates that this mishap had bred,
His hoary locks he tare, calling the heauens vnkinde.

The Mourning Muse] *Each line of Q is printed in F as two short lines, he second without capital letter.* 1 your *F*: you *Q* 5 come, *F*: ome *Q* 16 Thou *F*: Tho *Q* 20 thy *Hughes 1715*: their *Q*, *Ff* 28 shade, *F*: shade *Q*

The *Thames* was heard to roare, the *Reyne* and eke the *Mose*,
The *Schald*, the *Danow* selfe this great mischance did rue,
With torment and with grief; their fountains pure and cleere
Were troubled, and with swelling flouds declar'd their woes.
The *Muses* comfortles, the Nymphs with paled hue,
The *Siluan* Gods likewise came running farre and neere,
And all with teares bedeawd, and eyes cast vp on hie,
O help, O help ye Gods, they ghastly gan to crie.
O chaunge the cruell fate of this so rare a wight,
And graunt that natures course may measure out his age.
The beasts their foode forsooke, and trembling fearfully,
Each sought his caue or den, this cry did them so fright.
Out from amid the waues, by storme then stirr'd to rage
This crie did cause to rise th'old father *Ocean* hoare,
Who graue with eld, and full of maiestie in sight,
Spake in this wise. Refrain (quoth he) your teares and plaints,
Cease these your idle words, make vaine requests no more.
No humble speech nor mone, may moue the fixed stint
Of destinie or death: Such is his will that paints
The earth with colours fresh; the darkest skies with store
Of starry lights: And though your teares a hart of flint
Might tender make, yet nought herein they will preuaile.
Whiles thus he said, the noble knight, who gan to feele
His vitall force to faint, and death with cruell dint
Of direfull dart his mortall bodie to assaile,
With eyes lift vp to heav'n, and courage franke as steele,
With cheerfull face, where valour liuely was exprest,
But humble mynd he said. O Lord if ought this fraile
And earthly carcasse haue thy seruice sought t'aduaunce,
If my desire haue bene still to relieue th'opprest:
If Iustice to maintaine that valour I haue spent
Which thou me gau'st; or if henceforth I might aduaunce
Thy name, thy truth, then spare me (Lord) if thou think best;
Forbeare these vnripe yeares. But if thy will be bent,
If that prefixed time be come which thou hast set,
Through pure and feruent faith, I hope now to be plast,
In th'euerlasting blis, which with thy precious blood
Thou purchase didst for vs. With that a sigh he fet,

And straight a cloudie mist his sences ouercast,
His lips waxt pale and wan, like damaske roses bud
Cast from the stalke, or like in field to purple flowre,
Which languisheth being shred by culter as it past.
A trembling chilly cold ran throgh their veines, which were
With eies brimfull of teares to see his fatall howre,
Whose blustring sighes at first their sorrow did declare,
Next, murmuring ensude; at last they not forbeare
Plaine outcries, all against the heau'ns that enuiously
Depriv'd vs of a spright so perfect and so rare.
The Sun his lightsom beames did shrowd, and hide his face
For griefe, whereby the earth feard night eternally:
The mountaines eachwhere shooke, the riuers turn'd their
And th'aire gan winterlike to rage and fret apace: (streames,
And grisly ghosts by night were seene, and fierie gleames,
Amid the clouds with claps of thunder, that did seeme
To rent the skies, and made both man and beast afeard:
The birds of ill presage this lucklesse chance foretold,
By dernfull noise, and dogs with howling made man deeme
Some mischief was at hand: for such they do esteeme
As tokens of mishap, and so haue done of old.
Ah that thou hadst but heard his louely *Stella* plaine
Her greeuous losse, or seene her heauie mourning cheere,
While she with woe opprest, her sorrowes did vnfold.
Her haire hung lose neglect, about her shoulders twaine,
And from those two bright starres, to him sometime so deere,
Her heart sent drops of pearle, which fell in foyson downe
Twixt lilly and the rose. She wroong her hands with paine,
And piteously gan say, My true and faithfull pheere,
Alas and woe is me, why should my fortune frowne
On me thus frowardly to rob me of my ioy?
What cruell enuious hand hath taken thee away,
And with thee my content, my comfort and my stay?
Thou onelie wast the ease of trouble and annoy:
When they did me assaile, in thee my hopes did rest.
Alas what now is left but grief, that night and day
Afflicts this wofull life, and with continuall rage
Torments ten thousand waies my miserable brest?

80 heau'ns *F*: heau's *Q* 97 deere, *F*: deere *Q*
105 annoy: *F*: annoy, *Q*

O greedie enuious heau'n what needed thee to haue
Enricht with such a Iewell this vnhappie age,
To take it back againe so soone? Alas when shall
Mine eies see ought that may content them, since thy graue
My onely treasure hides the ioyes of my poore hart?
As here with thee on earth I liv'd, euen so equall
Methinkes it were with thee in heau'n I did abide:
And as our troubles all we here on earth did part,
So reason would that there of thy most happie state
I had my share. Alas if thou my trustie guide
Were wont to be, how canst thou leaue me thus alone
In darknesse and astray; weake, wearie, desolate,
Plung'd in a world of woe, refusing for to take
Me with thee, to the place of rest where thou art gone.
This said, she held her peace, for sorrow tide her toong;
And insteed of more words, seemd that her eies a lake
Of teares had bene, they flow'd so plenteously therefro:
And with her sobs and sighs, th'aire round about her roong.
If *Venus* when she waild her deare *Adonis* slaine,
Ought moov'd in thy fiers hart compassion of her woe,
His noble sisters plaints, her sighes and teares emong,
Would sure haue made thee milde, and inly rue her paine:
Aurora halfe so faire, her selfe did neuer show,
When from old *Tithons* bed, shee weeping did arise.
The blinded archer-boy, like larke in showre of raine
Sat bathing of his wings, and glad the time did spend
Vnder those cristall drops, which fell from her faire eies,
And at their brightest beames him proynd in louely wise.
Yet sorie for her grief, which he could not amend,
The gentle boy gan wipe her eies, and clear those lights,
Those lights through which, his glory and his conquests shine.
The Graces tuckt her hair, which hung like threds of gold,
Along her yuorie brest the treasure of delights.
All things with her to weep, it seemed, did encline,
The trees, the hills, the dales, the caues, the stones so cold.
The aire did help them mourne, with dark clouds, raine and mist,
Forbearing many a day to cleare it selfe againe,
Which made them eftsoones feare the daies of *Pirrha* shold,

Of creatures spoile the earth, their fatall threds vntwist.
For *Phœbus* gladsome raies were wished for in vaine,
And with her quiuering light *Latonas* daughter faire,
And *Charles-waine* eke refus'd to be the shipmans guide.
On *Neptune* warre was made by *Aeolus* and his traine,
Who letting loose the winds, tost and tormented th'aire,
So that on eu'ry coast men shipwrack did abide,
Or else were swallowed vp in open sea with waues,
And such as came to shoare, were beaten with despaire.
The Medwaies siluer streames, that wont so still to slide,
Were troubled now and wrothe: whose hidden hollow caues
Along his banks with fog then shrowded from mans eye,
Ay *Phillip* did resownd, aie *Phillip* they did crie.
His Nimphs were seen no more (thogh custom stil it craues)
With haire spred to the wynd themselues to bath or sport,
Or with the hooke or net, barefooted wantonly
The pleasant daintie fish to entangle or deceiue.
The shepheards left their wonted places of resort,
Their bagpipes now were still; their louing mery layes
Were quite forgot; and now their flocks, men might perceiue
To wander and to straie, all carelesly neglect.
And in the stead of mirth and pleasure, nights and dayes,
Nought els was to be heard, but woes, complaints and mone.
But thou (O blessed soule) doest haply not respect,
These teares we shead, though full of louing pure affect,
Hauing affixt thine eyes on that most glorious throne,
Where full of maiestie the high creator reignes.
In whose bright shining face thy ioyes are all complete,
Whose loue kindles thy spright, where happie alwaies one,
Thou liu'st in blis that earthly passion neuer staines;
Where from the purest spring the sacred *Nectar* sweete
Is thy continuall drinke: where thou doest gather now
Of well emploied life, th'inestimable gaines.
There *Venus* on thee smiles, *Apollo* giues thee place,
And *Mars* in reuerent wise doth to thy vertue bow,
And decks his fiery sphere, to do thee honour most.
In highest part whereof, thy valour for to grace,
A chaire of gold he setts to thee, and there doth tell

169 dayes, *F*: dayes *Q*

Thy noble acts arew, whereby euen they that boast
Themselues of auncient fame, as *Pirrhus*, *Hanniball*,
Scipio and *Cæsar*, with the rest that did excell
In martiall prowesse, high thy glorie do admire.
All haile therefore O worthie *Phillip* immortall,
The flowre of *Sydneyes* race, the honour of thy name,
Whose worthie praise to sing, my *Muses* not aspire,
But sorrowfull and sad these teares to thee let fall,
Yet with their verses might so farre and wide thy fame
Extend, that enuies rage, nor time might end the same.

A pastorall Aeglogue vpon the death of Sir Phillip Sidney Knight, *&c.*

Lycon. *Colin.*

Colin, well fits thy sad cheare this sad stownd,
This wofull stownd, wherein all things complaine
This great mishap, this greeuous losse of owres.
Hear'st thou the *Orown?* how with hollow sownd
He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine,
And seemes to say vnto the fading flowres,
Along his bankes, vnto the bared trees;
Phillisides is dead. Vp iolly swaine,
Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,
Help him to mourn. My hart with grief doth freese,
Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part
Sure would I beare, though rude: But as I may,
With sobs and sighes I second will thy song,
And so expresse the sorrowes of my hart.
Colin. Ah *Lycon*, *Lycon*, what need skill, to teach
A grieued mynd powre forth his plaints? how long
Hath the pore Turtle gon to school (weenest thou)
To learne to mourne her lost make? No, no, each
Creature by nature can tell how to waile.
Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander now?

Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes
In dolefull sound. Like him, not one doth faile
With hanging head to shew a heauie cheare.
What bird (I pray thee) hast thou seen, that prunes
Himselfe of late? did any cheerfull note
Come to thine eares, or gladsome sight appeare
Vnto thine eies, since that same fatall howre?
Hath not the aire put on his mourning coat,
And testified his grief with flowing teares?
Sith then, it seemeth each thing to his powre
Doth vs inuite to make a sad consort;
Come let vs ioyne our mournfull song with theirs.
Griefe will endite, and sorrow will enforce
Thy voice, and *Eccho* will our words report.
Lyc. Though my rude rymes, ill with thy verses frame,
That others farre excell, yet will I force
My selfe to answere thee the best I can,
And honor my base words with his high name.
But if my plaints annoy thee where thou sit
In secret shade or cave; vouchsafe (O *Pan*)
To pardon me, and here this hard constraint
With patience while I sing, and pittie it.
And eke ye rurall *Muses*, that do dwell
In these wilde woods; If euer piteous plaint
We did endite, or taught a wofull minde
With words of pure affect, his griefe to tell,
Instruct me now. Now *Colin* then goe on,
And I will follow thee, though farre behinde.
Colin. Phillisides is dead. O harmfull death,
O deadly harme. Vnhappie *Albion*
When shalt thou see emong thy shepheards all,
Any so sage, so perfect? Whom vneath
Enuie could touch for vertuous life and skill;
Curteous, valiant, and liberall.
Behold the sacred *Pales*, where with haire
Vntrust she sitts, in shade of yonder hill.
And her faire face bent sadly downe, doth send

23 cheare. *F*: cheare, *Q* 29 testified *F*: testfied *Q*

A floud of teares to bathe the earth; and there
Doth call the heau'ns despightfull, enuious,
Cruell his fate, that made so short an end 6c
Of that same life, well worthie to haue bene
Prolongd with many yeares, happie and famous.
The Nymphs and *Oreades* her round about
Do sit lamenting on the grassie grene;
And with shrill cries, beating their whitest brests,
Accuse the direfull dart that death sent out
To giue the fatall stroke. The starres they blame,
That deafe or carelesse seeme at their request.
The pleasant shade of stately groues they shun;
They leaue their cristall springs, where they wont frame
Sweet bowres of Myrtel twigs and Lawrel faire, 7
To sport themselues free from the scorching Sun.
And now the hollow caues where horror darke
Doth dwell, whence banisht is the gladsome aire
They seeke; and there in mourning spend their time
With wailfull tunes, whiles wolues do howle and barke
And seem to beare a bourdon to their plaint.
Lyc. Phillisides is dead. O dolefull ryme.
Why should my toong expresse thee? who is left
Now to vphold thy hopes, when they do faint, 8
Lycon vnfortunate? What spitefull fate,
What lucklesse destinie hath thee bereft
Of thy chief comfort; of thy onely stay?
Where is become thy wonted happie state,
(Alas) wherein through many a hill and dale,
Through pleasant woods, and many an vnknowne way
Along the bankes of many siluer streames,
Thou with him yodest; and with him didst scale
The craggie rocks of th'Alpes and *Appenine?*
Still with the *Muses* sporting, while those beames 9
Of vertue kindled in his noble brest,
Which after did so gloriously forth shine?
But (woe is me) they now yquenched are
All suddeinly, and death hath them opprest.
Loe father *Neptune*, with sad countenance,

77 bourdon *Q*: burden *F*

How he sitts mourning on the strond now bare,
Yonder, where th'Ocean with his rolling waues
The white feete washeth (wailing this mischance)
Of *Douer* cliffes. His sacred skirt about
The sea-gods all are set; from their moist caues
All for his comfort gathered there they be.
The *Thamis* rich, the *Humber* rough and stout,
The fruitfull *Seuerne*, with the rest are come
To helpe their Lord to mourne, and eke to see
The dolefull sight, and sad pomp funerall
Of the dead corps passing through his kingdome.
And all their heads with Cypres gyrlonds crown'd
With wofull shrikes salute him great and small.
Eke wailfull *Eccho*, forgetting her deare
Narcissus, their last accents, doth resownd.
Col. Phillisides is dead. O lucklesse age;
O widow world; O brookes and fountains cleere;
O hills, O dales, O woods that oft haue rong
With his sweet caroling, which could asswage
The fiercest wrath of Tygre or of Beare.
Ye Siluans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that emong
These thickets oft haue daunst after his pipe,
Ye Nymphs and *Nayades* with golden heare,
That oft haue left your purest cristall springs
To harken to his layes, that coulden wipe
Away all griefe and sorrow from your harts.
Alas who now is left that like him sings?
When shall you heare againe like harmonie?
So sweet a sownd, who to you now imparts?
Loe where engraued by his hand yet liues
The name of *Stella*, in yonder bay tree.
Happie name, happie tree; faire may you grow,
And spred your sacred branch, which honor giues,
To famous Emperours, and Poets crowne.
Vnhappie flock that wander scattred now,
What maruell if through grief ye woxen leane,
Forsake your food, and hang your heads adowne?
For such a shepheard neuer shall you guide,

Whose parting, hath of weale bereft you cleane.
Lyc. *Phillisides* is dead. O happie sprite,
That now in heau'n with blessed soules doest bide:
Looke down a while from where thou sitst aboue,
And see how busie shepheards be to endite
Sad songs of grief, their sorrowes to declare,
And gratefull memory of their kynd loue.
Behold my selfe with *Colin*, gentle swaine
(Whose lerned *Muse* thou cherisht most whyleare)
Where we thy name recording, seeke to ease
The inward torment and tormenting paine,
That thy departure to vs both hath bred;
Ne can each others sorrow yet appease.
Behold the fountains now left desolate,
And withred grasse with cypres boughes be spred,
Behold these floures which on thy graue we strew;
Which faded, shew the giuers faded state,
(Though eke they shew their feruent zeale and pure)
Whose onely comfort on thy welfare grew.
Whose praiers importune shall the heau'ns for ay,
That to thy ashes, rest they may assure:
That learnedst shepheards honor may thy name
With yeerly praises, and the Nymphs alway
Thy tomb may deck with fresh and sweetest flowres;
And that for euer may endure thy fame.
Colin. The Sun (lo) hastned hath his face to steep
In western waues: and th'aire with stormy showres
Warnes vs to driue homewards our silly sheep,
Lycon, lett's rise, and take of them good keep.

Virtute summa: cætera fortuna.

L. B.

153 heau'ns *F*: heau's *Q*

An Elegie, or friends passion, for his *Astrophill.*

Written vpon the death of the right Honourable sir Phillip Sidney Knight, Lord gouernour of Flushing.

AS then, no winde at all there blew,
No swelling cloude, accloid the aire,
The skie, like glasse of watchet hew,
Reflected Phœbus golden haire,
The garnisht tree, no pendant stird,
No voice was heard of anie bird.

There might you see the burly Beare,
The Lion king, the Elephant,
The maiden Vnicorne was there,
So was *Acteons* horned plant,
And what of wilde or tame are found,
Were coucht in order on the ground.

Alcides speckled poplar tree,
The palme that Monarchs do obtaine,
With Loue iuice staind the mulberie,
The fruit that dewes the Poets braine,
And Phillis philbert there away,
Comparde with mirtle and the bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorne,
With stately height threatning the skie,
And for the bed of Loue forlorne,
The blacke and dolefull Ebonie,
All in a circle compast were,
Like to an Amphitheater.

3 glasse *P.N.* (1593), *F2*: grasse *Q*, *F* 24 Ampitheater *Q*, *F*

Vpon the branches of those trees,
The airie winged people sat,
Distinguished in od degrees,
One sort in this, another that,
Here *Philomell*, that knowes full well,
What force and wit in loue doth dwell.

The skiebred Egle roiall bird,
Percht there vpon an oke aboue,
The Turtle by him neuer stird,
Example of immortall loue.
The swan that sings about to dy,
Leauing *Meander*, stood thereby.

And that which was of woonder most,
The Phœnix left sweet *Arabie*:
And on a Cædar in this coast,
Built vp her tombe of spicerie,
As I coniecture by the same,
Preparde to take her dying flame.

In midst and center of this plot,
I saw one groueling on the grasse:
A man or stone, I knew not what.
No stone, of man the figure was,
And yet I could not count him one,
More than the image made of stone.

At length I might perceiue him reare
His bodie on his elbow end:
Earthly and pale with gastly cheare,
Vpon his knees he vpward tend,
Seeming like one in vncouth stound,
To be ascending out the ground.

A grieuous sigh forthwith he throwes,
As might haue torne the vitall strings,
Then down his cheeks the teares so flows,
As doth the streame of many springs.
So thunder rends the cloud in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine.

28 in *P.N.*: is *Q*, *F* 36 *Meander*, *F*: *Meander* *Q*, *P.N.* 45 what.] that, *Q*, *P.N.*: that. *F*

Incontinent with trembling sound,
He wofully gan to complaine,
Such were the accents as might wound,
And teare a diamond rocke in twaine.
After his throbs did somewhat stay,
Thus heauily he gan to say.

O sunne (said he) seeing the sunne,
On wretched me why dost thou shine,
My star is falne, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of my eine,
Shine vpon those possesse delight,
And let me liue in endlesse night.

O griefe that liest vpon my soule,
As heauie as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll,
Consort me quickly with the dead,
Halfe of this hart, this sprite and will,
Di'de in the brest of *Astrophill.*

And you compassionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beasts and shadie trees,
I am assurde ye long to kno,
What be the sorrowes me agreeu's,
Listen ye then to that insu'th,
And heare a tale of teares and ruthe.

You knew, who knew not *Astrophill*,
(That I should liue to say I knew,
And haue not in possession still)
Things knowne permit me to renew,
Of him you know his merit such,
I cannot say, you heare too much.

Within these woods of *Arcadie*,
He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke,
And on the mountaine *Parthenie*,
Vpon the chrystall liquid brooke,
The Muses met him eu'ry day,
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

64 twaine. *F*: twaine, *Q*, *P.N.* 72 night *F*: might *Q*, *P.N.*

When he descended downe the mount,
His personage seemed most diuine,
A thousand graces one might count,
Vpon his louely cheerfull eine.
To heare him speake and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractiue kinde of grace,
A full assurance giuen by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospell bookes,
I trowe that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.

Was neuer eie, did see that face,
Was neuer eare, did heare that tong,
Was neuer minde, did minde his grace,
That euer thought the trauell long,
But eies, and eares, and eu'ry thought,
Were with his sweete perfections caught.

O God, that such a worthy man,
In whom so rare desarts did raigne,
Desired thus, must leaue vs than,
And we to wish for him in vaine,
O could the stars that bred that wit,
In force no longer fixed sit.

Then being fild with learned dew,
The Muses willed him to loue,
That instrument can aptly shew,
How finely our conceits will moue,
As *Bacchus* opes dissembled harts,
So loue sets out our better parts.

Stella, a Nymph within this wood,
Most rare and rich of heauenly blis,
The highest in his fancie stood,
And she could well demerite this,
Tis likely they acquainted soone,
He was a Sun, and she a Moone.

97 the mount *P.N.*, *F*: to the mount *Q* 100 eine. *F*: eine, *Q*, *P.N.*
109 neuer *P.N.*, *F*: euer *Q*

Our *Astrophill* did *Stella* loue,
O *Stella* vaunt of *Astrophill*,
Albeit thy graces gods may moue,
Where wilt thou finde an *Astrophill*,
The rose and lillie haue their prime,
And so hath beautie but a time.

Although thy beautie do exceed,
In common sight of eu'ry eie,
Yet in his Poesies when we reede,
It is apparant more thereby,
He that hath loue and iudgement too,
Sees more than any other doo.

Then *Astrophill* hath honord thee,
For when thy bodie is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternall be,
And liue by vertue of his inke,
For by his verses he doth giue,
To short liude beautie aye to liue.

Aboue all others this is hee,
Which erst approoued in his song,
That loue and honor might agree,
And that pure loue will do no wrong,
Sweet saints, it is no sinne nor blame,
To loue a man of vertuous name.

Did neuer loue so sweetly breath
In any mortall brest before,
Did neuer Muse inspire beneath,
A Poets braine with finer store:
He wrote of loue with high conceit,
And beautie reard aboue her height.

Then *Pallas* afterward attyrde,
Our *Astrophill* with her deuice,
Whom in his armor heauen admyrde,
As of the nation of the skies,
He sparkled in his armes afarrs,
As he were dight with fierie starrs.

34 *Astrophill P.N.*, *F*: *Astrophrill Q* 155 saints, *F*: saints *Q*, *P.N.*

The blaze whereof when *Mars* beheld,
(An enuious eie doth see afar)
Such maiestie (quoth he) is seeld,
Such maiestie my mart may mar,
Perhaps this may a suter be,
To set *Mars* by his deitie.

In this surmize he made with speede,
An iron cane wherein he put,
The thunder that in cloudes do breede
The flame and bolt togither shut,
With priuie force burst out againe,
And so our *Astrophill* was slaine.

This word (was slaine) straightway did moue,
And natures inward life strings twitch,
The skie immediately aboue,
Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,
The wrastling winds from out the ground,
Fild all the aire with ratling sound.

The bending trees exprest a grone,
And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall,
The forrest beasts made ruthfull mone,
The birds did tune their mourning call,
And *Philomell* for *Astrophill*,
Vnto her notes annext a phill.

The Turtle doue with tunes of ruthe,
Shewd feeling passion of his death,
Me thought she said I tell thee truthe,
Was neuer he that drew in breath,
Vnto his loue more trustie found,
Than he for whom our griefs abound.

The swan that was in presence heere,
Began his funerall dirge to sing,
Good things (quoth he) may scarce appeere,
But passe away with speedie wing.
This mortall life as death is tride,
And death giues life, and so he di'de.

177 do *Q*, *P.N.*: doth *F* 177–8 breede . . . shut, *F*: breede, . . . shut. *Q*, *P.N.* 181 This *P.N.*, *F*: His *Q* 195 thee truthe *Q*, *P.N.*: the truth *F*

The generall sorrow that was made,
Among the creatures of kinde,
Fired the Phœnix where she laide,
Her ashes flying with the winde,
So as I might with reason see,
That such a Phœnix nere should bee.

Haply the cinders driuen about,
May breede an offspring neere that kinde,
But hardly a peere to that I doubt,
It cannot sinke into my minde,
That vnder branches ere can bee,
Of worth and value as the tree.

The Egle markt with pearcing sight,
The mournfull habite of the place,
And parted thence with mounting flight,
To signifie to *Ioue* the case,
What sorrow nature doth sustaine,
For *Astrophill* by enuie slaine.

And while I followed with mine eie,
The flight the Egle vpward tooke,
And things did vanish by and by,
And disappeared from my looke,
The trees, beasts, birds, and groue was gone,
So was the friend that made this mone.

This spectacle had firmly wrought,
A deepe compassion in my spright,
My molting hart issude, me thought,
In streames forth at mine eies aright,
And here my pen is forst to shrinke,
My teares discollors so mine inke.

206 of kinde, *Q*, *P.N.*: of each kinde, *F* 220 the *F*: the the *Q*
231 issude, *F*: issude *Q* 234 discollors *Q*, *P.N.*: discolour *F*

An Epitaph vpon the right Honourable sir Phillip Sidney *knight: Lord gouernor of Flushing.*

TO praise thy life, or waile thy worthie death,
And want thy wit, thy wit high, pure, diuine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore,
And friendly care obscurde in secret brest,
And loue that enuie in thy life supprest,
Thy deere life done, and death, hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and liuing state,
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought,
As one that seeld the rising sun hath sought,
With words and teares now waile thy timelesse fate.

Drawne was thy race, aright from princely line,
Nor lesse than such, (by gifts that nature gaue,
The common mother that all creatures haue,)
Doth vertue shew, and princely linage shine.

A king gaue thee thy name, a kingly minde,
That God thee gaue, who found it now too deere
For this base world, and hath resumde it neere,
To sit in skies, and sort with powres diuine.

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy youth,
The heauens made hast, and staid nor yeers, nor time,
The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime,
Thy will, thy words; thy words the seales of truth.

Great gifts and wisedom rare imployd thee thence,
To treat from kings, with those more great than kings,
Such hope men had to lay the highest things,
On thy wise youth, to be transported hence.

8 death, *F*: death *Q*, *P.N.*

Whence to sharpe wars sweet honor did thee call,
Thy countries loue, religion, and thy friends:
Of worthy men, the marks, the liues and ends,
And her defence, for whom we labor all.

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,
Griefe, sorrow, sicknes, and base fortunes might:
Thy rising day, saw neuer wofull night,
But past with praise, from of this worldly stage.

Back to the campe, by thee that day was brought,
First thine owne death, and after thy long fame;
Teares to the soldiers, the proud Castilians shame;
Vertue exprest, and honor truly taught.

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath woon,
Yoong yeeres, for endles yeeres, and hope vnsure
Of fortunes gifts, for wealth that still shall dure,
Oh happie race with so great praises run.

England doth hold thy lims that bred the same,
Flaunders thy valure where it last was tried,
The Campe thy sorrow where thy bodie died,
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy vertues fame.

Nations thy wit, our mindes lay vp thy loue,
Letters thy learning, thy losse, yeeres long to come,
In worthy harts sorrow hath made thy tombe,
Thy soule and spright enrich the heauens aboue.

Thy liberall hart imbalmd in gratefull teares,
Yoong sighs, sweet sighes, sage sighes, bewaile thy fall,
Enuie her sting, and spite hath left her gall,
Malice her selfe, a mourning garment weares.

That day their *Hanniball* died, our *Scipio* fell,
Scipio, *Cicero*, and *Petrarch* of our time,
Whose vertues wounded by my worthlesse rime,
Let Angels speake, and heauen thy praises tell.

36 of *Q*, *P.N.*: off *F* 42 vnsure *F*: vnsure, *Q*, *P.N.*

Another of the same.

SIlence augmenteth grief, writing encreaseth rage, (our age:
Stald are my thoughts, which lou'd, and lost, the wonder of
Yet quickned now with fire, though dead with frost ere now,
Enrag'd I write, I know not what: dead, quick, I know not
how.

Hard harted mindes relent, and rigors teares abound,
And enuie strangely rues his end, in whom no fault she found,
Knowledge her light hath lost, valor hath slaine her knight,
Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the worlds delight.

Place pensiue wailes his fall, whose presence was her pride,
Time crieth out, my ebbe is come: his life was my spring tide,
Fame mournes in that she lost the ground of her reports,
Ech liuing wight laments his lacke, and all in sundry sorts.

He was (wo worth that word) to ech well thinking minde,
A spotlesse friend, a matchles man, whose vertue euer shinde,
Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ,
Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest works of wit.

He onely like himselfe, was second vnto none, (do mone,
Whose deth (though life) we rue, and wrong, and al in vain
Their losse, not him waile they, that fill the world with cries,
Death slue not him, but he made death his ladder to the skies.

Now sinke of sorrow I, who liue, the more the wrong,
Who wishing death, whom deth denies, whose thred is al to
Who tied to wretched life, who lookes for no reliefe, (long,
Must spend my euer dying daies, in neuer ending griefe.

Harts ease and onely I, like parallels run on, (one,
Whose equall length, keep equall bredth, and neuer meet in
Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my sorrowes cell,
Shall not run out, though leake they will, for liking him so well.

Another of the same] *P.N. adds* Excellently written by a most worthy Gentleman. *F divides into two each line of Q* 2 age: *F*: age, *Q*, *P.N.* 4 Enrag'd *F*: Enrag'de *Q*, *P.N.* 11 lost *F*: lost, *Q*, *P.N.* 25 parallels *F*: parables *Q*, *P.N.*

Farewell to you my hopes, my wonted waking dreames,
Farewell sometimes enioyed ioy, eclipsed are thy beames,
Farewell selfe pleasing thoughts, which quietnes brings foorth,
And farewel friendships sacred league, vniting minds of woorth.

And farewell mery hart, the gift of guiltlesse mindes,
And all sports, which for liues restore, varietie assignes,
Let all that sweete is voyd; in me no mirth may dwell,
Phillip, the cause of all this woe, my liues content, farewell.

Now rime, the sonne of rage, which art no kin to skill,
And endles griefe, which deads my life, yet knowes not how
Go seeke that haples tombe, which if ye hap to finde, (to kill,
Salute the stones, that keep the lims, that held so good a minde.

FINIS.

30 enioyed *P.N.*, *F*: enioyed, *Q* 35 sweete is, voide? *P.N.*
36 content, *F*: content *Q*, *P.N.* 39 seeke *P.N.*, *F*: seekes *Q*

LONDON
Printed by T. C. for William Ponsonbie.
1595.

AMORETTI
AND
Epithalamion.

Written not long ſince
by Edmunde
Spenſer.

Printed for William
Ponſonby. 1595.

To the Right Worship-
full Sir Robart Need-
ham Knight.

Ir, to gratulate your safe return from Ireland, I had nothing so readie, nor thought any thing so meete, as these sweete conceited Sonets, the deede of that wel deseruing gentleman, maister Edmond Spenser: whose name sufficiently warranting the worthinesse of the work: I do more confidently presume to publish it in his absence, vnder your name to whom (in my poore opinion) the patronage therof, doth in some respectes properly appertaine. For, besides your iudgement and delighte in learned poesie: This gentle Muse for her former perfection long wished for in Englande, nowe at the length crossing the Seas in your happy companye, (though to your selfe vnknowne) seemeth to make choyse of you, as meetest to giue her deserued countenaunce, after her retourne: entertaine her, then, (Right worshipfull) in sorte best beseeming your gentle minde, and her merite, and take in worth my good will herein, who seeke no more, but to shew my selfe yours in all dutifull affection.

W. P.

Letter not printed in F

G: W. senior, to the Author

DArke is the day, when *Phœbus* face is shrowded,
and weaker sights may wander soone astray:
but when they see his glorious raies vnclowded,
with steddy steps they keepe the perfect way:
So while this Muse in forraine landes doth stay,
inuention weepes, and pens are cast aside,
the time like night, depriud of chearefull day,
and few do write, but (ah) too soone may slide.
Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
and with thy wit illustrate Englands fame,
dawnting thereby our neighbors auncient pride,
that do for poesie, challendge cheefest name.
So we that liue and ages that succeede,
With great applause thy learned works shall reede.

4 way: *F*: way, *18°* 11 neighbors *F*: neighoures *18°* 14 reede. *F*: reede, *18°*

Ah Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,
pyping to shepherds thy sweete roundelaies:
or whether singing in some lofty vaine,
heroick deedes, of past, or present daies.
Or whether in thy louely mistris praise,
thou list to exercise thy learned quill,
thy muse hath got such grace, and power to please,
with rare inuention bewtified by skill.
As who therein can euer ioy their fill!
O therefore let that happy muse proceede
to clime the height of vertues sacred hill,
where endles honor shall be made thy meede.
Because no malice of succeeding daies,
can rase those records of thy lasting praise.

G. W. I.

1 *plaine, F*: *plaine. 18°* 2 *roundelaies F*: *roudelaies 18°* 6 *quill, F*: *quill. 18°* 9 *fill! F*: *fill. 18°*

SONNET. I.

HAppy ye leaues when as those lilly hands,
which hold my life in their dead doing might,
shall handle you and hold in loues soft bands,
lyke captiues trembling at the victors sight.
And happy lines, on which with starry light,
those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to look
and reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
written with teares in harts close bleeding book.
And happy rymes bath'd in the sacred brooke,
of *Helicon* whence she deriued is,
when ye behold that Angels blessed looke,
my soules long lacked foode, my heauens blis.
Leaues, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please alone,
whom if ye please, I care for other none.

SONNET. II.

VNquiet thought, whom at the first I bred,
Of th'inward bale of my loue pined hart:
and sithens haue with sighes and sorrowes fed,
till greater then my wombe thou woxen art.
Breake forth at length out of the inner part,
in which thou lurkest lyke to vipers brood:
and seeke some succour both to ease my smart
and also to sustayne thy selfe with food.
But if in presence of that fayrest proud
thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet:
and with meeke humblesse and afflicted mood,
pardon for thee, and grace for me intreat.
Which if she graunt, then liue, and my loue cherish,
if not, die soone, and I with thee will perish.

I 2 might, *F*: might *18°* II 13 liue, *F*: liue *18°*

SONNET. III.

THe souerayne beauty which I doo admyre,
witnesse the world how worthy to be prayzed:
the light wherof hath kindled heauenly fyre,
in my fraile spirit by her from basenesse raysed.
That being now with her huge brightnesse dazed,
base thing I can no more endure to view:
but looking still on her I stand amazed,
at wondrous sight of so celestiall hew.
So when my toung would speak her praises dew,
it stopped is with thoughts astonishment:
and when my pen would write her titles true,
it rauisht is with fancies wonderment:
Yet in my hart I then both speake and write
the wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SONNET. IIII.

NEw yeare forth looking out of Ianus gate,
Doth seeme to promise hope of new delight:
and bidding th'old Adieu, his passed date
bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright.
And calling forth out of sad Winters night,
fresh loue, that long hath slept in cheerlesse bower:
wils him awake, and soone about him dight
his wanton wings and darts of deadly power.
For lusty spring now in his timely howre,
is ready to come forth him to receiue:
and warnes the Earth with diuers colord flowre,
to decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weaue.
Then you faire flowre, in whom fresh youth doth raine,
prepare your selfe new loue to entertaine.

III 13 write *F*: write, *18°*

SONNET. V.

RVdely thou wrongest my deare harts desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride:
the thing which I doo most in her admire,
is of the world vnworthy most enuide.
For in those lofty lookes is close implide,
scorn of base things, and sdeigne of foule dishonor:
thretning rash eies which gaze on her so wide,
that loosely they ne dare to looke vpon her.
Such pride is praise, such portlinesse is honor,
that boldned innocence beares in hir eies:
and her faire countenance like a goodly banner,
spreds in defiaunce of all enemies.
Was neuer in this world ought worthy tride,
without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

SONNET. VI.

BE nought dismayd that her vnmoued mind
doth still persist in her rebellious pride:
such loue not lyke to lusts of baser kynd,
the harder wonne, the firmer will abide.
The durefull Oake, whose sap is not yet dride,
is long ere it conceiue the kindling fyre:
but when it once doth burne, it doth diuide
great heat, and makes his flames to heauen aspire.
So hard it is to kindle new desire,
in gentle brest that shall endure for euer:
deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire
with chast affects, that naught but death can seuer.
Then thinke not long in taking litle paine,
to knit the knot, that euer shall remaine.

VI 1 mind *F*: mind, *1809*

SONNET. VII.

Fayre eyes, the myrrour of my mazed hart,
what wondrous vertue is contaynd in you,
the which both lyfe and death forth from you dart
into the obiect of your mighty view?
For when ye mildly looke with louely hew,
then is my soule with life and loue inspired:
but when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,
then doe I die, as one with lightning fyred.
But since that lyfe is more then death desyred,
looke euer louely, as becomes you best,
that your bright beams of my weak eies admyred,
may kindle liuing fire within my brest.
Such life should be the honor of your light,
such death the sad ensample of your might.

SONNET. VIII.

MOre then most faire, full of the liuing fire,
Kindled aboue vnto the maker neere:
no eies but ioyes, in which al powers conspire,
that to the world naught else be counted deare.
Thrugh your bright beams doth not the blinded guest,
shoot out his darts to base affections wound:
but Angels come to lead fraile mindes to rest
in chast desires on heauenly beauty bound.
You frame my thoughts and fashion me within,
you stop my toung, and teach my hart to speake,
you calme the storme that passion did begin,
strong thrugh your cause, but by your vertue weak.
Dark is the world, where your light shined neuer;
well is he borne, that may behold you euer.

VII 2 you,] you *18°*, *F* 7 askew, *F*: askew *18°* VIII 5 the *F*: *rinted* § *18°*

SONNET. IX.

LOng-while I sought to what I might compare
those powrefull eies, which lighten my dark spright,
yet find I nought on earth to which I dare
resemble th'ymage of their goodly light.
Not to the Sun: for they doo shine by night;
nor to the Moone: for they are changed neuer;
nor to the Starres: for they haue purer sight;
nor to the fire: for they consume not euer;
Nor to the lightning: for they still perseuer;
nor to the Diamond: for they are more tender;
nor vnto Christall: for nought may them seuer;
nor vnto glasse: such basenesse mought offend her;
Then to the Maker selfe they likest be,
whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

SONNET. X.

VNrighteous Lord of loue, what law is this,
That me thou makest thus tormented be:
the whiles she lordeth in licentious blisse
of her freewill, scorning both thee and me.
See how the Tyrannesse doth ioy to see
the huge massacres which her eyes do make:
and humbled harts brings captiues vnto thee,
that thou of them mayst mightie vengeance take.
But her proud hart doe thou a little shake
and that high look, with which she doth comptroll
all this worlds pride, bow to a baser make,
and al her faults in thy black booke enroll.
That I may laugh at her in equall sort,
as she doth laugh at me and makes my pain her sport.

X 1 loue, *F*: loue *18°* 11 pride,] pride *F*, *18°*

SONNET. XI.

DAyly when I do seeke and sew for peace,
And hostages doe offer for my truth:
she cruell warriour doth her selfe addresse
to battell, and the weary war renew'th.
Ne wilbe moou'd with reason or with rewth,
to graunt small respit to my restlesse toile:
but greedily her fell intent poursewth,
Of my poore life to make vnpittied spoile.
Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to assoyle,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacify:
but then she seekes with torment and turmoyle,
to force me liue, and will not let me dy.
All paine hath end and euery war hath peace,
but mine no price nor prayer may surcease.

SONNET. XII.

ONe day I sought with her hart-thrilling eies
to make a truce, and termes to entertaine:
all fearelesse then of so false enimies,
which sought me to entrap in treasons traine.
So as I then disarmed did remaine,
a wicked ambush which lay hidden long
in the close couert of her guilefull eyen,
thence breaking forth did thick about me throng.
Too feeble I t'abide the brunt so strong,
was forst to yeeld my selfe into their hands:
who me captiuing streight with rigorous wrong,
haue euer since me kept in cruell bands.
So Ladie, now to you I doo complaine,
against your eies that iustice I may gaine.

XI 3 addresse *F*: addresse, *18°* 8 vnpitteid *Q* 12 liue, *F*: liue *18°*
XII 1, 2 eies . . . truce, *F*: eies, . . . truce *18°* 13 Ladie, *F*: Ladie *18°*

SONNET. XIII.

IN that proud port, which her so goodly graceth,
whiles her faire face she reares vp to the skie:
and to the ground her eie lids low embaseth,
most goodly temperature ye may descry,
Myld humblesse mixt with awfull maiesty.
For looking on the earth whence she was borne,
her minde remembreth her mortalitie,
what so is fayrest shall to earth returne.
But that same lofty countenance seemes to scorne
base thing, and thinke how she to heauen may clime:
treading downe earth as lothsome and forlorne,
that hinders heauenly thoughts with drossy slime.
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me,
such lowlinesse shall make you lofty be.

SONNET. XIIII.

REtourne agayne my forces late dismayd,
Vnto the siege by you abandon'd quite,
great shame it is to leaue like one afrayd,
so fayre a peece for one repulse so light.
Gaynst such strong castles needeth greater might,
then those small forts which ye were wont belay:
such haughty mynds enur'd to hardy fight,
disdayne to yield vnto the first assay.
Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
and lay incessant battery to her heart,
playnts, prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and dismay,
those engins can the proudest loue conuert.
And if those fayle, fall downe and dy before her,
so dying liue, and liuing do adore her.

XIII 5 maiesty. *F*: maiesty, *18°* 6 borne, *F*: borne: *18°* XIIII 6 forts which *18°*: forces *F* belay: *F*: belay, *18°* 13 fayle, *F*: fayle *18°*

SONNET. XV.

YE tradefull Merchants, that with weary toyle,
do seeke most pretious things to make your gain;
and both the Indias of their treasures spoile,
what needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?
For loe my loue doth in her selfe containe
all this worlds riches that may farre be found,
if Saphyres, loe her eies be Saphyres plaine,
if Rubies, loe hir lips be Rubies sound:
If Pearles, hir teeth be pearles both pure and round;
if Yuorie, her forhead yuory weene;
if Gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
if siluer, her faire hands are siluer sheene.
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
her mind adornd with vertues manifold.

SONNET. XVI.

ONe day as I vnwarily did gaze
on those fayre eyes my loues immortall light:
the whiles my stonisht hart stood in amaze,
through sweet illusion of her lookes delight.
I mote perceiue how in her glauncing sight,
legions of loues with little wings did fly:
darting their deadly arrowes fyry bright,
at euery rash beholder passing by.
One of those archers closely I did spy,
ayming his arrow at my very hart:
when suddenly with twincle of her eye,
the Damzell broke his misintended dart.
Had she not so doon, sure I had bene slayne,
yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine.

XV 1 Merchants, *F*: Merchants *18°* 3 treasures *18°*: treasure *F*
2 sheene, *18°*, *F* XVI 3 amaze *18°*: a maze *F*

SONNET. XVII.

THe glorious pourtraict of that Angels face,
Made to amaze weake mens confused skil:
and this worlds worthlesse glory to embase,
what pen, what pencill can expresse her fill?
For though he colours could deuize at will,
and eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
least trembling it his workmanship should spill,
yet many wondrous things there are beside.
The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes glide,
the charming smiles, that rob sence from the hart:
the louely pleasance and the lofty pride,
cannot expressed be by any art.
A greater craftesmans hand thereto doth neede,
that can expresse the life of things indeed.

SONNET. XVIII.

THe rolling wheele that runneth often round,
The hardest steele in tract of time doth teare:
and drizling drops that often doe redound,
the firmest flint doth in continuance weare.
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare,
and long intreaty, soften her hard hart:
that she will once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,
or looke with pitty on my payneful smart.
But when I pleade, she bids me play my part,
and when I weep, she sayes teares are but water:
and when I sigh, she sayes I know the art,
and when I waile she turnes hir selfe to laughter.
So doe I weepe, and wayle, and pleade in vaine,
whiles she as steele and flint doth still remayne.

XVII 6 guide, *F*: guide: *18°* 7 workmanship *F*: wormanship *18°*
XVIII 5–6 I, . . . intreaty, *F*: I . . . intreaty *18°*

SONNET. XIX.

THe merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring,
His trompet shrill hath thrise already sounded:
that warnes al louers wayt vpon their king,
who now is comming forth with girland crouned.
With noyse whereof the quyre of Byrds resounded
their anthemes sweet devized of loues prayse,
that all the woods theyr ecchoes back rebounded,
as if they knew the meaning of their layes.
But mongst them all, which did Loues honor rayse
no word was heard of her that most it ought,
but she his precept proudly disobayes,
and doth his ydle message set at nought.
Therefore O loue, vnlesse she turne to thee
ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be.

SONNET. XX.

IN vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace,
and doe myne humbled hart before her poure:
the whiles her foot she in my necke doth place,
and tread my life downe in the lowly floure.
And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,
and reigneth ouer euery beast in field,
in his most pride disdeigneth to deuoure
the silly lambe that to his might doth yield.
But she more cruell and more saluage wylde,
then either Lyon or the Lyonesse:
shames not to be with guiltlesse bloud defylde,
but taketh glory in her cruelnesse.
Fayrer then fayrest, let none euer say,
that ye were blooded in a yeelded pray.

XIX 4 crouned, *18°*, *F* XX 6 field, *F*: field: *18°* 13 fayrest, *F*: fayrest *18°*

SONNET. XXI.

WAs it the worke of nature or of Art,
which tempred so the feature of her face,
that pride and meeknesse mixt by equall part,
doe both appeare t'adorne her beauties grace?
For with mild pleasance, which doth pride displace,
she to her loue doth lookers eyes allure:
and with sterne countenance back again doth chace
their looser lookes that stir vp lustes impure.
With such strange termes her eyes she doth inure,
that with one looke she doth my life dismay:
and with another doth it streight recure,
her smile me drawes, her frowne me driues away.
Thus doth she traine and teach me with her lookes,
such art of eyes I neuer read in bookes.

SONNET. XXII.

THis holy season fit to fast and pray,
Men to deuotion ought to be inclynd:
therefore, I lykewise on so holy day,
for my sweet Saynt some seruice fit will find.
Her temple fayre is built within my mind,
in which her glorious ymage placed is,
on which my thoughts doo day and night attend
lyke sacred priests that neuer thinke amisse.
There I to her as th'author of my blisse,
will builde an altar to appease her yre:
and on the same my hart will sacrifise,
burning in flames of pure and chast desyre:
The which vouchsafe O goddesse to accept,
amongst thy deerest relicks to be kept.

XXI 1–4 Art, . . . face, . . . grace? *F*: Art? . . . face: . . . grace. *18°*
6 loue *F*: loves *18°* 8 impure, *18°*, *F*

SONNET. XXIII.

PEnelope for her *Vlisses* sake,
Deuiz'd a Web her wooers to deceaue:
in which the worke that she all day did make
the same at night she did againe vnreaue.
Such subtile craft my Damzell doth conceaue,
th'importune suit of my desire to shonne:
for all that I in many dayes doo weaue,
in one short houre I find by her vndonne.
So when I thinke to end that I begonne,
I must begin and neuer bring to end:
for with one looke she spils that long I sponne,
and with one word my whole years work doth rend.
Such labour like the Spyders web I fynd,
whose fruitlesse worke is broken with least wynd.

SONNET. XXIIII.

WHen I behold that beauties wonderment,
And rare perfection of each goodly part:
of natures skill the onely complement,
I honor and admire the makers art.
But when I feele the bitter balefull smart,
which her fayre eyes vnwares doe worke in mee:
that death out of theyr shiny beames doe dart,
I thinke that I a new *Pandora* see;
Whom all the Gods in councell did agree,
into this sinfull world from heauen to send:
that she to wicked men a scourge should bee,
for all their faults with which they did offend.
But since ye are my scourge I will intreat,
that for my faults ye will me gently beat.

XXIII 4 vnreaue, *18°*, *F* XXIIII 8 see; *F*: see. *18°*

SONNET. XXV.

HOw long shall this lyke dying lyfe endure,
And know no end of her owne mysery:
but wast and weare away in termes vnsure,
twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully.
Yet better were attonce to let me die,
and shew the last ensample of your pride:
then to torment me thus with cruelty,
to proue your powre, which I too wel haue tride.
But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide,
a close intent at last to shew me grace:
then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
as meanes of blisse I gladly wil embrace.
And wish that more and greater they might be,
that greater meede at last may turne to mee.

SONNET. XXVI.

SWeet is the Rose, but growes vpon a brere;
Sweet is the Iunipere, but sharpe his bough;
sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;
sweet is the firbloome, but his braunches rough.
Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rynd is tough,
sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
sweet is the broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough;
and sweet is Moly, but his root is ill.
So euery sweet with soure is tempred still,
that maketh it be coueted the more:
for easie things that may be got at will,
most sorts of men doe set but little store.
Why then should I accoumpt of little paine,
that endlesse pleasure shall vnto me gaine.

XXV 2 mysery: *18°*: miserie? *F*

SONNET. XXVII.

FAire proud now tell me why should faire be proud,
Sith all worlds glorie is but drosse vncleane:
and in the shade of death it selfe shall shroud,
how euer now thereof ye little weene.
That goodly Idoll now so gay beseene,
shall doffe her fleshes borowd fayre attyre:
and be forgot as it had neuer beene,
that many now much worship and admire.
Ne any then shall after it inquire,
ne any mention shall thereof remaine:
but what this verse, that neuer shall expyre,
shall to you purchas with her thankles paine.
Faire be no lenger proud of that shall perish,
but that which shal you make immortall, cherish.

SONNET. XXVIII.

THe laurell leafe, which you this day doe weare,
giues me great hope of your relenting mynd:
for since it is the badg which I doe beare,
ye bearing it doe seeme to me inclind:
The powre thereof, which ofte in me I find,
let it lykewise your gentle brest inspire
with sweet infusion, and put you in mind
of that proud mayd, whom now those leaues attyre:
Proud *Daphne* scorning Phæbus louely fyre,
on the Thessalian shore from him did flie:
for which the gods in theyr reuengefull yre
did her transforme into a laurell tree.
Then fly no more fayre loue from Phebus chace,
but in your brest his leafe and loue embrace.

XXVII 1–2 proud, . . . me, . . . proud, . . . vncleane? *F*
XXVIII 2 giues *F*: guies *18°*

SONNET. XXIX.

See how the stubborne damzell doth depraue
my simple meaning with disdaynfull scorne:
and by the bay which I vnto her gaue,
accoumpts my selfe her captiue quite forlorne.
The bay (quoth she) is of the victours borne,
yielded them by the vanquisht as theyr meeds,
and they therewith doe poetes heads adorne,
to sing the glory of their famous deedes.
But sith she will the conquest challeng needs,
let her accept me as her faithfull thrall,
that her great triumph which my skill exceeds,
I may in trump of fame blaze ouer all.
Then would I decke her head with glorious bayes,
and fill the world with her victorious prayse.

SONNET. XXX.

MY loue is lyke to yse, and I to fyre;
how comes it then that this her cold so great
is not dissolu'd through my so hot desyre,
but harder growes the more I her intreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
is not delayd by her hart frosen cold:
but that I burne much more in boyling sweat,
and feele my flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told
that fire which all thing melts, should harden yse:
and yse which is congeald with sencelesse cold,
should kindle fyre by wonderfull deuyse?
Such is the powre of loue in gentle mind,
that it can alter all the course of kynd.

XXIX 4 forlorne, *18°*, *F* XXX 12 deuise? *F*: deuyse. *18°*

SONNET. XXXI.

Ah why hath nature to so hard a hart
giuen so goodly giftes of beauties grace?
whose pryde depraues each other better part,
and all those pretious ornaments deface.
Sith to all other beastes of bloody race,
a dreadfull countenaunce she giuen hath:
that with theyr terrour al the rest may chace,
and warne to shun the daunger of theyr wrath.
But my proud one doth worke the greater scath,
through sweet allurement of her louely hew:
that she the better may in bloody bath
of such poore thralls her cruell hands embrew.
But did she know how ill these two accord,
such cruelty she would haue soone abhord.

SONNET. XXXII.

The paynefull smith with force of feruent heat,
the hardest yron soone doth mollify:
that with his heauy sledge he can it beat,
and fashion to what he it list apply.
Yet cannot all these flames in which I fry,
her hart more harde then yron soft awhit:
ne all the playnts and prayers with which I
doe beat on th'anduyle of her stubberne wit:
But still the more she feruent sees my fit,
the more she frieseth in her wilfull pryde:
and harder growes the harder she is smit,
with all the playnts which to her be applyde.
What then remaines but I to ashes burne,
and she to stones at length all frosen turne?

XXXI 1 hart *F*: hart, *18°* 11 bath *F*: bath, *18°*
XXXII 9 fit: *18°*, *F*

SONNET. XXXIII.

GReat wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
to that most sacred Empresse my dear dred,
not finishing her Queene of faëry,
that mote enlarge her liuing prayses dead:
But lodwick, this of grace to me aread:
doe ye not thinck th'accomplishment of it,
sufficient worke for one mans simple head,
all were it as the rest but rudely writ.
How then should I without another wit,
thinck euer to endure so tædious toyle,
sins that this one is tost with troublous fit,
of a proud loue, that doth my spirite spoyle.
Ceasse then, till she vouchsafe to grawnt me rest,
or lend you me another liuing brest.

SONNET. XXXIIII.

LYke as a ship that through the Ocean wyde,
by conduct of some star doth make her way,
whenas a storme hath dimd her trusty guyde,
out of her course doth wander far astray.
So I whose star, that wont with her bright ray,
me to direct, with cloudes is ouercast,
doe wander now in darknesse and dismay,
through hidden perils round about me plast.
Yet hope I well, that when this storme is past
my *Helice* the lodestar of my lyfe
will shine again, and looke on me at last,
with louely light to cleare my cloudy grief.
Till then I wander carefull comfortlesse,
in secret sorow and sad pensiuenesse.

XXXIII 9 wit,] wit: *18°*: wit? *F* 11 sins *18°*: sith *F* XXXIII.
2–3 way, . . . guyde, *F*: way. . . . guyde. *18°* 12 grief. *F*: grief, *18°*

SONNET. XXXV.

MY hungry eyes through greedy couetize,
still to behold the obiect of their paine,
with no contentment can themselues suffize:
but hauing pine and hauing not complaine.
For lacking it they cannot lyfe sustayne,
and hauing it they gaze on it the more:
in their amazement lyke *Narcissus* vaine
whose eyes him staru'd: so plenty makes me poore.
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke,
but lothe the things which they did like before,
and can no more endure on them to looke.
All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me,
and all their showes but shadowes, sauing she.

SONNET. XXXVI.

TEll me when shall these wearie woes haue end,
Or shall their ruthlesse torment neuer cease:
but al my dayes in pining languor spend,
without hope of aswagement or release.
Is there no meanes for me to purchace peace,
or make agreement with her thrilling eyes:
but that their cruelty doth still increace,
and dayly more augment my miseryes.
But when ye haue shewed all extremityes,
then thinke how litle glory ye haue gayned:
by slaying him, whose lyfe though ye despyse,
mote haue your life in honour long maintayned.
But by his death which some perhaps will mone,
ye shall condemned be of many a one.

XXXV 2–3 paine, . . . suffize: *F*: paine: . . . suffize, *18°* 8 poore. *F*: ›oore *18°* 14 shadowes, *F*: shadowes *18°*

SONNET. XXXVII.

WHat guyle is this, that those her golden tresses,
She doth attyre vnder a net of gold:
and with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
that which is gold or heare, may scarse be told?
Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
she may entangle in that golden snare:
and being caught may craftily enfold,
theyr weaker harts, which are not wel aware?
Take heed therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe stare
henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
in which if euer ye entrapped are,
out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get.
Fondnesse it were for any being free,
to couet fetters, though they golden bee.

SONNET. XXXVIII.

A *Rion*, when through tempests cruel wracke,
He forth was thrown into the greedy seas:
through the sweet musick which his harp did make
allu'rd a Dolphin him from death to ease.
But my rude musick, which was wont to please
some dainty eares, cannot with any skill,
the dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease,
nor moue the Dolphin from her stubborne will.
But in her pride she dooth perseuer still,
all carelesse how my life for her decayse:
yet with one word she can it saue or spill,
to spill were pitty, but to saue were prayse.
Chose rather to be praysd for dooing good,
then to be blam'd for spilling guiltlesse blood.

XXXVIII 8 will, *18°*, *F*

SONNET. XXXIX.

SWeet smile, the daughter of the Queene of loue,
Expressing all thy mothers powrefull art:
with which she wonts to temper angry Ioue,
when all the gods he threats with thundring dart.
Sweet is thy vertue as thy selfe sweet art,
for when on me thou shinedst late in sadnesse,
a melting pleasance ran through euery part,
and me reuiued with hart robbing gladnesse.
Whylest rapt with ioy resembling heauenly madnes,
my soule was rauisht quite as in a traunce:
and feeling thence no more her sorowes sadnesse,
fed on the fulnesse of that chearefull glaunce.
More sweet than Nectar or Ambrosiall meat,
seemd euery bit, which thenceforth I did eat.

SONNET. XL.

MArk when she smiles with amiable cheare,
And tell me whereto can ye lyken it:
when on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare
an hundred Graces as in shade to sit.
Lykest it seemeth in my simple wit
vnto the fayre sunshine in somers day:
that when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
thrugh the broad world doth spred his goodly ray:
At sight whereof each bird that sits on spray,
and euery beast that to his den was fled
comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
and to the light lift vp theyr drouping hed.
So my storme beaten hart likewise is cheared,
with that sunshine when cloudy looks are cleared.

XXXIX 6 sadnesse, *F*: sadnesse: *18°* XL 3 appeare *F*: appeare, *18°* 5 wit *18°*: wit, *F* 8 ray: *F*: ray *18°* 10 fled *F*. fled; *18°*

SONNET. XLI.

IS it her nature or is it her will,
to be so cruell to an humbled foe?
if nature, then she may it mend with skill,
if will, then she at will may will forgoe.
But if her nature and her wil be so,
that she will plague the man that loues her most:
and take delight t'encrease a wretches woe,
then all her natures goodly guifts are lost.
And that same glorious beauties ydle boast,
is but a bayt such wretches to beguile:
as being long in her loues tempest tost,
she meanes at last to make her piteous spoyle.
O fayrest fayre let neuer it be named,
that so fayre beauty was so fowly shamed.

SONNET. XLII.

THe loue which me so cruelly tormenteth,
So pleasing is in my extreamest paine:
that all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
the more I loue and doe embrace my bane.
Ne doe I wish (for wishing were but vaine)
to be acquit fro my continuall smart:
but ioy her thrall for euer to remayne,
and yield for pledge my poore captyued hart;
The which that it from her may neuer start,
let her, yf please her, bynd with adamant chayne:
and from all wandring loues which mote peruart,
his safe assurance strongly it restrayne.
Onely let her abstaine from cruelty,
and doe me not before my time to dy.

XLI 2 foe? *F*: foe: *18°* XLII 8 hart; *F*: hart *18°*

SONNET. XLIII.

SHall I then silent be or shall I speake?
And if I speake, her wrath renew I shall:
and if I silent be, my hart will breake,
or choked be with ouerflowing gall.
What tyranny is this both my hart to thrall,
and eke my toung with proud restraint to tie?
that nether I may speake nor thinke at all,
but like a stupid stock in silence die.
Yet I my hart with silence secretly
will teach to speak, and my iust cause to plead:
and eke mine eies with meeke humility,
loue learned letters to her eyes to read.
Which her deep wit, that true harts thought can spel,
will soone conceiue, and learne to construe well.

SONNET. XLIIII.

WHen those renoumed noble Peres of Greece,
thrugh stubborn pride amongst themselues did iar
forgetfull of the famous golden fleece,
then Orpheus with his harp theyr strife did bar.
But this continuall cruell ciuill warre,
the which my selfe against my selfe doe make:
whilest my weak powres of passions warreid arre,
no skill can stint nor reason can aslake.
But when in hand my tunelesse harp I take,
then doe I more augment my foes despight:
and griefe renew, and passions doe awake
to battaile, fresh against my selfe to fight.
Mongst whome the more I seeke to settle peace,
the more I fynd their malice to increace.

XLIIII 11–12 awake to battaile, *F*: awake, to battaile *1880*

SONNET. XLV.

LEaue lady in your glasse of christall clene,
Your goodly selfe for euermore to vew:
and in my selfe, my inward selfe I meane,
most liuely lyke behold your semblant trew.
Within my hart, though hardly it can shew
thing so diuine to vew of earthly eye,
the fayre Idea of your celestiall hew,
and euery part remaines immortally:
And were it not that through your cruelty,
with sorrow dimmed and deformd it were:
the goodly ymage of your visnomy,
clearer then christall would therein appere.
But if your selfe in me ye playne will see,
remoue the cause by which your fayre beames darkned b

SONNET. XLVI.

WHen my abodes prefixed time is spent,
My cruell fayre streight bids me wend my way:
but then from heauen most hideous stormes are sent
as willing me against her will to stay.
Whom then shall I or heauen or her obay?
the heauens know best what is the best for me:
but as she will, whose will my life doth sway,
my lower heauen, so it perforce must bee.
But ye high heuens, that all this sorowe see,
sith all your tempests cannot hold me backe:
aswage your stormes, or else both you and she,
will both together me too sorely wrack.
Enough it is for one man to sustaine
the stormes, which she alone on me doth raine.

XLV 5 shew *F*: shew, *18°* 6 eye: *18°*, *F* XLVI 2 my w
18°: away *F* 5 obey? *F*: obay, *18°* 13 sustaine *F*: sustaine, *18*

SONNET. XLVII.

TRust not the treason of those smyling lookes,
vntill ye haue theyr guylefull traynes well tryde:
for they are lyke but vnto golden hookes,
that from the foolish fish theyr bayts doe hyde:
So she with flattring smyles weake harts doth guyde
vnto her loue, and tempte to theyr decay,
whome being caught she kills with cruell pryde,
and feeds at pleasure on the wretched pray:
Yet euen whylst her bloody hands them slay,
her eyes looke louely and vpon them smyle:
that they take pleasure in her cruell play,
and dying doe them selues of payne beguyle.
O mighty charm which makes men loue theyr bane,
and thinck they dy with pleasure, liue with payne.

SONNET. XLVIII.

INnocent paper, whom too cruell hand
Did make the matter to auenge her yre:
and ere she could thy cause wel vnderstand,
did sacrifize vnto the greedy fyre.
Well worthy thou to haue found better hyre,
then so bad end for hereticks ordayned:
yet heresy nor treason didst conspire,
but plead thy maisters cause vniustly payned.
Whom she all carelesse of his griefe constrayned
to vtter forth the anguish of his hart:
and would not heare, when he to her complayned,
the piteous passion of his dying smart.
Yet liue for ever, though against her will,
and speake her good, though she requite it ill.

XLVII 5–6 guyde . . . loue, *F*: guyde, . . . loue *18°* XLVIII 1 per, . . . hand *F*: paper . . . hand, *18°* 10 the *F*: th' *18°*

SONNET. XLIX.

FAyre cruell, why are ye so fierce and cruell?
Is it because your eyes haue powre to kill?
then know, that mercy is the mighties iewell,
and greater glory thinke to saue, then spill.
But if it be your pleasure and proud will,
to shew the powre of your imperious eyes:
then not on him that neuer thought you ill,
but bend your force against your enemyes.
Let them feele th'utmost of your crueltyes,
and kill with looks, as Cockatrices doo:
but him that at your footstoole humbled lies,
with mercifull regard, giue mercy too.
Such mercy shal you make admyred to be,
so shall you liue by giuing life to me.

SONNET. L.

LOng languishing in double malady, a
of my harts wound and of my bodies griefe, b
there came to me a leach that would apply a
fit medicines for my bodies best reliefe. b
Vayne man (quod I) that hast but little priefe: b
in deep discouery of the mynds disease, c
is not the hart of all the body chiefe? b
and rules the members as it selfe doth please. c
Then with some cordialls seeke first to appease c
the inward languour of my wounded hart, d
and then my body shall haue shortly ease: c
but such sweet cordialls passe Physitions art. d
Then my lyfes Leach doe you your skill reueale, e
and with one salue both hart and body heale. e

XLIX 10 kill with looks, *F*: kill, with looks *18°* L 2 griefe, greife: *18°* 5 quod *18°*: quoth *F* 9 appease *F*: appease, *18°*

SONNET. LI.

DOe I not see that fayrest ymages
Of hardest Marble are of purpose made?
for that they should endure through many ages,
ne let theyr famous moniments to fade.
Why then doe I, vntrainde in louers trade,
her hardnes blame which I should more commend?
sith neuer ought was excellent assayde,
which was not hard t'atchiue and bring to end.
Ne ought so hard, but he that would attend,
mote soften it and to his will allure:
so doe I hope her stubborne hart to bend,
and that it then more stedfast will endure.
Onely my paines wil be the more to get her,
but hauing her, my ioy wil be the greater.

SONNET. LII.

SO oft as homeward I from her depart,
I goe lyke one that hauing lost the field,
is prisoner led away with heauy hart,
despoyld of warlike armes and knowen shield.
So doe I now my selfe a prisoner yeeld,
to sorrow and to solitary paine:
from presence of my dearest deare exylde,
longwhile alone in languor to remaine.
There let no thought of ioy or pleasure vaine,
dare to approch, that may my solace breed:
but sudden dumps and drery sad disdayne,
of all worlds gladnesse more my torment feed.
So I her absens will my penaunce make,
that of her presens I my meed may take.

LII 2 field, *F*: field: *1*8*o*

SONNET. LIII.

THe Panther knowing that his spotted hyde
Doth please all beasts, but that his looks them fray,
within a bush his dreadfull head doth hide,
to let them gaze whylest he on them may pray.
Right so my cruell fayre with me doth play,
for with the goodly semblant of her hew
she doth allure me to mine owne decay,
and then no mercy will vnto me shew.
Great shame it is, thing so diuine in view,
made for to be the worlds most ornament,
to make the bayte her gazers to embrew,
good shames to be to ill an instrument.
But mercy doth with beautie best agree,
as in theyr maker ye them best may see.

SONNET. LIIII.

OF this worlds Theatre in which we stay,
My loue lyke the Spectator ydly sits
beholding me that all the pageants play,
disguysing diuersly my troubled wits.
Sometimes I ioy when glad occasion fits,
and mask in myrth lyke to a Comedy:
soone after when my ioy to sorrow flits,
I waile and make my woes a Tragedy.
Yet she beholding me with constant eye,
delights not in my merth nor rues my smart:
but when I laugh she mocks, and when I cry
she laughes, and hardens euermore her hart.
What then can moue her? if nor merth nor mone,
she is no woman, but a sencelesse stone.

LIII 1–2 hyde . . . beasts, . . . fray,] hyde, . . . beasts . . . fray: *18* hyde . . . beasts, . . . fray: *F* 5–6 play, . . . hew *18°*: play. . . . hew, *C* 6 semblant *18°*: semblance *F* 10 ornament: *18°*, *F*

SONNET. LV.

SO oft as I her beauty doe behold,
And therewith doe her cruelty compare,
I maruaile of what substance was the mould
the which her made attonce so cruell faire.
Not earth; for her high thoghts more heauenly are,
not water; for her loue doth burne like fyre:
not ayre; for she is not so light or rare,
not fyre; for she doth friese with faint desire.
Then needs another Element inquire
whereof she mote be made; that is the skye.
for to the heauen her haughty lookes aspire:
and eke her mind is pure immortall hye.
Then sith to heauen ye lykened are the best,
be lyke in mercy as in all the rest:

SONNET. LVI.

FAyre ye be sure, but cruell and vnkind,
As is a Tygre that with greedinesse
hunts after bloud, when he by chance doth find
a feeble beast, doth felly him oppresse.
Fayre be ye sure, but proud and pittilesse,
as is a storme, that all things doth prostrate:
finding a tree alone all comfortlesse,
beats on it strongly it to ruinate.
Fayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
as is a rocke amidst the raging floods:
gaynst which a ship of succour desolate,
doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.
That ship, that tree, and that same beast am I,
whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and destroy.

LV 2 compare, *F*: compare : *18°* 12 mind *Q*: loue *F*
LVI 5 sure *18°*, *F*

SONNET. LVII.

SWeet warriour when shall I haue peace with you?
High time it is, this warre now ended were:
which I no lenger can endure to sue,
ne your incessant battry more to beare:
So weake my powres, so sore my wounds appeare,
that wonder is how I should liue a iot,
seeing my hart through launched euery where
with thousand arrowes, which your eies have shot:
Yet shoot ye sharpely still, and spare me not,
but glory thinke to make these cruel stoures.
ye cruell one, what glory can be got,
in slaying him that would liue gladly yours?
Make peace therefore, and graunt me timely grace.
that al my wounds wil heale in little space.

SONNET. LVIII.

By her that is most assured to her selfe.

WEake is th'assurance that weake flesh reposeth
In her owne powre, and scorneth others ayde:
that soonest fals when as she most supposeth
her selfe assurd, and is of nought affrayd.
All flesh is frayle, and all her strength vnstayd,
like a vaine bubble blowen vp with ayre:
deuouring tyme and changeful chance haue prayd
her glories pride that none may it repayre.
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fayre,
but fayleth trusting on his owne assurance:
and he that standeth on the hyghest stayre
fals lowest: for on earth nought hath enduraunce.
Why then doe ye proud fayre, misdeeme so farre,
that to your selfe ye most assured arre.

LVII 10 stoures. *F*: stoures, *18°* LVIII 1–2 reposeth . . . powre, *1*
reposeth, . . . powre *18°* 3 supposeth, *18°*, *F* 7 prayd, *18°*, *F*

SONNET. LIX.

THrise happie she, that is so well assured
Vnto her selfe and setled so in hart:
that nether will for better be allured,
ne feard with worse to any chaunce to start:
But like a steddy ship doth strongly part
the raging waues and keepes her course aright:
ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight.
Such selfe assurance need not feare the spight
of grudging foes, ne fauour seek of friends:
but in the stay of her owne stedfast might,
nether to one her selfe nor other bends.
Most happy she that most assured doth rest,
but he most happy who such one loues best.

SONNET. LX.

THey that in course of heauenly spheares are skild,
To euery planet point his sundry yeare:
in which her circles voyage is fulfild,
as Mars in three score yeares doth run his spheare.
So since the winged God his planet cleare,
began in me to moue, one yeare is spent:
the which doth longer vnto me appeare,
then al those fourty which my life outwent.
Then by that count, which louers books inuent,
the spheare of Cupid fourty yeares containes:
which I haue wasted in long languishment,
that seemd the longer for my greater paines.
But let my loues fayre Planet short her wayes
this yeare ensuing, or else short my dayes.

LIX 4 start, *18°*, *F* 9 spight *F*: spight, *18°*
LX 4 spheare. *F*: spheare *18°*

SONNET. LXI.

THe glorious image of the makers beautie,
My souerayne saynt, the Idoll of my thought,
dare not henceforth aboue the bounds of dewtie,
t'accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought.
For being as she is diuinely wrought,
and of the brood of Angels heuenly borne:
and with the crew of blessed Saynts vpbrought,
each of which did her with theyr guifts adorne;
The bud of ioy, the blossome of the morne,
the beame of light, whom mortal eyes admyre:
what reason is it then but she should scorne
base things, that to her loue too bold aspire?
Such heauenly formes ought rather worshipt be,
then dare be lou'd by men of meane degree.

SONNET. LXII.

THe weary yeare his race now hauing run,
The new begins his compast course anew:
with shew of morning mylde he hath begun,
betokening peace and plenty to ensew.
So let vs, which this chaunge of weather vew,
chaunge eeke our mynds and former liues amend,
the old yeares sinnes forepast let vs eschew,
and fly the faults with which we did offend.
Then shall the new yeares ioy forth freshly send,
into the glooming world his gladsome ray:
and all these stormes which now his beauty blend,
shall turne to caulmes and tymely cleare away.
So likewise loue cheare you your heauy spright,
and chaunge old yeares annoy to new delight.

LXI 11–12 scorne . . . things, *F*: scorne, . . . things *18°*
LXII 4 ensew, *18°*,. *F* 6 amend, *F*: amend *18°*

SONNET. LXIII.

AFter long stormes and tempests sad assay,
Which hardly I endured heretofore:
in dread of death and daungerous dismay,
with which my silly barke was tossed sore:
I doe at length descry the happy shore,
in which I hope ere long for to arryue;
fayre soyle it seemes from far and fraught with store
of all that deare and daynty is alyue.
Most happy he that can at last atchyue
the ioyous safety of so sweet a rest:
whose least delight sufficeth to depriue
remembrance of all paines which him opprest.
All paines are nothing in respect of this,
all sorrowes short that gaine eternall blisse.

SONNET. LXIIII.

COmming to kisse her lyps, (such grace I found)
Me seemd I smelt a gardin of sweet flowres:
that dainty odours from them threw around
for damzels fit to decke their louers bowres.
Her lips did smell lyke vnto Gillyflowers,
her ruddy cheekes lyke vnto Roses red:
her snowy browes lyke budded Bellamoures,
her louely eyes lyke Pincks but newly spred.
Her goodly bosome lyke a Strawberry bed,
her neck lyke to a bounch of Cullambynes:
her brest lyke lillyes, ere theyr leaues be shed,
her nipples lyke yong blossomd Iessemynes.
Such fragrant flowres doe giue most odorous smell,
but her sweet odour did them all excell.

LXIII 2 heretofore: *18°*: heretofore, *F* 4 sore: *F*: sore. *18°*
6arriue; *F*: arryue, *18°* 9, 11 atchyue, . . . depriue, *18°* LXIIII
8spred, *18°*, *F* 12 Iessemynes, *18°*, *F*

SONNET. LXV.

THe doubt which ye misdeeme, fayre loue, is vaine,
That fondly feare to loose your liberty,
when loosing one, two liberties ye gayne,
and make him bond that bondage earst dyd fly.
Sweet be the bands, the which true loue doth tye,
without constraynt or dread of any ill:
the gentle birde feeles no captiuity
within her cage, but singes and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approch, nor discord spill
the league twixt them, that loyal loue hath bound:
but simple truth and mutuall good will,
seekes with sweet peace to salue each others wound:
There fayth doth fearlesse dwell in brasen towre,
and spotlesse pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

SONNET. LXVI.

TO all those happy blessings which ye haue,
with plenteous hand by heauen vpon you thrown,
this one disparagement they to you gaue,
that ye your loue lent to so meane a one.
Yee whose high worths surpassing paragon,
could not on earth haue found one fit for mate,
ne but in heauen matchable to none,
why did ye stoup vnto so lowly state?
But ye thereby much greater glory gate,
then had ye sorted with a princes pere:
for now your light doth more it selfe dilate,
and in my darknesse greater doth appeare.
Yet since your light hath once enlumind me,
with my reflex yours shall encreased be.

LXV 1 vaine *18°*, *F* 12 wound: *F*: wound *18°* LXVI 2 throw*n* *F*: thrown: *18°* 8 state? *F*: state. *18°*

SONNET. LXVII.

LYke as a huntsman after weary chace,
Seeing the game from him escapt away,
sits downe to rest him in some shady place,
with panting hounds beguiled of their pray:
So after long pursuit and vaine assay,
when I all weary had the chace forsooke,
the gentle deare returnd the selfe-same way,
thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke.
There she beholding me with mylder looke,
sought not to fly, but fearelesse still did bide:
till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
and with her owne goodwill hir fyrmely tyde.
Strange thing me seemd to see a beast so wyld,
so goodly wonne with her owne will beguyld.

SONNET. LXVIII.

MOst glorious Lord of lyfe, that on this day,
Didst make thy triumph ouer death and sin:
and hauing harrowd hell, didst bring away
captiuity thence captiue vs to win:
This ioyous day, deare Lord, with ioy begin,
and grant that we for whom thou diddest dye
being with thy deare blood clene washt from sin,
may liue for euer in felicity.
And that thy loue we weighing worthily,
may likewise loue thee for the same againe:
and for thy sake that all lyke deare didst buy,
with loue may one another entertayne.
So let vs loue, deare loue, lyke as we ought,
loue is the lesson which the Lord vs taught. ✳

LXVII 2 away, *F*: away: *18°* 4 pray: *F*: pray. *18°* LXVIII 1lyfe, *F*: lyfe *18°* 3 hell, *F*: hell *18°* away, *18°*, *F* 4 win: *F*: vn. *18°* 6 thou *F*: tbou *18°*

SONNET. LXIX.

THe famous warriors of the anticke world,
Vsed Trophees to erect in stately wize:
in which they would the records haue enrold,
of theyr great deeds and valarous emprize.
What trophee then shall I most fit deuize,
in which I may record the memory
of my loues conquest, peerelesse beauties prise,
adorn'd with honour, loue, and chastity.
Euen this verse vowd to eternity,
shall be thereof immortall moniment:
and tell her prayse to all posterity,
that may admire such worlds rare wonderment.
The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,
gotten at last with labour and long toyle.

SONNET. LXX.

FResh spring the herald of loues mighty king,
In whose cote armour richly are displayd
all sorts of flowers the which on earth do spring
in goodly colours gloriously arrayd.
Goe to my loue, where she is carelesse layd,
yet in her winters bowre not well awake:
tell her the ioyous time wil not be staid
vnlesse she doe him by the forelock take.
Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,
to wayt on loue amongst his louely crew:
where euery one that misseth then her make,
shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
Make hast therefore sweet loue, whilest it is prime,
for none can call againe the passed time.

LXX 2 cote armour *18°*: coat-armour *F* displayd *F*: displayd, *18°*

SONNET. LXXI.

I Ioy to see how in your drawen work,
Your selfe vnto the Bee ye doe compare;
and me vnto the Spyder that doth lurke,
in close awayt to catch her vnaware.
Right so your selfe were caught in cunning snare
of a deare foe, and thralled to his loue:
in whose streight bands ye now captiued are
so firmely, that ye neuer may remoue.
But as your worke is wouen all aboue,
with woodbynd flowers and fragrant Eglantine:
so sweet your prison you in time shall proue,
with many deare delights bedecked fyne.
And all thensforth eternall peace shall see,
betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.

SONNET. LXXII.

OFt when my spirit doth spred her bolder winges,
In mind to mount vp to the purest sky:
it down is weighd with thoght of earthly things
and clogd with burden of mortality,
Where when that souerayne beauty it doth spy,
resembling heauens glory in her light:
drawne with sweet pleasures bayt, it back doth fly,
and vnto heauen forgets her former flight.
There my fraile fancy fed with full delight,
doth bath in blisse and mantleth most at ease:
ne thinks of other heauen, but how it might
her harts desire with most contentment please.
Hart need not with none other happinesse,
but here on earth to haue such heuens blisse.

LXXI 9 aboue,] about, *18°*, *F* 13 see, *F*: see *18°*

SONNET. LXXIII.

BEing my selfe captyued here in care,
My hart, whom none with seruile bands can tye,
but the fayre tresses of your golden hayre,
breaking his prison forth to you doth fly.
Lyke as a byrd that in ones hand doth spy
desired food, to it doth make his flight:
euen so my hart, that wont on your fayre eye
to feed his fill, flyes backe vnto your sight.
Doe you him take, and in your bosome bright,
gently encage, that he may be your thrall:
perhaps he there may learne with rare delight,
to sing your name and prayses ouer all.
That it hereafter may you not repent,
him lodging in your bosome to haue lent.

SONNET. LXXIIII.

MOst happy letters fram'd by skilfull trade,
with which that happy name was first desynd:
the which three times thrise happy hath me made,
with guifts of body, fortune and of mind.
The first my being to me gaue by kind,
from mothers womb deriu'd by dew descent,
the second is my souereigne Queene most kind,
that honour and large richesse to me lent.
The third my loue, my liues last ornament,
by whom my spirit out of dust was raysed:
to speake her prayse and glory excellent,
of all alive most worthy to be praysed.
Ye three Elizabeths for euer liue,
that three such graces did vnto me giue.

LXXIII 2 tye,] tye: *1880*, *F*

SONNET. LXXV.

ONe day I wrote her name vpon the strand,
but came the waues and washed it away:
agayne I wrote it with a second hand,
but came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine assay,
a mortall thing so to immortalize,
for I my selue shall lyke to this decay,
and eek my name bee wyped out lykewize.
Not so, (quod I) let baser things deuize
to dy in dust, but you shall liue by fame:
my verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
and in the heuens wryte your glorious name.
Where whenas death shall all the world subdew,
our loue shall liue, and later life renew.

SONNET. LXXVI.

FAyre bosome fraught with vertues richest tresure,
The neast of loue, the lodging of delight:
the bowre of blisse, the paradice of pleasure,
the sacred harbour of that heuenly spright.
How was I rauisht with your louely sight,
and my frayle thoughts too rashly led astray?
whiles diuing deepe through amorous insight,
on the sweet spoyle of beautie they did pray.
And twixt her paps like early fruit in May,
whose haruest seemd to hasten now apace:
they loosely did theyr wanton winges display,
and there to rest themselues did boldly place.
Sweet thoughts I enuy your so happy rest,
which oft I wisht, yet neuer was so blest.

LXXV 2 away *F*: a way *18°* 6 immortalize, *F*: immortalize. *18°*
9 quod *18°*: quoth *F* deuize *F*: deuize, *18°*

SONNET. LXXVII.

Was it a dreame, or did I see it playne,
a goodly table of pure yvory:
all spred with iuncats, fit to entertayne
the greatest Prince with pompous roialty.
Mongst which there in a siluer dish did ly
twoo golden apples of vnualewd price:
far passing those which Hercules came by,
or those which Atalanta did entice.
Exceeding sweet, yet voyd of sinfull vice,
That many sought yet none could euer taste,
sweet fruit of pleasure brought from paradice
by loue himselfe, and in his garden plaste.
Her brest that table was so richly spredd,
my thoughts the guests, which would thereon haue fedd.

SONNET. LXXVIII.

Lackyng my loue I go from place to place,
lyke a young fawne that late hath lost the hynd:
and seeke each where, where last I sawe her face,
whose ymage yet I carry fresh in mynd.
I seeke the fields with her late footing synd,
I seeke her bowre with her late presence deckt,
yet nor in field nor bowre I her can fynd:
yet field and bowre are full of her aspect.
But when myne eyes I thereunto direct,
they ydly back returne to me agayne,
and when I hope to see theyr trew obiect,
I fynd my selfe but fed with fancies vayne.
Ceasse then myne eyes, to seeke her selfe to see,
and let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee.

LXXVII 3 entertayne *F*: entertayne, *18°* 5 ly *F*: ly, *18°* 11 paradice] paradice: *18°*: Paradyse: *F* 12 himselfe, *F*: himselfe *18°*
LXXVIII 8 aspect, *18°*: aspect; *F*

SONNET. LXXIX.

MEn call you fayre, and you doe credit it,
For that your selfe ye dayly such doe see:
but the trew fayre, that is the gentle wit,
and vertuous mind, is much more praysd of me.
For all the rest, how euer fayre it be,
shall turne to nought and loose that glorious hew:
but onely that is permanent and free
from frayle corruption, that doth flesh ensew.
That is true beautie: that doth argue you
to be diuine and borne of heauenly seed:
deriu'd from that fayre Spirit, from whom al true
and perfect beauty did at first proceed.
He onely fayre, and what he fayre hath made,
all other fayre lyke flowres vntymely fade.

SONNET. LXXX.

AFter so long a race as I haue run
Through Faery land, which those six books compile,
giue leaue to rest me being halfe fordonne,
and gather to my selfe new breath awhile.
Then as a steed refreshed after toyle,
out of my prison I will breake anew:
and stoutly will that second worke assoyle,
with strong endeuour and attention dew.
Till then giue leaue to me in pleasant mew,
to sport my muse and sing my loues sweet praise:
the contemplation of whose heauenly hew,
my spirit to an higher pitch will rayse.
But let her prayses yet be low and meane,
fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

LXXIX 4 mind, *F*: mind *18°* LXXX 2 compile, *F*: compile *18°*
9–10 mew, . . . muse *18°*: mew . . . muse, *F*

SONNET. LXXXI.

FAyre is my loue, when her fayre golden heares,
with the loose wynd ye wauing chance to marke:
fayre when the rose in her red cheekes appeares,
or in her eyes the fyre of loue does sparke.
Fayre when her brest lyke a rich laden barke,
with pretious merchandize she forth doth lay:
fayre when that cloud of pryde, which oft doth dark
her goodly light with smiles she driues away.
But fayrest she, when so she doth display,
the gate with pearles and rubyes richly dight:
throgh which her words so wise do make their way
to beare the message of her gentle spright.
The rest be works of natures wonderment,
but this the worke of harts astonishment.

SONNET. LXXXII.

IOy of my life, full oft for louing you
I blesse my lot, that was so lucky placed:
but then the more your owne mishap I rew,
that are so much by so meane loue embased.
For had the equall heuens so much you graced
in this as in the rest, ye mote inuent
som heuenly wit, whose verse could haue enchased
your glorious name in golden moniment.
But since ye deignd so goodly to relent
to me your thrall, in whom is little worth,
that little that I am, shall all be spent,
in setting your immortall prayses forth.
Whose lofty argument vplifting me,
shall lift you vp vnto an high degree.

LXXXI 12 spright, *18°*: spright: *F*

SONNET. LXXXIII.

MY hungry eyes, through greedy couetize,
still to behold the obiect of theyr payne:
with no contentment can themselues suffize,
but hauing pine, and hauing not complayne.
For lacking it, they cannot lyfe sustayne,
and seeing it, they gaze on it the more:
in theyr amazement lyke Narcissus vayne
whose eyes him staru'd: so plenty makes me pore.
Yet are myne eyes so filled with the store
of that fayre sight, that nothing else they brooke:
but loath the things which they did like before,
and can no more endure on them to looke.
All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me,
and all theyr shewes but shadowes, sauing she.

SONNET. LXXXIIII.

LEt not one sparke of filthy lustfull fyre
breake out, that may her sacred peace molest:
ne one light glance of sensuall desyre
Attempt to work her gentle mindes vnrest.
But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,
and modest thoughts breathd from wel tempred sprites
goe visit her in her chast bowre of rest,
accompanyde with angelick delightes.
There fill your selfe with those most ioyous sights,
the which my selfe could neuer yet attayne:
but speake no word to her of these sad plights,
which her too constant stiffenesse doth constrayn.
Onely behold her rare perfection,
and blesse your fortunes fayre election.

LXXXIII 4 complayne. *F*: complayne *18°* .. 14 shadowes, *F*: adowes *18°* LXXXIIII 3 desyre *F*: desyre: *18°* 6 sprites *18°*: irits *F* 8 angelick *18°*: Angel-like *F*

SONNET. LXXXV.

THe world that cannot deeme of worthy things,
when I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter:
so does the Cuckow, when the Mauis sings,
begin his witlesse note apace to clatter.
But they that skill not of so heauenly matter,
all that they know not, enuy or admyre,
rather then enuy let them wonder at her,
but not to deeme of her desert aspyre.
Deepe in the closet of my parts entyre,
her worth is written with a golden quill:
that me with heauenly fury doth inspire,
and my glad mouth with her sweet prayses fill.
Which when as fame in her shrill trump shal thunder
let the world chose to enuy or to wonder.

SONNET. LXXXVI.

VEnemous toung, tipt with vile adders sting,
Of that selfe kynd with which the Furies fell
theyr snaky heads doe combe, from which a spring
of poysoned words and spitefull speeches well.
Let all the plagues and horrid paines of hell,
vpon thee fall for thine accursed hyre:
that with false forged lyes, which thou didst tel,
in my true loue did stirre vp coles of yre,
The sparkes whereof let kindle thine own fyre,
and catching hold on thine owne wicked hed
consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire
in my sweet peace such breaches to haue bred.
Shame be thy meed, and mischiefe thy reward,
dew to thy selfe that it for me prepard.

LXXXV 14 chose *18°*: chuse *F* LXXXVI 1 toung *18°* tongue, *F* 13 reward, *F*: reward. *18°*

SONNET. LXXXVII.

SInce I did leaue the presence of my loue,
Many long weary dayes I haue outworne:
and many nights, that slowly seemd to moue
theyr sad protract from euening vntill morne.
For when as day the heauen doth adorne,
I wish that night the noyous day would end:
and when as night hath vs of light forlorne,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
and faine my griefe with chaunges to beguile,
that further seemes his terme still to extend,
and maketh euery minute seeme a myle.
So sorrow still doth seeme too long to last,
but ioyous houres doo fly away too fast.

SONNET. LXXXVIII.

SInce I haue lackt the comfort of that light,
The which was wont to lead my thoughts astray:
I wander as in darkenesse of the night,
affrayd of euery dangers least dismay.
Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
when others gaze vpon theyr shadowes vayne:
but th'onely image of that heauenly ray,
whereof some glance doth in mine eie remayne.
Of which beholding the Idæa playne,
through contemplation of my purest part:
with light thereof I doe my selfe sustayne,
and thereon feed my loue-affamisht hart.
But with such brightnesse whylest I fill my mind,
I starue my body and mine eyes doe blynd.

LXXXVII 3 moue *F*: moue, *18°*
LXXXVIII 9 the Idæa *F*: th'Idæa *18°*

SONNET. LXXXIX.

LYke as the Culuer on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate:
and in her songs sends many a wishfull vow,
for his returne that seemes to linger late.
So I alone now left disconsolate,
mourne to my selfe the absence of my loue:
and wandring here and there all desolate,
seek with my playnts to match that mournful doue:
Ne ioy of ought that vnder heauen doth houe,
can comfort me, but her owne ioyous sight:
whose sweet aspect both God and man can moue,
in her vnspotted pleasauns to delight.
Dark is my day, whyles her fayre light I mis,
and dead my life that wants such liuely blis.

LXXXIX 3 vow *F2*: vew *18°*, *F* 8 doue: *F*: doue *18°*

IN youth before I waxed old,
The blynd boy Venus baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
In bitter hyue to grope for honny.
But when he saw me stung and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did fly.

AS Diane hunted on a day,
She chaunst to come where Cupid lay,
his quiuer by his head:
One of his shafts she stole away,
And one of hers did close conuay,
into the others stead:
With that loue wounded my loues hart,
but Diane beasts with Cupids dart.

I Saw in secret to my Dame,
How little Cupid humbly came:
and sayd to her All hayle my mother.
But when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashfull blood did flame,
not knowing Venus from the other,
Then neuer blush Cupid (quoth I)
for many haue err'd in this beauty.

1 old, *F*: old. *18°* 2 blynd *18°*: blinded *F*
4 shame *F*: shame: *18°*

VPon a day as loue lay sweetly slumbring,
all in his mothers lap:
A gentle Bee with his loud trumpet murm'ring,
about him flew by hap.
Whereof when he was wakened with the noyse,
and saw the beast so small:
Whats this (quoth he) that giues so great a voyce,
that wakens men withall?
In angry wize he flyes about,
and threatens all with corage stout.

To whom his mother closely smiling sayd,
twixt earnest and twixt game:
See thou thy selfe likewise art lyttle made,
if thou regard the same.
And yet thou suffrest neyther gods in sky,
nor men in earth to rest:
But when thou art disposed cruelly,
theyr sleepe thou doost molest.
Then eyther change thy cruelty,
or giue lyke leaue vnto the fly.

Nathlesse the cruell boy not so content,
would needs the fly pursue:
And in his hand with heedlesse hardiment,
him caught for to subdue.
But when on it he hasty hand did lay,
the Bee him stung therefore:
Now out alasse (he cryde) and welaway,
I wounded am full sore:
The fly that I so much did scorne,
hath hurt me with his little horne.

8 withal? *F*: withall. *18°*

Vnto his mother straight he weeping came,
and of his griefe complayned:
Who could not chose but laugh at his fond game,
though sad to see him pained.
Think now (quod she) my sonne how great the smart
of those whom thou dost wound:
Full many thou hast pricked to the hart,
that pitty neuer found:
Therefore henceforth some pitty take,
when thou doest spoyle of louers make.

She tooke him streight full pitiously lamenting,
and wrapt him in her smock:
She wrapt him softly, all the while repenting,
that he the fly did mock.
She drest his wound and it embaulmed wel
with salue of soueraigne might:
And then she bath'd him in a dainty well
the well of deare delight.
Who would not oft be stung as this,
to be so bath'd in Venus blis?

The wanton boy was shortly wel recured,
of that his malady:
But he soone after fresh againe enured,
his former cruelty.
And since that time he wounded hath my selfe
with his sharpe dart of loue:
And now forgets the cruell carelesse elfe,
his mothers heast to proue.
So now I languish, till he please
my pining anguish to appease.

3 chose *18°*: chuse *F* 35 quod *18°*: quoth *F* 50 blis? *F*: bli *18°* 59 languish, *F*: languish *18°* please *F*: please, *18°*

FINIS.

Epithalamion.

YE learned sisters which haue oftentimes
Beene to me ayding, others to adorne:
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes,
That euen the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes,
But ioyed in theyr prayse.
And when ye list your owne mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or loue, or fortunes wreck did rayse,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your dolefull dreriment.
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside,
And hauing all your heads with girland crownd,
Helpe me mine owne loues prayses to resound,
Ne let the same of any be enuide:
So Orpheus did for his owne bride,
So I vnto my selfe alone will sing,
The woods shall to me answer and my Eccho ring.

EArly before the worlds light giuing lampe,
His golden beame vpon the hils doth spred,
Hauing disperst the nights vnchearefull dampe,
Doe ye awake, and with fresh lusty hed,
Go to the bowre of my beloued loue,
My truest turtle doue,
Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to moue,
With his bright Tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In theyr fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore and soone her dight,
For lo the wished day is come at last,
That shall for al the paynes and sorrowes past,
Pay to her vsury of long delight:
And whylest she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of ioy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer and your eccho ring.

13 girland *18°*: girlands *F* 15 enuide: *F*: enuide, *18°* 22 awake, *F*: awake *18°* 24 doue, *F*: doue *18°* 33 delight: *F*: delight, *18°*

BRing with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
Both of the riuers and the forrests greene:
And of the sea that neighbours to her neare,
Al with gay girlands goodly wel beseene.
And let them also with them bring in hand,
Another gay girland
For my fayre loue of lillyes and of roses,
Bound trueloue wize with a blew silke riband.
And let them make great store of bridale poses,
And let them eeke bring store of other flowers
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred lyke the discolored mead.
Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
For she will waken strayt,
The whiles doe ye this song vnto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer and your Eccho ring.

YE Nymphes of Mulla which with carefull heed,
The siluer scaly trouts doe tend full well,
And greedy pikes which vse therein to feed,
(Those trouts and pikes all others doo excell)
And ye likewise which keepe the rushy lake,
Where none doo fishes take,
Bynd vp the locks the which hang scatterd light,
And in his waters which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my loue doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke ye lightfoot mayds which keepe the deere,
That on the hoary mountayne vse to towre,
And the wylde wolues which seeke them to deuoure,
With your steele darts doo chace from comming neer
Be also present heere,
To helpe to decke her and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer and your eccho ring.

61 take,] take. *18°*, *F* 67 deere] dore *18°*, *F*

WAke, now my loue, awake; for it is time,
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
All ready to her siluer coche to clyme,
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies
And carroll of loues praise.
The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft,
The thrush replyes, the Mauis descant playes,
The Ouzell shrills, the Ruddock warbles soft,
So goodly all agree with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.
Ah my deere loue why doe ye sleepe thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T'awayt the comming of your ioyous make,
And hearken to the birds louelearned song,
The deawy leaues among.
For they of ioy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer and theyr eccho ring.

MY loue is now awake out of her dreame,
And her fayre eyes like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams
More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere.
Come now ye damzels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight,
But first come ye fayre houres which were begot
In Ioues sweet paradice, of Day and Night,
Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,
And al that euer in this world is fayre
Doe make and still repayre.
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,
The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
Helpe to addorne my beautifullest bride:
And as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene,
And as ye vse to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shal answer and your eccho ring.

105 bride: *F*: bride *18°* 109 ring. *F*: ring *18°*

NOw is my loue all ready forth to come,
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt,
And ye fresh boyes that tend vpon her groome
Prepare your selues; for he is comming strayt.
Set all your things in seemely good aray
Fit for so ioyfull day,
The ioyfulst day that euer sunne did see.
Faire Sun, shew forth thy fauourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not feruent be
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fayrest Phœbus, father of the Muse,
If euer I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing, that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy seruants simple boone refuse,
But let this day let this one day be myne,
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy souerayne prayses loud wil sing,
That all the woods shal answer and theyr eccho ring.

HArke how the Minstrels gin to shrill aloud
Their merry Musick that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling Croud,
That well agree withouten breach or iar.
But most of all the Damzels doe delite,
When they their tymbrels smyte,
And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet,
That all the sences they doe rauish quite,
The whyles the boyes run vp and downe the street,
Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,
As if it were one voyce.
Hymen io Hymen, Hymen they do shout,
That euen to the heauens theyr shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill,
To which the people standing all about,

116 see. *F*: see *18°* 118 lifull *18°*: life-full *F*
129 aloud *F*: aloud, *18°*

As in approuance doe thereto applaud
And loud aduaunce her laud,
And euermore they Hymen Hymen sing,
That al the woods them answer and theyr eccho ring.

LOe where she comes along with portly pace
Lyke Phœbe from her chamber of the East,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.
So well it her beseemes that ye would weene
Some angell she had beene.
Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres a tweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre,
And being crowned with a girland greene,
Seeme lyke some mayden Queene.
Her modest eyes abashed to behold
So many gazers, as on her do stare,
Vpon the lowly ground affixed are.
Ne dare lift vp her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing.
That all the woods may answer and your eccho ring.

TEll me ye merchants daughters did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before,
So sweet, so louely, and so mild as she,
Adornd with beautyes grace and vertues store,
Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead yuory white,
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips lyke cherryes charming men to byte,
Her brest like to a bowle of creame vncrudded,
Her paps lyke lyllies budded,
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre,
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending vppe with many a stately stayre,

158 Queene. *F*: Queene, *18o*

To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
Vpon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer and your eccho ring.

BVt if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her liuely spright,
Garnisht with heauenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
Medusaes mazeful hed.
There dwels sweet loue and constant chastity,
Vnspotted fayth and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour and mild modesty,
There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
And giueth lawes alone.
The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr seruices vnto her will,
Ne thought of thing vncomely euer may
Thereto approch to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial threasures,
And vnreuealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder and her prayses sing,
That al the woods should answer and your echo ring.

OPen the temple gates vnto my loue,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the postes adorne as doth behoue,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to recyue this Saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you.
With trembling steps and humble reuerence,
She commeth in, before th'almighties vew,
Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:

184 ring. *F*: ring *18°* 208 recyue *18°*: receiue *F* 209 you. *F*: u, *18°* 214 faces: *F*: faces *18°*

Bring her vp to th'high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make,
And let the roring Organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in liuely notes,
The whiles with hollow throates
The Choristers the ioyous Antheme sing,
That al the woods may answere and their eccho ring.

Behold whiles she before the altar stands
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush vp in her cheekes,
And the pure snow with goodly vermill stayne,
Like crimsin dyde in grayne,
That euen th'Angels which continually,
About the sacred Altare doe remaine,
Forget their seruice and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face that seemes more fayre,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes still fastened on the ground,
Are gouerned with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought vnsownd.
Why blush ye loue to giue to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answere and your eccho ring.

NOw al is done; bring home the bride againe,
Bring home the triumph of our victory,
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
With ioyance bring her and with iollity.
Neuer had man more ioyfull day then this,
Whom heauen would heape with blis.

215 altar, *F*: altar *18°* may *F*: may, *18°* 218 play] play; *18°*, *F* 220 throates *F*: throates. *18°* 229 th' *18°*: the *F* 237 vnsownd. *F*: vnsownd, *18°* 239 band?] band, *18°*: band. *F* 240 Angels, *F*: Angels *18°* 241 ring. *F*: ring *18°*

Make feast therefore now all this liue long day,
This day for euer to me holy is,
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of vine,
And let the Graces daunce vnto the rest;
For they can doo it best:
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
To which the woods shal answer and theyr eccho ring.

RIng ye the bels, ye yong men of the towne,
And leaue your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,
That ye for euer it remember may.
This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To chose the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare:
Yet neuer day so long, but late would passe.
Ring ye the bels, to make it weare away,
And bonefiers make all day,
And daunce about them, and about them sing:
that all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

AH when will this long weary day haue end,
And lende me leaue to come vnto my loue?
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend?
How slowly does sad Time his feathers moue?
Hast thee O fayrest Planet to thy home
Within the Westerne fome:

Thy tyred steedes long since haue need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
And the bright euening star with golden creast
Appeare out of the East.
Fayre childe of beauty, glorious lampe of loue
That all the host of heauen in rankes doost lead,
And guydest louers through the nightes dread,
How chearefully thou lookest from aboue,
And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light
As ioying in the sight
Of these glad many which for ioy doe sing,
That all the woods them answer and their echo ring.

Now ceasse ye damsels your delights forepast;
Enough is it, that all the day was youres:
Now day is doen, and night is nighing fast:
Now bring the Bryde into the brydall boures.
Now night is come, now soone her disaray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken courteins ouer her display,
And odourd sheetes, and Arras couerlets.
Behold how goodly my faire loue does ly
In proud humility;
Like vnto Maia, when as Ioue her tooke,
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gon,
And leaue my loue alone,
And leaue likewise your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shal answere, nor your echo ring.

NOw welcome night, thou night so long expected,
That long daies labour doest at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruell loue collected,
Hast sumd in one, and cancelled for aye:

290 nights sad dread *F*: nights dread *18°* 304 couerlets. *F*: couerlets, *18°* 310 brooke. *F*: brooke, *18°* 314 ring. *F*: ring *18°*

Spread thy broad wing ouer my loue and me,
That no man may vs see,
And in thy sable mantle vs enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
Let no false treason seeke vs to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our ioy:
But let the night be calme and quietsome,
Without tempestuous storms or sad afray:
Lyke as when Ioue with fayre Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groome:
Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie,
And begot Maiesty.
And let the mayds and yongmen cease to sing:
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

LEt no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
Be heard all night within nor yet without:
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceiued dout.
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadful sights
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let housefyres, nor lightnings helpelesse harmes,
Ne let the Pouke, nor other euill sprights,
Ne let mischiuous witches with theyr charmes,
Ne let hob Goblins, names whose sence we see not,
Fray vs with things that be not.
Let not the shriech Oule, nor the Storke be heard:
Nor the night Rauen that still deadly yels,
Nor damned ghosts cald vp with mighty spels,
Nor griesly vultures make vs once affeard:
Ne let th'unpleasant Quyre of Frogs still croking
Make vs to wish theyr choking.
Let none of these theyr drery accents sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

336 whispers, *F*: whispers *18°* 340 lightnings *18°*: lightnings, *F*
341 Pouke] Ponke *18°*, *F*

BVt let stil Silence trew night watches keepe,
That sacred peace may in assurance rayne,
And tymely sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant playne,
The whiles an hundred little winged loues,
Like diuers fethered doues,
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
And in the secret darke, that none reproues,
Their prety stealthes shal worke, and snares shal spread
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceald through couert night.
Ye sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will,
For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes,
Thinks more vpon her paradise of ioyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soone be day:
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing,
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your Eccho ring.

WHo is the same, which at my window peepes?
Or whose is that faire face, that shines so bright
Is it not Cinthia, she that neuer sleepes,
But walkes about high heauen al the night?
O fayrest goddesse, do thou not enuy
My loue with me to spy:
For thou likewise didst loue, though now vnthought,
And for a fleece of woll, which priuily,
The Latmian shephard once vnto thee brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought.
Therefore to vs be fauorable now;
And sith of wemens labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline thy will t'effect our wishfull vow,
And the chast wombe informe with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing,
Ne let the woods vs answere, nor our Eccho ring.

356 poure *F*: ponre *18°* 379 woll *18°*: wooll *F*
385 thy *F*: they *18°*

AND thou great Iuno, which with awful might
The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize,
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize:
And eeke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart,
Eternally bind thou this louely band,
And all thy blessings vnto vs impart.
And thou glad Genius, in whose gentle hand,
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemish or staine,
And the sweet pleasures of theyr loues delight
With secret ayde doest succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny,
Send vs the timely fruit of this same night.
And thou fayre Hebe, and thou Hymen free,
Grant that it may so be.
Til which we cease your further prayse to sing,
Ne any woods shal answer, nor your Eccho ring.

AND ye high heauens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to vs wretched earthly clods,
In dreadful darknesse lend desired light;
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More then we men can fayne,
Poure out your blessing on vs plentiously,
And happy influence vpon vs raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long possesse,
With lasting happinesse,
Vp to your haughty pallaces may mount,
And for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit
May heauenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.
So let vs rest, sweet loue, in hope of this,
And cease till then our tymely ioyes to sing,
The woods no more vs answer, nor our eccho ring.

411 clods, *F*: clods: *1880*

SOng made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my loue should duly haue bene dect,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your dew time to expect,
But promist both to recompens,
Be vnto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endlesse moniment.

FINIS

Imprinted by P. S. for Wil-
liam Ponsonby.

Fovvre Hymnes,

MADE BY

EDM. SPENSER.

LONDON,
Printed for VVilliam Ponſonby.
1596.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MOST VERtuous Ladies, the Ladie Margaret Countesse of Cumberland, and the Ladie Marie Countesse of Warwicke.

Hauing in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two Hymnes in the praise of Loue and beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which being too vehemently caried with that kind of affection, do rather sucke out poyson to their strong passion, then hony to their honest delight, I was moued by the one of you two most excellent Ladies, to call in the same. But being vnable so to doe, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolued at least to amend, and by way of retractation to reforme them, making in stead of those two Hymnes of earthly or naturall love and beautie, two others of heauenly and celestiall. The which I doe dedicate ioyntly vnto you two honorable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true loue and beautie, both in the one and the other kinde, humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble seruice, in lieu of the great graces and honourable fauours which ye dayly shew vnto me, vntill such time as I may by better meanes yeeld you some more notable testimonie of my thankfull mind and dutifull deuotion

And euen so I pray for your happinesse.

Greenwich this first of September.

1596.

Your Honors most bounden euer in all humble seruice.

Ed. Sp.

Ed. *Q*: Edm. *F*

AN HYMNE IN HONOVR OF LOVE.

LOue, that long since hast to thy mighty powre,
Perforce subdude my poore captiued hart,
And raging now therein with restlesse stowre,
Doest tyrannize in euerie weaker part;
Faine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart,
By any seruice I might do to thee,
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee.

And now t'asswage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I meane to sing the praises of thy name,
And thy victorious conquests to areed;
By which thou madest many harts to bleed
Of mighty Victors, with wyde wounds embrewed,
And by thy cruell darts to thee subdewed.

Onely I feare my wits enfeebled late,
Through the sharpe sorrowes, which thou hast me bred,
Should faint, and words should faile me, to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great godhed.
But if thou wouldst vouchsafe to ouerspred
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing,
I should enabled be thy actes to sing.

Come then, O come, thou mightie God of loue,
Out of thy siluer bowres and secret blisse,
Where thou doest sit in *Venus* lap aboue,
Bathing thy wings in her ambrosiall kisse,
That sweeter farre then any Nectar is;
Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire
With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

And ye sweet Muses, which haue often proued
The piercing points of his auengefull darts;
And ye faire Nimphs, which oftentimes haue loued
The cruell worker of your kindly smarts,
Prepare your selues, and open wide your harts,
For to receiue the triumph of your glorie,
That made you merie oft, when ye were sorie.

And ye faire blossomes of youths wanton breed,
Which in the conquests of your beautie bost,
Wherewith your louers feeble eyes you feed,
But sterue their harts, that needeth nourture most,
Prepare your selues, to march amongst his host,
And all the way this sacred hymne do sing,
Made in the honor of your Soueraigne king.

GReat god of might, that reignest in the mynd,
And all the bodie to thy hest doest frame,
Victor of gods, subduer of mankynd,
That doest the Lions and fell Tigers tame,
Making their cruell rage thy scornefull game,
And in their roring taking great delight;
Who can expresse the glorie of thy might?

Or who aliue can perfectly declare,
The wondrous cradle of thine infancie?
When thy great mother *Venus* first thee bare,
Begot of Plentie and of Penurie,
Though elder then thine owne natiuitie;
And yet a chyld, renewing still thy yeares;
And yet the eldest of the heauenly Peares.

For ere this worlds still mouing mightie masse,
Out of great *Chaos* vgly prison crept,
In which his goodly face long hidden was
From heauens view, and in deepe darknesse kept,
Loue, that had now long time securely slept
In *Venus* lap, vnarmed then and naked,
Gan reare his head, by *Clotho* being waked.

And taking to him wings of his owne heate,
Kindled at first from heauens life-giuing fyre,
He gan to moue out of his idle seate,
Weakely at first, but after with desyre
Lifted aloft, he gan to mount vp hyre,
And like fresh Eagle, make his hardie flight
Through all that great wide wast, yet wanting light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,
His owne faire mother, for all creatures sake,
Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray:
Then through the world his way he gan to take,
The world that was not till he did it make;
Whose sundrie parts he from them selues did seuer,
The which before had lyen confused euer.

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fyre,
Then gan to raunge them selues in huge array,
And with contrary forces to conspyre
Each against other, by all meanes they may,
Threatning their owne confusion and decay:
Ayre hated earth, and water hated fyre,
Till Loue relented their rebellious yre.

He then them tooke, and tempering goodly well
Their contrary dislikes with loued meanes,
Did place them all in order, and compell
To keepe them selues within their sundrie raines,
Together linkt with Adamantine chaines;
Yet so, as that in euery liuing wight
They mixe themselues, and shew their kindly might.

So euer since they firmely haue remained,
And duly well obserued his beheast;
Through which now all these things that are contained
Within this goodly cope, both most and least
Their being haue, and dayly are increast,
Through secret sparks of his infused fyre,
Which in the barraine cold he doth inspyre.

69 make *Q*: made *F* 83 hated *F*: hate *Q*

Thereby they all do liue, and moued are
To multiply the likenesse of their kynd,
Whilest they seeke onely, without further care,
To quench the flame, which they in burning fynd:
But man, that breathes a more immortall mynd,
Not for lusts sake, but for eternitie,
Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie.

For hauing yet in his deducted spright,
Some sparks remaining of that heauenly fyre,
He is enlumind with that goodly light,
Vnto like goodly semblant to aspyre:
Therefore in choice of loue, he doth desyre
That seemes on earth most heauenly, to embrace,
That same is Beautie, borne of heauenly race.

For sure of all, that in this mortall frame
Contained is, nought more diuine doth seeme,
Or that resembleth more th'immortall flame
Of heauenly light, then Beauties glorious beame.
What wonder then, if with such rage extreme
Fraile men, whose eyes seek heauenly things to see,
At sight thereof so much enrauisht bee?

Which well perceiuing, that imperious boy,
Doth therwith tip his sharp empoisned darts;
Which glancing through the eyes with countenance coy,
Rest not, till they haue pierst the trembling harts,
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
Which suckes the blood, and drinketh vp the lyfe
Of carefull wretches with consuming griefe.

Thenceforth they playne, and make ful piteous mone
Vnto the author of their balefull bane;
The daies they waste, the nights they grieue and grone,
Their liues they loath, and heauens light disdaine;
No light but that, whose lampe doth yet remaine
Fresh burning in the image of their eye,
They deigne to see, and seeing it still dye.

120 perceiuing, *F*: perceiuing *Q*

The whylst thou tyrant Loue doest laugh and scorne
At their complaints, making their paine thy play;
Whylest they lye languishing like thrals forlorne,
The whyles thou doest triumph in their decay,
And otherwhyles, their dying to delay,
Thou doest emmarble the proud hart of her,
Whose loue before their life they doe prefer.

So hast thou often done (ay me the more)
To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart,
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so sore
That whole remaines scarse any little part,
Yet to augment the anguish of my smart,
Thou hast enfrosen her disdainefull brest,
That no one drop of pitie there doth rest.

Why then do I this honor vnto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Since thou doest shew no fauour vnto mee,
Ne once moue ruth in that rebellious Dame,
Somewhat to slacke the rigour of my flame?
Certes small glory doest thou winne hereby,
To let her liue thus free, and me to dy.

But if thou be indeede, as men thee call,
The worlds great Parent, the most kind preseruer
Of liuing wights, the soueraine Lord of all,
How falles it then, that with thy furious feruour,
Thou doest afflict as well the not deseruer,
As him that doeth thy louely heasts despize,
And on thy subjects most doest tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glory seemeth more,
By so hard handling those which best thee serue,
That ere thou doest them vnto grace restore,
Thou mayest well trie if they will euer swerue,
And mayest them make it better to deserue;
And hauing got it, may it more esteeme.
For things hard gotten, men more dearely deeme.

152 slacke *Q*: slake *F* 166–7 deserue; . . . esteeme. *F*: deserue, . . esteeme, *Q*

So hard those heauenly beauties be enfyred,
As things diuine, least passions doe impresse,
The more of stedfast mynds to be admyred,
The more they stayed be on stedfastnesse:
But baseborne mynds such lamps regard the lesse,
Which at first blowing take not hastie fyre,
Such fancies feele no loue, but loose desyre.

For loue is Lord of truth and loialtie,
Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust,
On golden plumes vp to the purest skie,
Aboue the reach of loathly sinfull lust,
Whose base affect through cowardly distrust
Of his weake wings, dare not to heauen fly,
But like a moldwarpe in the earth doth ly.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselues enure
To dirtie drosse, no higher dare aspyre,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that celestiall fyre,
Which kindleth loue in generous desyre,
And makes him mount aboue the natiue might
Of heauie earth, vp to the heauens hight.

Such is the powre of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid basenesse doth expell,
And the refyned mynd doth newly fashion
Vnto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it selfe excell;
Which he beholding still with constant sight,
Admires the mirrour of so heauenly light.

Whose image printing in his deepest wit,
He thereon feeds his hungrie fantasy,
Still full, yet neuer satisfyde with it,
Like *Tantale*, that in store doth sterued ly:
So doth he pine in most satiety,
For nought may quench his infinite desyre,
Once kindled through that first conceiued fyre.

Thereon his mynd affixed wholly is,
Ne thinks on ought, but how it to attaine;
His care, his ioy, his hope is all on this,
That seemes in it all blisses to containe,
In sight whereof, all other blisse seemes vaine.
Thrise happie man, might he the same possesse;
He faines himselfe, and doth his fortune blesse.

And though he do not win his wish to end,
Yet thus farre happie he him selfe doth weene,
That heauens such happie grace did to him lend,
As thing on earth so heauenly, to haue seene,
His harts enshrined faint, his heauens queene,
Fairer then fairest, in his fayning eye,
Whose sole aspect he counts felicitye.

Then forth he casts in his vnquiet thought,
What he may do, her fauour to obtaine;
What braue exploit, what perill hardly wrought,
What puissant conquest, what aduenturous paine,
May please her best, and grace vnto him gaine:
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,
His faith, his fortune, in his breast he beares.

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guyde,
Thou being blind, letst him not see his feares,
But cariest him to that which he hath eyde,
Through seas, through flames, through thousand swords and speares:
Ne ought so strong that may his force withstand,
With which thou armest his resistlesse hand.

Witnesse *Leander*, in the Euxine waues,
And stout *Æneas* in the Troiane fyre,
Achilles preassing through the Phrygian glaiues,
And *Orpheus* daring to prouoke the yre
Of damned fiends, to get his loue retyre:
For both through heauen and hell thou makest way,
To win them worship which to thee obay.

And if by all these perils and these paynes,
He may but purchase lyking in her eye,
What heauens of ioy, then to himselfe he faynes,
Eftsoones he wypes quite out of memory,
What euer ill before he did aby:
Had it bene death, yet would he die againe,
To liue thus happie as her grace to gaine.

Yet when he hath found fauour to his will,
He nathemore can so contented rest,
But forceth further on, and striueth still
T'approch more neare, till in her inmost brest,
He may embosomd bee, and loued best;
And yet not best, but to be lou'd alone:
For loue can not endure a Paragone.

The feare whereof, O how doth it torment
His troubled mynd with more then hellish paine!
And to his fayning fansie represent
Sights neuer seene, and thousand shadowes vaine,
To breake his sleepe, and waste his ydle braine;
Thou that hast neuer lou'd canst not beleeue,
Least part of th'euils which poore louers greeue.

The gnawing enuie, the hart-fretting feare,
The vaine surmizes, the distrustfull showes,
The false reports that flying tales doe beare,
The doubts, the daungers, the delayes, the woes,
The fayned friends, the vnassured foes,
With thousands more then any tongue can tell,
Doe make a louers life a wretches hell.

Yet is there one more cursed then they all,
That cancker worme, that monster Gelosie,
Which eates the hart, and feedes vpon the gall,
Turning all loues delight to miserie,
Through feare of loosing his felicitie.
Ah Gods, that euer ye that monster placed
In gentle loue, that all his ioyes defaced.

242 aby: *F*: aby, *Q* 250 alone: *F*: alone, *Q*

By these, O Loue, thou doest thy entrance make,
Vnto thy heauen, and doest the more endeere,
Thy pleasures vnto those which them partake,
As after stormes when clouds begin to cleare,
The Sunne more bright and glorious doth appeare;
So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatorie,
Dost beare vnto thy blisse, and heauens glorie.

There thou them placest in a Paradize
Of all delight, and ioyous happie rest,
Where they doe feede on Nectar heauenly wize,
With *Hercules* and *Hebe*, and the rest
Of *Venus* dearlings, through her bountie blest,
And lie like Gods in yuorie beds arayd,
With rose and lillies ouer them displayd.

There with thy daughter *Pleasure* they doe play
Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or blame,
And in her snowy bosome boldly lay
Their quiet heads, deuoyd of guilty shame,
After full ioyance of their gentle game,
Then her they crowne their Goddesse and their Queene,
And decke with floures thy altars well beseene.

Ay me, deare Lord, that euer I might hope,
For all the paines and woes that I endure,
To come at length vnto the wished scope
Of my desire; or might my selfe assure,
That happie port for euer to recure.
Then would I thinke these paines no paines at all,
And all my woes to be but penance small.

Then would I sing of thine immortall praise
An heauenly Hymne, such as the Angels sing,
And thy triumphant name then would I raise
Boue all the gods, thee onely honoring,
My guide, my God, my victor, and my king;
Till then, dread Lord, vouchsafe to take of me
This simple song, thus fram'd in praise of thee.

297 desire; *F*: desire, *Q*

FINIS.

AN HYMNE IN HONOVR OF BEAVTIE.

AH whither, Loue, wilt thou now carrie mee?
What wontlesse fury dost thou now inspire
Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?
Whylest seeking to aslake thy raging fyre,
Thou in me kindlest much more great desyre,
And vp aloft aboue my strength doest rayse
The wondrous matter of my fyre to prayse.

That as I earst in praise of thine owne name,
So now in honour of thy Mother deare,
An honourable Hymne I eke should frame;
And with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,
The rauisht harts of gazefull men might reare,
To admiration of that heauenly light,
From whence proceeds such soule enchaunting might.

Therto do thou great Goddesse, queene of Beauty,
Mother of loue, and of all worlds delight,
Without whose souerayne grace and kindly dewty,
Nothing on earth seemes fayre to fleshly sight,
Doe thou vouchsafe with thy loue-kindling light,
T'illuminate my dim and dulled eyne,
And beautifie this sacred hymne of thyne.

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,
And eke to her, whose faire immortall beame,
Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost,
That now it wasted is with woes extreame,
It may so please that she at length will streame
Some deaw of grace, into my withered hart,
After long sorrow and consuming smart.

10 frame; *F*: frame, *Q* 14 soule *F3* (1679): foule *Q*, *F*

WHat time this worlds great workmaister did cast
To make al things, such as we now behold,
It seemes that he before his eyes had plast
A goodly Paterne, to whose perfect mould
He fashiond them as comely as he could;
That now so faire and seemely they appeare,
As nought may be amended any wheare.

That wondrous Paterne wheresoere it bee,
Whether in earth layd vp in secret store,
Or else in heauen, that no man may it see
With sinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
Is perfect Beautie which all men adore,
Whose face and feature doth so much excell
All mortal sence, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as euery earthly thing partakes,
Or more or lesse by influence diuine,
So it more faire accordingly it makes,
And the grosse matter of this earthly myne,
Which clotheth it, thereafter doth refyne,
Doing away the drosse which dims the light
Of that faire beame, which therein is empight.

For through infusion of celestiall powre,
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full spirits priuily doth powre
Through all the parts, that to the lookers sight
They seeme to please. That is thy soueraine might,
O *Cyprian* Queene, which flowing from the beame
Of thy bright starre, thou into them doest streame.

That is the thing which giueth pleasant grace
To all things faire, that kindleth liuely fyre,
Light of thy lampe, which shyning in the face,
Thence to the soule darts amorous desyre,
And robs the harts of those which it admyre,
Therewith thou pointest thy Sons poysned arrow,
That wounds the life, and wastes the inmost marrow.

30 behold, *F*: behold *Q* 32 Paterne, *F*: Paterne *Q* mould *F*: mould, *Q* 33 could; *F*: could, *Q* 47 clotheth *Q*: closeth *F*

How vainely then doe ydle wits inuent,
That beautie is nought else, but mixture made
Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And passe away, like to a sommers shade,
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measurd, with meet disposition.

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th'eyes vnto the hart,
And therein stirre such rage and restlesse stowre,
As nought but death can stint his dolours smart?
Or can proportion of the outward part,
Moue such affection in the inward mynd,
That it can rob both sense and reason blynd?

Why doe not then the blossomes of the field,
Which are arayd with much more orient hew,
And to the sense most daintie odours yield,
Worke like impression in the lookers vew?
Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew,
In which oftimes, we Nature see of Art
Exceld, in perfect limming euery part.

But ah, beleeue me, there is more then so
That workes such wonders in the minds of men.
I that have often prou'd, too well it know;
And who so list the like assayes to ken,
Shall find by tryall, and confesse it then,
That Beautie is not, as fond men misdeeme,
An outward shew of things, that onely seeme.

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheekes are sprinckled, shal decay,
And those sweete rosy leaues so fairely spred
Vpon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, euen to corrupted clay.
That golden wyre, those sparckling stars so bright
Shall turne to dust, and loose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestiall ray
That light proceedes, which kindleth louers fire,
Shall neuer be extinguisht nor decay,
But when the vitall spirits doe expyre,
Vnto her natiue planet shall retyre,
For it is heauenly borne and can not die,
Being a parcell of the purest skie.

For when the soule, the which deriued was
At first, out of that great immortall Spright,
By whom all liue to loue, whilome did pas
Downe from the top of purest heauens hight,
To be embodied here, it then tooke light
And liuely spirits from that fayrest starre,
Which lights the world forth from his firie carre.

Which powre retayning still or more or lesse,
When she in fleshly seede is eft enraced,
Through euery part she doth the same impresse,
According as the heauens haue her graced,
And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoyle
Of th'heauenly riches, which she robd erewhyle.

Therof it comes, that these faire soules, which haue
The most resemblance of that heauenly light,
Frame to themselues most beautifull and braue
Their fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight,
And the grosse matter by a soueraine might
Tempers so trim, that it may well be seene,
A pallace fit for such a virgin Queene.

So euery spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heauenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight
With chearefull grace and amiable sight.
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take:
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

Therefore where euer that thou doest behold
A comely corpse, with beautie faire endewed,
Know this for certaine, that the same doth hold
A beauteous soule, with faire conditions thewed,
Fit to receiue the seede of vertue strewed.
For all that faire is, is by nature good;
That is a signe to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falles, that many a gentle mynd
Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,
Either by chaunce, against the course of kynd,
Or through vnaptneffe in the substance fownd,
Which it assumed of some stubborne grownd,
That will not yield vnto her formes direction,
But is perform'd with some foule imperfection.

And oft it falles (ay me the more to rew)
That goodly beautie, albe heauenly borne,
Is foule abusd, and that celestiall hew,
Which doth the world with her delight adorne,
Made but the bait of sinne, and sinners scorne;
Whilest euery one doth seeke and sew to haue it,
But euery one doth seeke, but to depraue it.

Yet nathemore is that faire beauties blame,
But theirs that do abuse it vnto ill:
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
May be corrupt, and wrested vnto will.
Nathelesse the soule is faire and beauteous still,
How ever fleshes fault it filthy make:
For things immortall no corruption take.

But ye faire Dames, the worlds deare ornaments,
And liuely images of heauens light,
Let not your beames with such disparagements
Be dimd, and your bright glorie darkned quight:
But mindfull still of your first countries sight,
Doe still preserue your first informed grace,
Whose shadow yet shynes in your beauteous face.

165 quight: *F*: quight, *Q*

Loath that foule blot, that hellish fierbrand,
Disloiall lust, faire beauties foulest blame,
That base affections, which your eares would bland,
Commend to you by loues abused name;
But is indeede the bondslaue of defame,
Which will the garland of your glorie marre,
And quench the light of your bright shyning starre.

But gentle Loue, that loiall is and trew,
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,
And adde more brightnesse to your goodly hew,
From light of his pure fire, which by like way
Kindled of yours, your likenesse doth display,
Like as two mirrours by opposd reflexion,
Doe both expresse the faces first impression.

Therefore to make your beautie more appeare,
It you behoues to loue, and forth to lay
That heauenly riches, which in you ye beare,
That men the more admyre their fountaine may,
For else what booteth that celestiall ray,
If it in darknesse be enshrined euer,
That it of louing eyes be vewed neuer?

But in your choice of Loues, this well aduize,
That likest to your selues ye them select,
The which your forms first sourse may sympathize,
And with like beauties parts be inly deckt:
For if you loosely loue without respect,
It is no loue, but a discordant warre,
Whose vnlike parts amongst themselues do iarre.

For Loue is a celestiall harmonie,
Of likely harts composd of starres concent,
Which ioyne together in sweete sympathie,
To worke ech others ioy and true content,
Which they haue harbourd since their first descent
Out of their heauenly bowres, where they did see
And know ech other here belou'd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other twaine
Should in loues gentle band combyned bee,
But those whom heauen did at first ordaine,
And made out of one mould the more t'agree:
For all that like the beautie which they see,
Streight do not loue: for loue is not so light,
As streight to burne at first beholders sight.

But they which loue indeede, looke otherwise,
With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,
Drawing out of the obiect of their eyes,
A more refyned forme, which they present
Vnto their mind, voide of all blemishment;
Which it reducing to her first perfection,
Beholdeth free from fleshes frayle infection.

And then conforming it vnto the light,
Which in it selfe it hath remaining still
Of that first Sunne, yet sparckling in his sight,
Thereof he fashions in his higher skill,
An heauenly beautie to his fancies will,
And it embracing in his mind entyre,
The mirrour of his owne thought doth admyre.

Which seeing now so inly faire to be,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his spirits proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,
And fully setteth his felicitie,
Counting it fairer, then it is indeede,
And yet indeede her fairenesse doth exceede.

For louers eyes more sharply sighted bee
Then other mens, and in deare loues delight
See more then any other eyes can see,
Through mutuall receipt of beames bright,
Which carrie priuie message to the spright,
And to their eyes that inmost faire display,
As plaine as light discouers dawning day.

235 beames *Q*: the beames *F*

Therein they see through amorous eye-glaunces,
Armies of loues still flying too and fro,
Which dart at them their litle fierie launces,
Whom hauing wounded, backe againe they go,
Carrying compassion to their louely foe;
Who seeing her faire eyes so sharpe effect,
Cures all their sorrowes with one sweete aspect.

In which how many wonders doe they reede
To their conceipt, that others neuer see,
Now of her smiles, with which their soules they feede,
Like Gods with Nectar in their bankets free,
Now of her lookes, which like to Cordials bee;
But when her words embassade forth she sends,
Lord how sweete musicke that vnto them lends.

Sometimes vpon her forhead they behold
A thousand Graces masking in delight,
Sometimes within her eye-lids they vnfold
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their sight
Doe seeme like twinckling starres in frostie night:
But on her lips, like rosy buds in May,
So many millions of chaste pleasures play.

All those, O *Cytherea*, and thousands more
Thy handmaides be, which do on thee attend
To decke thy beautie with their dainties store,
That may it more to mortall eyes commend,
And make it more admyr'd of foe and frend;
That in mens harts thou mayst thy throne enstall
And spred thy louely kingdome ouer all.

Then *Iö tryumph*, O great beauties Queene,
Aduance the banner of thy conquest hie,
That all this world, the which thy vassals beene,
May draw to thee, and with dew fealtie,
Adore the powre of thy great Maiestie,
Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name,
Compyld by me, which thy poore liegeman am.

258 lips, *F*: lips *Q*

In lieu whereof graunt, O great Soueraine,
That she whose conquering beautie doth captiue
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
One drop of grace at length will to me giue,
That I her bounden thrall by her may liue,
And this same life, which first fro me she reaued,
May owe to her, of whom I it receaued.

And you faire *Venus* dearling, my deare dread,
Fresh flowre of grace, great Goddesse of my life,
When your faire eyes these fearefull lines shal read,
Deigne to let fall one drop of dew reliefe,
That may recure my harts long pyning griefe,
And shew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,
That can restore a damned wight from death.

FINIS.

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

LOue, lift me vp vpon thy golden wings,
From this base world vnto thy heauens hight,
Where I may see those admirable things,
Which there thou workest by thy soueraine might,
Farre aboue feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heauenly Hymne may sing
Vnto the god of Loue, high heauens king.

Many lewd layes (ah woe is me the more)
In praise of that mad fit, which fooles call loue,
I haue in th'heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did loose affection moue.
But all those follies now I do reproue,
And turned haue the tenor of my string,
The heauenly prayses of true loue to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy vaine desire
To reade my fault, and wondring at my flame,
To warme your selues at my wide sparckling fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,
And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame:
For who my passed follies now pursewes,
Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renewes.

BEfore this worlds great frame, in which al things
Are now containd, found any being place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mightie bound, which doth embrace
The rolling Spheres, and parts their houres by space,
That high eternall powre, which now doth moue
In all these things, mou'd in it selfe by loue.

It lou'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire;
(For faire is lou'd;) and of it selfe begot
Like to it selfe his eldest sonne and heire,
Eternall, pure, and voide of sinfull blot,
The firstling of his ioy, in whom no iot
Of loues dislike, or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equall honour crownd.

With him he raignd, before all time prescribed,
In endlesse glorie and immortall might,
Together with that third from them deriued,
Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright,
Whose kingdomes throne no thought of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling verse
With equall words can hope it to reherse.

Yet O most blessed Spirit, pure lampe of light,
Eternall spring of grace and wisedome trew,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright,
Some little drop of thy celestiall dew,
That may my rymes with sweet infuse embrew,
And giue me words equall vnto my thought,
To tell the marueiles by thy mercie wrought.

Yet being pregnant still with powrefull grace,
And full of fruitfull loue, that loues to get
Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his race,
His second brood though not in powre so great,
Yet full of beautie, next he did beget
An infinite increase of Angels bright,
All glistring glorious in their Makers light.

To them the heauens illimitable hight,
Not this round heauen, which we from hence behold,
Adornd with thousand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thousand gemmes of shyning gold,
He gaue as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serue him in eternall blis,
And be partakers of those ioyes of his.

41 verse *Q*: verse, *F*

There they in their trinall triplicities
About him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When he them on his messages doth send,
Or on his owne dread presence to attend,
Where they behold the glorie of his light,
And caroll Hymnes of loue both day and night.

Both day and night is vnto them all one,
For he his beames doth still to them extend,
That darknesse there appeareth neuer none,
Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse an end,
But there their termelesse time in pleasure spend,
Ne euer should their happinesse decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

But pride impatient of long resting peace,
Did puffe them vp with greedy bold ambition,
That they gan cast their state how to increase
Aboue the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in Gods owne seat without commission:
The brightest Angell, euen the Child of light,
Drew millions more against their God to fight.

Th'Almighty seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of his consuming yre,
And with his onely breath them blew away
From heauens hight, to which they did aspyre,
To deepest hell, and lake of damned fyre;
Where they in darknesse and dread horror dwell,
Hating the happie light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Makers loue,
Next to himselfe in glorious degree,
Degendering to hate, fell from aboue
Through pride; (for pride and loue may ill agree)
And now of sinne to all ensample bee:
How then can sinfull flesh it selfe assure,
Sith purest Angels fell to be impure?

2 still to them *Q*: vnto them *F* 78 pride *Q*: pride, *F* 80 increase *F*: increase, *Q* 83 light, *F*: light *Q* 85 Th'Almighty *Q*: T'Almighty, *F* 94 hate, *F*: hate *Q*

But that eternall fount of loue and grace,
Still flowing forth his goodnesse vnto all,
Now seeing left a waste and emptie place
In his wyde Pallace, through those Angels fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
A new vnknowen Colony therein,
Whose root from earths base groundworke shold begin.

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might:
According to an heauenly patterne wrought,
Which he had fashiond in his wise foresight,
He man did make, and breathd a liuing spright
Into his face most beautifull and fayre,
Endewd with wisedomes riches, heauenly, rare.

Such he him made, that he resemble might
Himselfe, as mortall thing immortall could;
Him to be Lord of euery liuing wight,
He made by loue out of his owne like mould,
In whom he might his mightie selfe behould:
For loue doth loue the thing belou'd to see,
That like it selfe in louely shape may bee.

But man forgetfull of his makers grace,
No lesse then Angels, whom he did ensew,
Fell from the hope of promist heauenly place,
Into the mouth of death, to sinners dew,
And all his off-spring into thraldome threw:
Where they for euer should in bonds remaine,
Of neuer dead, yet euer dying paine.

Till that great Lord of Loue, which him at first
Made of meere loue, and after liked well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accurst,
In that deepe horror of despeyred hell,
Him wretch in doole would let no lenger dwell,
But cast out of that bondage to redeeme,
And pay the price, all were his debt extreeme.

112 heauenly, rare. *Q*: heauenly rare. *F* 123 death, *F*: death *Q*

Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,
In which he reigned with his glorious syre,
He downe descended, like a most demisse
And abiect thrall, in fleshes fraile attyre,
That he for him might pay sinnes deadly hyre,
And him restore vnto that happie state,
In which he stood before his haplesse fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfyde:
Nor spirit, nor Angell, though they man surpas,
Could make amends to God for mans misguyde,
But onely man himselfe, who selfe did slyde.
So taking flesh of sacred virgins wombe,
For mans deare sake he did a man become.

And that most blessed bodie, which was borne
Without all blemish or reprochfull blame,
He freely gaue to be both rent and torne
Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame
Reuyling him, that them most vile became,
At length him nayled on a gallow tree,
And slew the iust, by most vniust decree.

O huge and most vnspeakeable impression
Of loues deepe wound, that pierst the piteous hart
Of that deare Lord with so entyre affection,
And sharply launching euery inner part,
Dolours of death into his soule did dart;
Doing him die, that neuer it deserued,
To free his foes, that from his heast had swerued.

What hart can feele least touch of so sore launch,
Or thought can think the depth of so deare wound?
Whose bleeding sourse their streames yet neuer staunch,
But stil do flow, and freshly still redound,
To heale the sores of sinfull soules vnsound,
And clense the guilt of that infected cryme,
Which was enrooted in all fleshly slyme.

158 launching *Q*: launcing *F*

O blessed well of loue, O floure of grace,
O glorious Morning starre, O lampe of light,
Most liuely image of thy fathers face,
Eternall King of glorie, Lord of might,
Meeke lambe of God before all worlds behight,
How can we thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that thy most precious blood?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this loue,
But loue of vs for guerdon of thy paine.
Ay me; what can vs lesse then that behoue?
Had he required life of vs againe,
Had it beene wrong to aske his owne with gaine?
He gaue vs life, he it restored lost;
Then life were least, that vs so litle cost.

But he our life hath left vnto vs free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band;
Ne ought demaunds, but that we louing bee,
As he himselfe hath lou'd vs afore hand,
And bound therto with an eternall band,
Him first to loue, that vs so dearely bought,
And next, our brethren to his image wrought.

Him first to loue, great right and reason is,
Who first to vs our life and being gaue;
And after when we fared had amisse,
Vs wretches from the second death did saue;
And last the food of life, which now we haue,
Euen himselfe in his deare sacrament,
To feede our hungry soules vnto vs lent.

Then next to loue our brethren, that were made
Of that selfe mould, and that selfe makers hand,
That we, and to the same againe shall fade,
Where they shall haue like heritage of land,
How euer here on higher steps we stand;
Which also were with selfe same price redeemed
That we, how euer of vs light esteemed.

192 after *Q*: after, *F* 194 last *Q*: last, *F*
195 himselfe *Q*: hee himselfe *F*

And were they not, yet since that louing Lord
Commaunded vs to loue them for his sake,
Euen for his sake, and for his sacred word,
Which in his last bequest he to vs spake,
We should them loue, and with their needs partake;
Knowing that whatsoere to them we giue,
We giue to him, by whom we all doe liue.

Such mercy he by his most holy reede
Vnto vs taught, and to approue it trew,
Ensampled it by his most righteous deede,
Shewing vs mercie, miserable crew,
That we the like should to the wretches shew,
And loue our brethren; thereby to approue,
How much himselfe that loued vs, we loue.

Then rouze thy selfe, O earth, out of thy soyle,
In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne
And doest thy mynd in durty pleasures moyle,
Vnmindfull of that dearest Lord of thyne;
Lift vp to him thy heauie clouded eyne,
That thou his soueraine bountie mayst behold,
And read through loue his mercies manifold.

Beginne from first, where he encradled was
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Betweene the toylefull Oxe and humble Asse,
And in what rags, and in how base aray,
The glory of our heauenly riches lay,
When him the silly Shepheards came to see,
Whom greatest Princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence reade on the storie of his life,
His humble carriage, his vnfaulty wayes,
His cancred foes, his fights, his toyle, his strife,
His paines, his pouertie, his sharpe assayes,
Through which he past his miserable dayes,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being malist both of great and small.

214 mercie, miserable crew,] mercie miserable crew, *Q*: mercy (miserable cw) *F*

And looke at last how of most wretched wights,
He taken was, betrayd, and false accused,
How with most scornefull taunts, and fell despights
He was reuyld, disgrast, and foule abused,
How scourgd, how crownd, how buffeted, how brused;
And lastly how twixt robbers crucifyde,
With bitter wounds through hands, through feet and syde.

Then let thy flinty hart that feeles no paine,
Empierced be with pittifull remorse,
And let thy bowels bleede in euery vaine,
At sight of his most sacred heauenly corse,
So torne and mangled with malicious forse,
And let thy soule, whose sins his sorrows wrought,
Melt into teares, and grone in grieued thought.

With sence whereof whilest so thy softened spirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale,
Through meditation of his endlesse merit,
Lift vp thy mind to th'author of thy weale,
And to his soueraine mercie doe appeale;
Learne him to loue, that loued thee so deare,
And in thy brest his blessed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind,
Thou must him loue, and his beheasts embrace;
All other loues, with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and stirre vp affections base,
Thou must renounce, and vtterly displace,
And giue thy selfe vnto him full and free,
That full and freely gaue himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possest,
And rauisht with deuouring great desire
Of his deare selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
Inflame with loue, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through euery part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

245 feet & syde *Q*: feet, throgh side *F* 261 embrace; *F*: embrace, *Q*
266 to thee *Q*: for thee *F*

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,
And all earthes glorie on which men do gaze,
Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure sighted eye,
Compar'd to that celestiall beauties blaze,
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes and lumining the spright.
Then shall thy rauisht soule inspired bee
With heauenly thoughts, farre aboue humane skil,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainely see
Th'Idee of his pure glorie, present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweete enragement of celestiall loue,
Kindled through sight of those faire things aboue.

25 glorie *Q*: glorie, *F* 284 glorie, present still *F*: glorie present still, *Q*

FINIS.

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY BEAVTIE.

RApt with the rage of mine own rauisht thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights,
And glorious images in heauen wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty breathing sweet delights,
Do kindle loue in high conceipted sprights:
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O thou most almightie Spright,
From whom all guifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternall Truth, that I may show
Some litle beames to mortall eyes below,
Of that immortall beautie, there with thee,
Which in my weake distraughted mynd I see.

That with the glorie of so goodly sight,
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Faire seeming shewes, and feed on vaine delight,
Transported with celestiall desyre
Of those faire formes, may lift themselues vp hyer,
And learne to loue with zealous humble dewty
Th'eternall fountaine of that heauenly beauty.

Beginning then below, with th'easie vew
Of this base world, subiect to fleshly eye,
From thence to mount aloft by order dew,
To contemplation of th'immortall sky,
Of the soare faulcon so I learne to fly,
That flags awhile her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she her selfe for stronger flight can breath.

Then looke who list, thy gazefull eyes to feed
With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame
Of this wyde *vniuerse*, and therein reed
The endlesse kinds of creatures, which by name
Thou canst not count, much lesse their natures aime:
All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
And all with admirable beautie deckt.

First th'Earth, on adamantine pillers founded,
Amid the Sea engirt with brasen bands;
Then th'Aire still flitting, but yet firmely bounded
On euerie side, with pyles of flaming brands,
Neuer consum'd nor quencht with mortall hands;
And last, that mightie shining christall wall,
Wherewith he hath encompassed this All.

By view whereof, it plainly may appeare,
That still as euery thing doth vpward tend,
And further is from earth, so still more cleare
And faire it growes, till to his perfect end
Of purest beautie, it at last ascend:
Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,
And heauen then fire appeares more pure and fayre.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye
On that bright shynie round still mouing Masse,
The house of blessed Gods, which men call *Skye*,
All sowd with glistring stars more thicke then grasse,
Whereof each other doth in brightnesse passe;
But those two most, which ruling night and day,
As King and Queene, the heauens Empire sway.

And tell me then, what hast thou euer seene,
That to their beautie may compared bee,
Or can the sight that is most sharpe and keene,
Endure their Captains flaming head to see?
How much lesse those, much higher in degree,
And so much fairer, and much more then these,
As these are fairer then the land and seas?

50 eye] eye, *Q*, *F*

For farre aboue these heauens which here we see,
Be others farre exceeding these in light,
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,
But infinite in largenesse and in hight,
Vnmouing, vncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,
That need no Sunne t'illuminate their spheres,
But their owne natiue light farre passing theirs.

And as these heauens still by degrees arize,
Vntill they come to their first Mouers bound,
That in his mightie compasse doth comprize,
And carrie all the rest with him around,
So those likewise doe by degrees redound,
And rise more faire, till they at last ariue
To the most faire, whereto they all do striue.

Faire is the heauen, where happy soules haue place,
In full enioyment of felicitie,
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face
Of the diuine eternall Maiestie;
More faire is that, where those *Idees* on hie,
Enraunged be, which *Plato* so admyred,
And pure *Intelligences* from God inspyred.

Yet fairer is that heauen, in which doe raine
The soueraine *Powres* and mightie *Potentates*,
Which in their high protections doe containe
All mortall Princes, and imperiall States;
And fayrer yet, whereas the royall Seates
And heauenly *Dominations* are set,
From whom all earthly gouernance is fet.

Yet farre more faire be those bright *Cherubins*,
Which all with golden wings are ouerdight,
And those eternall burning *Seraphins*,
Which from their faces dart out fierie light;
Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright
Be th'Angels and Archangels, which attend
On Gods owne person, without rest or end.

70 light *Q*: light, *F* 80 behold *F*: behold, *Q*

These thus in faire each other farre excelling,
As to the Highest they approch more neare,
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,
Fairer then all the rest which there appeare,
Though all their beauties ioynd together were:
How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse,
The image of such endlesse perfectnesse?

Cease then my tongue, and lend vnto my mynd
Leaue to bethinke how great that beautie is,
Whose vtmost parts so beautifull I fynd:
How much more those essentiall parts of his,
His truth, his loue, his wisedome, and his blis,
His grace, his doome, his mercy and his might,
By which he lends vs of himselfe a sight.

Thofe vnto all he daily doth display,
And shew himselfe in th'image of his grace,
As in a looking glasse, through which he may
Be seene, of all his creatures vile and base,
That are vnable else to see his face,
His glorious face which glistereth else so bright,
That th'Angels selues can not endure his sight.

But we fraile wights, whose sight cannot sustaine
The Suns bright beames, when he on vs doth shyne,
But that their points rebutted backe againe
Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyne,
The glory of that Maiestie diuine,
In sight of whom both Sun and Moone are darke,
Compared to his least resplendent sparke?

The meanes therefore which vnto vs is lent,
Him to behold, is on his workes to looke,
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brasen booke,
To reade enregistred in euery nooke
His goodnesse, which his beautie doth declare.
For all thats good, is beautifull and faire.

108 find: *F*: fynd, *Q* 121 Suns bright *Q*: Sun-bright *F*
132 declare. *F*: declare, *Q*

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To impe the wings of thy high flying mynd,
Mount vp aloft through heauenly contemplation,
From this darke world, whose damps the soule do blynd
And like the natiue brood of Eagles kynd,
On that bright Sunne of glorie fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities.

Humbled with feare and awfull reuerence,
Before the footestoole of his Maiestie,
Throw thy selfe downe with trembling innocence,
Ne dare looke vp with corruptible eye,
On the dred face of that great *Deity*,
For feare, lest if he chaunce to looke on thee,
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before his mercie seate,
Close couered with the Lambes integrity,
From the iust wrath of his auengefull threate,
That sits vpon the righteous throne on hy:
His throne is built vpon Eternity,
More firme and durable then steele or brasse,
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth passe.

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse,
With which he bruseth all his foes to dust,
And the great Dragon strongly doth represse,
Vnder the rigour of his iudgement iust;
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust;
From whence proceed her beames so pure and bright,
That all about him sheddeth glorious light.

Light farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke,
Which darted is from *Titans* flaming head,
That with his beames enlumineth the darke
And dampish aire, wherby al things are red:
Whose nature yet so much is maruelled
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest wisards, which thereon do gaze.

165 And dampish] The dark & dampish *Q*: The darke damp *F*

But that immortall light which there doth shine,
Is many thousand times more bright, more cleare,
More excellent, more glorious, more diuine,
Through which to God all mortall actions here,
And euen the thoughts of men, do plaine appeare:
For from th'eternall Truth it doth proceed,
Through heauenly vertue, which her beames doe breed.

With the great glorie of that wondrous light,
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in his owne brightnesse from the sight
Of all that looke thereon with eyes vnsound:
And vnderneath his feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,
The instruments of his auenging yre.

There in his bosome *Sapience* doth sit,
The soueraine dearling of the *Deity*,
Clad like a Queene in royall robes, most fit
For so great powre and peerelesse maiesty.
And all with gemmes and iewels gorgeously
Adornd, that brighter then the starres appeare,
And make her natiue brightnes seem more cleare.

And on her head a crowne of purest gold
Is set, in signe of highest soueraignty,
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on hy,
And menageth the euer-mouing sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all,
Subiected to her powre imperiall.

Both heauen and earth obey vnto her will,
And all the creatures which they both containe:
For of her fulnesse which the world doth fill,
They all partake, and do in state remaine,
As their great Maker did at first ordaine,
Through obseruation of her high beheast,
By which they first were made, and still increast.

170 more bright, *F*: *Q omits.* 180 found *F*: found, *Q*

The fairenesse of her face no tongue can tell,
For she the daughters of all wemens race,
And Angels eke, in beautie doth excell,
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,
And more increast by her owne goodly grace,
That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,
Ne can on earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that Painter (had he liued yet)
Which pictured *Venus* with so curious quill,
That all posteritie admyred it,
Haue purtrayd this, for all his maistring skill;
Ne she her selfe, had she remained still,
And were as faire, as fabling wits do fayne,
Could once come neare this beauty souerayne.

But had those wits the wonders of their dayes,
Or that sweete *Teian* Poet which did spend
His plenteous vaine in setting forth her prayse,
Seene but a glims of this, which I pretend,
How wondrously would he her face commend,
Aboue that Idole of his fayning thought,
That all the world shold with his rimes be fraught?

How then dare I, the nouice of his Art,
Presume to picture so diuine a wight,
Or hope t'expresse her least perfections part,
Whose beautie filles the heauens with her light,
And darkes the earth with shadow of her sight?
Ah gentle Muse thou art too weake and faint,
The pourtraict of so heauenly hew to paint.

Let Angels which her goodly face behold
And see at will, her soueraigne praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries vnfold,
Of that faire loue of mightie heauens king.
Enough is me t'admyre so heauenly thing,
And being thus with her huge loue possest,
In th'only wonder of her selfe to rest.

205 she *Q*: she, *F* 230 Muse *Q*: Muse, *F*
232 Angels *Q*: Angels, *F*

But who so may, thrise happie man him hold,
Of all on earth, whom God so much doth grace,
And lets his owne Beloued to behold:
For in the view of her celestiall face,
All ioy, all blisse, all happinesse haue place,
Ne ought on earth can want vnto the wight,
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight.

For she out of her secret threasury,
Plentie of riches forth on him will powre,
Euen heauenly riches, which there hidden ly
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
Th'eternall portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath giuen to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receaue,
And letteth them her louely face to see,
Wherof such wondrous pleasures they conceaue,
And sweete contentment, that it doth bereaue
Their soule of sense, through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things,
As carries them into an extasy,
And heare such heauenly notes, and carolings,
Of Gods high praise, that filles the brasen sky,
And feele such ioy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And onely thinke on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
Or idle thought of earthly things remaine:
But all that earst seemd sweet, seemes now offense,
And all that pleased earst, now seemes to paine.
Their ioy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
Is fixed all on that which now they see,
All other sights but fayned shadowes bee.

246 she *Q*: she, *F* 268 remaine: *F*: remaine, *Q*
270 to paine.] to paine, *Q*: a paine. *F*

And that faire lampe, which vseth to enflame
The hearts of men with selfe consuming fyre,
Thenceforth seemes fowle, and full of sinfull blame;
And all that pompe, to which proud minds aspyre
By name of honor, and so much desyre,
Seemes to them basenesse, and all riches drosse,
And all mirth sadnesse, and all lucre losse.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satietie,
That in nought else on earth they can delight,
But in th'aspect of that felicitie,
Which they haue written in their inward ey;
On which they feed, and in their fastened mynd
All happie ioy and full contentment fynd.

Ah then my hungry soule, which long hast fed
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought,
And with false beauties flattring bait misled,
Hast after vaine deceiptfull shadowes sought,
Which all are fled, and now haue left thee nought,
But late repentance through thy follies prief;
Ah ceasse to gaze on matter of thy grief.

And looke at last vp to that soueraine light,
From whose pure beams al perfect beauty springs,
That kindleth loue in euery godly spright,
Euen the loue of God, which loathing brings
Of this vile world, and these gay seeming things;
With whose sweete pleasures being so possest,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for euer rest.

294 on *F*: no *Q* 298 the loue *Q*: the true loue *F*

Prothalamion

Or

A Spouſall Verſe made by

Edm. Spenſer.

IN HONOVR OF THE DOV-

ble mariage of the two Honorable & vertuous

Ladies, the Ladie Elizabeth *and the Ladie* Katherine

Somerſet, Daughters to the Right Honourable the Earle of *Worceſter* and eſpouſed to the two worthie Gentlemen M. *Henry Gilford*, and M. *William Peter* Eſquyers.

AT LONDON.
Printed for *VVilliam Ponſonby.*
1596.

Prothalamion.

1

CAlme was the day, and through the trembling ayre,
Sweete breathing *Zephyrus* did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot *Titans* beames, which then did glyster fayre:
When I whom sullein care,
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In Princes Court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
Like empty shaddowes, did aflict my brayne,
Walkt forth to ease my payne
Along the shoare of siluer streaming *Themmes*,
Whose rutty Bancke, the which his Riuer hemmes,
Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adornd with daintie gemmes,
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their Paramours,
Against the Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete *Themmes* runne softly, till I end my Song.

2

There, in a Meadow, by the Riuers side,
A Flocke of *Nymphes* I chaunced to espy,
All louely Daughters of the Flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks all loose vntyde,
As each had bene a Bryde,
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs entrayled curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their basket:
And with fine Fingers, cropt full feateously
The tender stalkes on hye.
Of euery sort, which in that Meadow grew,
They gathered some; the Violet pallid blew,

5 I *Q*: I, *F* 22 locks *Q*: locks, *F* 25 twigs *Q*: twigs, *F*

The little Dazie, that at euening closes,
The virgin Lillie, and the Primrose trew,
With store of vermeil Roses,
To decke their Bridegromes posies,
Against the Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete *Themmes* runne softly, till I end my Song.

3

With that, I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe,
Come softly swimming downe along the Lee;
Two fairer Birds I yet did neuer see:
The snow which doth the top of *Pindus* strew,
Did neuer whiter shew,
Nor *Joue* himselfe when he a Swan would be
For loue of *Leda*, whiter did appeare:
Yet *Leda* was they say as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare;
So purely white they were,
That euen the gentle streame, the which them bare,
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
To wet their silken feathers, least they might
Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre,
And marre their beauties bright,
That shone as heauens light,
Against their Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete *Themmes* runne softly, till I end my Song.

4

Eftsoones the *Nymphes*, which now had Flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste, to see that siluer brood,
As they came floating on the Christal Flood.
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,
Their wondring eyes to fill,
Them seem'd they neuer saw a sight so fayre,
Of Fowles so louely, that they sure did deeme
Them heauenly borne, or to be that same payre

37 that, *F*: that *Q* 44 they say *Q*: (they say) *F*
57 Flood. *F*: Flood, *Q*

Which through the Skie draw *Venus* siluer Teeme,
For sure they did not seeme
To be begot of any earthly Seede,
But rather Angels or of Angels breede:
Yet were they bred of *Somers-heat* they say,
In sweetest Season, when each Flower and weede
The earth did fresh aray,
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Euen as their Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete *Themmes* runne softly, till I end my Song.

5

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew,
Great store of Flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yeild,
All which vpon those goodly Birds they threw,
And all the Waues did strew,
That like old *Peneus* Waters they did seeme,
When downe along by pleasant *Tempes* shore
Scattred with Flowres, through *Thessaly* they streeme,
That they appeare through Lillies plenteous store,
Like a Brydes Chamber flore:
Two of those *Nymphes*, meane while, two Garlands bound,
Of freshest Flowres which in that Mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim Array,
Their snowie Foreheads therewithall they crownd,
Whil'st one did sing this Lay,
Prepar'd against that Day,
Against their Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete *Themmes* runne softly, till I end my Song.

6

Ye gentle Birdes, the worlds faire ornament,
And heauens glorie, whom this happie hower
Doth leade vnto your louers blisfull bower,
Ioy may you haue and gentle hearts content
Of your loues couplement:

72 softly, *F*: softly *Q* 90 softly, *F*: softly *Q*

And let faire *Venus*, that is Queene of loue,
With her heart-quelling Sonne vpon you smile,
Whose smile they say, hath vertue to remoue
All Loues dislike, and friendships faultie guile
For euer to assoile.
Let endlesse Peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blessed Plentie wait vpon your bord,
And let your bed with pleasures chast abound,
That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your ioyes redound,
Vpon your Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete *Themmes* run softlie, till I end my Song.

7

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her vndersong,
Which said, their bridale daye should not be long.
And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground,
Their accents did resound.
So forth those ioyous Birdes did passe along,
Adowne the Lee, that to them murmurde low,
As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong
Yeat did by signes his glad affection show,
Making his streame run slow.
And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell
The rest, so far, as *Cynthia* doth shend
The lesser starres. So they enranged well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best seruice lend,
Against their wedding day, which was not long:
Sweete *Themmes* run softly, till I end my song.

102 your *F*: you *Q* 113 resound. *F*: resound? *Q*
114 forth *F*: forth, *Q* 117 Yeat *Q*: Yet *F*

8

At length they all to mery *London* came,
To mery London, my most kyndly Nurse,
That to me gaue this Lifes first natiue sourse:
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of auncient fame.
There when they came, whereas those bricky towres,
The which on *Themmes* brode aged backe doe ryde,
Where now the studious Lawyers haue their bowers
There whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde,
Till they decayd through pride:
Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feeles my freendles case:
But Ah here fits not well
Olde woes but ioyes to tell
Against the bridale daye, which is not long:
Sweete *Themmes* runne softly, till I end my Song.

9

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peer,
Great *Englands* glory and the Worlds wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name, late through all *Spaine* did thunder,
And *Hercules* two pillors standing neere,
Did make to quake and feare:
Faire branch of Honor, flower of Cheualrie,
That fillest *England* with thy triumphs fame,
Ioy haue thou of thy noble victorie,
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name
That promiseth the same:
That through thy prowesse and victorious armes,
Thy country may be freed from forraine harmes:
And great *Elisaes* glorious name may ring
Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide Alarmes,

129 gaue *F*: gaue, *Q* 140 well *F*: well, *Q* 143 daye, *F*: daye *Q* 144 softly, *F*. softly *Q* 147 thunder, *F*: thunder. *Q*

Which some braue muse may sing
To ages following,
Vpon the Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete *Themmes* runne softly, till I end my Song.

10

From those high Towers, this noble Lord issuing,
Like Radiant *Hesper* when his golden hayre
In th'*Ocean* billowes he hath Bathed fayre,
Descended to the Riuers open vewing,
With a great traine ensuing.
Aboue the rest were goodly to bee seene
Two gentle Knights of louely face and feature
Beseeming well the bower of anie Queene,
With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature:
That like the twins of *Ioue* they seem'd in sight,
Which decke the Bauldricke of the Heauens bright.
They two forth pacing to the Riuers side,
Receiued those two faire Brides, their Loues delight,
Which at th'appointed tyde,
Each one did make his Bryde,
Against their Brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete *Themmes* runne softly, till I end my Song.

162 softly, *F*: softly *Q* 174 bright. *F*: bright, *Q*

FINIS.

MISCELLANEOVS SONNETS.

I

To the right worshipfull my singular good Frend, M. Gabriell Haruey, Doctor of the Lawes.

HAruey, the happy aboue happiest men,
I read; that, sitting like a looker-on
Of this worldes stage, doest note, with critique pen,
The sharpe dislikes of each condition;
And, as one carelesse of suspition,
Ne fawnest for the fauour of the great,
Ne fearest foolish reprehension
Of faulty men, which daunger to thee threat:
But freely doest of what thee list entreat,
Like a great lord of peerelesse liberty;
Lifting the good up to high Honours seat,
And the euill damning euermore to dy;
For Life, and Death, is in thy doomefull writing!
So thy renowme liues euer by endighting.

Dublin, this xviij. of July, 1586.

Your deuoted frend during life,
EDMVND SPENCER.

II

Prefixed to *Nennio, or A Treatise of Nobility*, &c.

WHo so wil seeke by right deserts t'attaine,
Vnto the type of true Nobility,
And not by painted shewes and titles vaine,
Deriued farre from famous Auncestrie:

Behold them both in their right visnomy
Here truly pourtrayt, as they ought to be,
And striuing both for termes of dignitie,
To be aduanced highest in degree.
And, when thou doost with equall insight see
The ods twixt both, of both them deem aright,
And chuse the better of them both to thee:
But thanks to him that it deserues, behight;
To Nenna first, that first this worke created,
And next to Jones, that truely it translated.

ED. SPENSER.

III

Upon the Historie of George Castriot, alias Scanderbeg, king of the Epirots, translated into English.

WHerefore doth vaine antiquitie so vaunt
Her ancient monuments of mightie peeres,
And old Heroes, which their world did daunt
With their great deedes, and fild their childrens eares?
Who, rapt with wonder of their famous praise,
Admire their statues, their Colossoes great,
Their rich triumphall Arcks which they did raise,
Their huge Pyramids, which do heauen threat.
Lo one, whom later age hath brought to light,
Matchable to the greatest of those great;
Great both by name, and great in power and might,
And meriting a meere triumphant seate.
The scourge of Turkes, and plague of infidels,
Thy acts, O Scanderbeg, this volume tels.

ED. SPENSER.

III 1 vaunt] vaunt, *1596*

IV

Prefixed to *The Commonwealth and Government of Venice.*

THe antique *Babel*, Empresse of the East,
Vpreard her buildinges to the threatned skie :
And second *Babell*, tyrant of the West,
Her ayry Towers upraised much more high.
But with the weight of their own surquedry,
They both are fallen, that all the earth did feare,
And buried now in their own ashes ly,
Yet shewing by their heapes how great they were.
But in their place doth now a third appeare,
Fayre *Venice*, flower of the last worlds delight,
And next to them in beauty draweth neare,
But farre exceedes in policie of right.
Yet not so fayre her buildinges to behold
As *Lewkenors* stile that hath her beautie told.

EDM. SPENCER

IV *sig.* EDM.] EDW. *1599*

APPENDIX

OF EPIGRAMS AND SONNETS FROM:

A THEATRE

wherein be repre-

ſented as wel the miſeries & ca-

lamities that follow the vo-luptuous Worldlings,

As alſo the greate ioyes ana pleſures which the faith-full do enioy.

An Argument both profitable and delectable, to all that ſincerely loue the word of God.

Deuiſed by S. Iohn van-der Noodt.

Seene and allowed according to the order appointed.

¶ Imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman.
Anno Domini. 1569.

Cvm Privilegio.

Epigrams.

BEing one day at my window all alone,
So many strange things hapned me to see,
As much it grieueth me to thinke thereon.
At my right hande, a Hinde appearde to me,
So faire as mought the greatest God delite:
Two egre Dogs dyd hir pursue in chace,
Of which the one was black, the other white.
With deadly force so in their cruell race
They pinchte the haunches of this gentle beast,
That at the last, and in shorte time, I spied,
Vnder a rocke, where she (alas) opprest,
Fell to the grounde, and there vntimely dide.
Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,
Oft makes me waile so harde a destinie.

AFter at Sea a tall Ship dyd appere,
Made all of Heben and white Iuorie,
The sailes of Golde, of Silke the tackle were:
Milde was the winde, calme seemed the sea to be:
The Skie eche where did shew full bright and faire.
With riche treasures this gay ship fraighted was.
But sodaine storme did so turmoyle the aire,
And tombled vp the sea, that she, alas,
Strake on a rocke that vnder water lay.
O great misfortune, O great griefe, I say,
Thus in one moment to see lost and drownde
So great riches, as lyke can not be founde.

THen heauenly branches did I see arise,
Out of a fresh and lusty Laurell tree
Amidde the yong grene wood. Of Paradise
Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see,
Suche store of birdes therein yshrouded were,
Chaunting in shade their sundry melodie.
My sprites were rauisht with thefe pleasures there.
While on this Laurell fixed was mine eye,
The Skie gan euery where to ouercast,
And darkned was the welkin all aboute,
When sodaine flash of heauens fire outbrast,
And rent this royall tree quite by the roote.
Which makes me much and euer to complaine,
For no such shadow shal be had againe.

WIthin this wood, out of the rocke did rise
A Spring of water mildely romblyng downe,
Whereto approched not in any wise
The homely Shepherde, nor the ruder cloune,
But many Muses, and the Nymphes withall,
That sweetely in accorde did tune their voice
Vnto the gentle sounding of the waters fall.
The sight wherof dyd make my heart reioyce.
But while I toke herein my chiefe delight,
I sawe (alas) the gaping earth deuoure
The Spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight.
Whiche yet agreues my heart euen to this houre.

I Saw a Phœnix in the wood alone,
With purple wings and crest of golden hew,
Straunge birde he was, wherby I thought anone,
That of some heauenly wight I had the vew:
Vntill he came vnto the broken tree
And to the spring that late deuoured was.
What say I more? Eche thing at length we see
Doth passe away: the Phœnix there, alas,
Spying the tree destroyde, the water dride,
Himselfe smote with his beake, as in disdaine,
And so forthwith in great despite he dide.
For pitie and loue my heart yet burnes in paine.

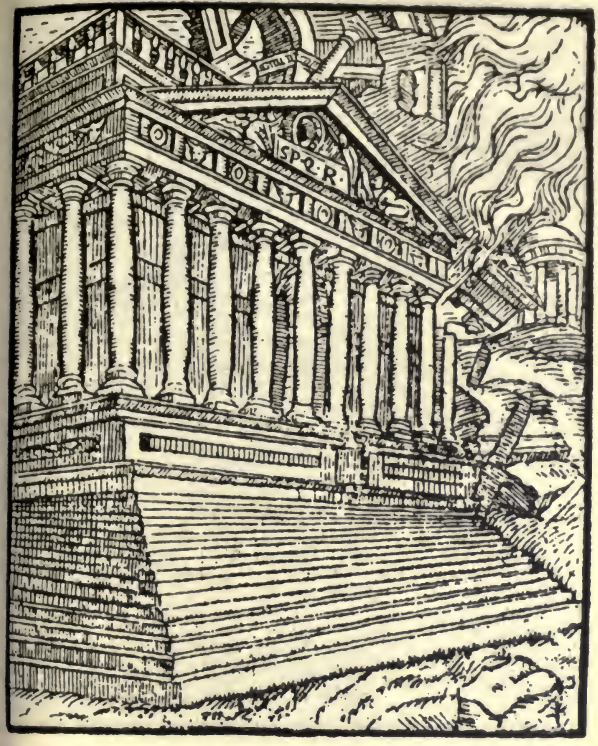
AT last so faire a Ladie did I spie,
That in thinking on hir I burne and quake,
On herbes and floures she walked pensiuely.
Milde, but yet loue she proudely did forsake.
White seemed hir robes, yet wouen so they were,
As snowe and golde together had bene wrought.
Aboue the waste a darke cloude shrouded hir,
A stinging Serpent by the heele hir caught,
Wherewith she languisht as the gathered floure:
And well assurde she mounted vp to joy.
Alas in earth so nothing doth endure
But bitter griefe that dothe our hearts anoy.

MY Song thus now in thy Conclusions,
Say boldly that these same six visions
Do yelde vnto thy lorde a sweete request,
Ere it be long within the earth to rest.

Sonets.

IT was the time when rest the gift of Gods
Sweetely sliding into the eyes of men,
Doth drowne in the forgetfulnesse of slepe,
The carefull trauailes of the painefull day:
Then did a ghost appeare before mine eyes
On that great riuers banke that runnes by Rome,
And calling me then by my propre name,
He bade me vpwarde vnto heauen looke.
He cride to me, and loe (quod he) beholde,
What vnder this great Temple is containde,
Loe all is nought but flying vanitie.
So I knowing the worldes vnstedfastnesse,
Sith onely God surmountes the force of tyme,
In God alone do stay my confidence.

[For the later version of these Sonnets v. *The Visions of Bellay*, in *Complaints* 1591.]



ON hill, a frame an hundred cubites hie
I sawe, an hundred pillers eke about,
All of fine Diamant decking the front,
And fashiond were they all in Dorike wise.
Of bricke, ne yet of marble was the wall,
But shining Christall, which from top to base
Out of deepe vaute threw forth a thousand rayes
Vpon an hundred steps of purest golde.
Golde was the parget: and the sielyng eke
Did shine all scaly with fine golden plates.
The floore was Iaspis, and of Emeraude.
O worldes vainenesse. A sodein earthquake loe,
Shaking the hill euen from the bottome deepe,
Threwe downe this building to the lowest stone.

THen did appeare to me a sharped spire
Of diamant, ten feete eche way in square,
Iustly proportionde vp vnto his height,
So hie as mought an Archer reache with sight.
Vpon the top therof was set a pot
Made of the mettall that we honour most.
And in this golden vessell couched were
The ashes of a mightie Emperour.
Vpon foure corners of the base there lay
To beare the frame, foure great Lions of golde.
A worthie tombe for such a worthie corps.
Alas, nought in this worlde but griefe endures.
A sodaine tempest from the heauen, I saw,
With flushe stroke downe this noble monument.

I Saw raisde vp on pillers of Iuorie,
Whereof the bases were of richest golde,
The chapters Alabaster, Christall frises,
The double front of a triumphall arke.
On eche side portraide was a victorie.
With golden wings in habite of a Nymph.
And set on hie vpon triumphing chaire,
The auncient glorie of the Romane lordes.
The worke did shewe it selfe not wrought by man,
But rather made by his owne skilfull hande
That forgeth thunder dartes for Ioue his sire.
Let me no more see faire thing vnder heauen,
Sith I haue seene so faire a thing as this,
With sodaine falling broken all to dust.

THen I behelde the faire Dodonian tree,
Vpon seuen hilles throw forth his gladsome shaa
And Conquerers bedecked with his leaues
Along the bankes of the Italian streame.
There many auncient Trophees were erect,
Many a spoile, and many goodly signes,
To shewe the greatnesse of the stately race,
That erst descended from the Troian bloud.
Rauisht I was to see so rare a thing,
When barbarous villaines in disordred heape,
Outraged the honour of these noble bowes.
I hearde the tronke to grone vnder the wedge.
And since I saw the roote in hie disdaine
Sende forth againe a twinne of forked trees.

I Saw the birde that dares beholde the Sunne,
With feeble flight venture to mount to heauen.
By more and more she gan to trust hir wings,
Still folowing th'example of hir damme :
I saw hir rise, and with a larger flight
Surmount the toppes euen of the hiest hilles,
And pierce the cloudes, and with hir wings to reache
The place where is the temple of the Gods,
There was she lost, and soaenly I saw
Where tombling through the aire in lompe of fire,
All flaming downe she fell vpon the plaine.
I saw hir bodie turned all to dust,
And saw the foule that shunnes the cherefull light
Out of hir ashes as a worme arise.

THen all astonned with this nightly ghost,
I saw an hideous body big and strong,
Long was his beard, and side did hang his hair,
A grisly forehed and Saturnelike face.
Leaning against the belly of a pot
He shed a water, whose outgushing streame
Ran flowing all along the creekie shoare
Where once the Troyan Duke with Turnus fought.
And at his feete a bitch Wolfe did giue sucke
To two yong babes. In his right hand he bare
The tree of peace, in left the conquering Palme,
His head was garnisht with the Laurel bow.
Then sodenly the Palme and Oliue fell,
And faire greene Laurel witherd vp and dide.

HArd by a riuers side, a wailing Nimphe,
Folding hir armes with thousand sighs to heauen
Did tune hir plaint to falling riuers sound,
Renting hir faire visage and golden haire,
Where is (quod she) this whilome honored face ?
Where is thy glory and the auncient praise,
Where all worldes hap was reposed,
When erst of Gods and man I worshipt was ?
Alas, suffisde it not that ciuile bate
Made me the spoile and bootie of the world,
But this new Hydra mete to be assailde
Euen by an hundred such as Hercules,
With seuen springing heds of monstrous crimes,
So many Neroes and Caligulaes
Must still bring forth to rule this croked shore.

VPon a hill I saw a kindled flame,
Mounting like waues with triple point to heauen
Which of incense of precious Ceder tree
With Balmelike odor did perfume the aire.
A bird all white, well fetherd on hir winges
Hereout did flie vp to the throne of Gods,
And singing with most plesant melodie
She climbed vp to heauen in the smoke.
Of this faire fire the faire dispersed rayes
Threw forth abrode a thousand shining leames,
When sodain dropping of a golden shoure
Gan quench the glystering flame. O greuous chaunge.
That which erstwhile so pleasaunt scent did yelde,
Of Sulphure now did breathe corrupted smel.

I Saw a fresh spring rise out of a rocke,
Clere as Christall against the Sunny beames,
The bottome yellow like the shining land,
That golden Pactol driues vpon the plaine.
It seemed that arte and nature striued to ioyne
There in one place all pleasures of the eye.
There was to heare a noise alluring slepe
Of many accordes more swete than Mermaids song,
The seates and benches shone as Iuorie,
An hundred Nymphes sate side by side about,
When from nie hilles a naked rout of Faunes
With hideous cry assembled on the place,
Which with their feete vncleane the water fouled,
Threw down the seats, and droue the Nimphs to flight.

AT length, euen at the time when Morpheus
Most truely doth appeare vnto our eyes,
Wearie to see th'inconstance of the heauens:
I saw the great Typhæus sister come,
Hir head full brauely with a morian armed,
In maiestie she seemde to matche the Gods.
And on the shore, harde by a violent streame,
She raisde a Trophee ouer all the worlde.
An hundred vanquisht kings gronde at hir feete,
Their armes in shamefull wise bounde at their backes.
While I was with so dreadfull sight afrayde,
I saw the heauens warre against hir tho,
And seing hir striken fall with clap of thunder,
With so great noyse I start in sodaine wonder.

I Saw an vgly beast come from the sea,
That seuen heads, ten crounes, ten hornes did beare,
Hauing theron the vile blaspheming name.
The cruell Leopard she resembled much :
Feete of a beare, a Lions throte she had.
The mightie Dragon gaue to hir his power.
One of hir heads yet there I did espie,
Still freshly bleeding of a grieuous wounde.
One cride aloude. What one is like (quod he)
This honoured Dragon, or may him withstande ?
And then came from the sea a sauage beast,
With Dragons speche, and shewde his force by fire,
With wondrous signes to make all wights adore
The beast, in setting of hir image vp.

I Saw a Woman sitting on a beast
Before mine eyes, of Orenge colour hew :
Horrour and dreadfull name of blasphemie
Filde hir with pride. And seuen heads I saw,
Ten hornes also the stately beast did beare.
She seemde with glorie of the scarlet faire,
And with fine perle and golde puft vp in heart.
The wine of hooredome in a cup she bare.
The name of Mysterie writ in hir face.
The bloud of Martyrs dere were hir delite.
Most fierce and fell this woman seemde to me.
An Angell then descending downe from Heauen,
With thondring voice cride out aloude, and sayd,
Now for a truth great Babylon is fallen.

THen might I see vpon a white horse set
The faithfull man with flaming countenaunce,
His head did shine with crounes set therupon.
The worde of God made him a noble name.
His precious robe I saw embrued with bloud.
Then saw I from the heauen on horses white,
A puissant armie come the selfe same way.
Then cried a shining Angell as me thought,
That birdes from aire descending downe on earth
Should warre vpon the kings, and eate their flesh.
Then did I see the beast and Kings also
Ioinyng their force to slea the faithfull man.
But this fierce hatefull beast and all hir traine,
Is pitilesse throwne downe in pit of fire.

I Saw new Earth, new Heauen, sayde Saint Iohn.
And loe, the sea (quod he) is now no more.
The holy Citie of the Lorde, from hye
Descendeth garnisht as a loued spouse.
A voice then sayde, beholde the bright abode
Of God and men. For he shall be their God.
And all their teares he shall wipe cleane away.
Hir brightnesse greater was than can be founde.
Square was this Citie, and twelue gates it had.
Eche gate was of an orient perfect pearle,
The houses golde, the pauement precious stone.
A liuely streame, more cleere than Christall is,
Ranne through the mid, sprong from triumphant seat.
There growes lifes fruite vnto the Churches good.

METRICAL EXPERIMENTS.

(1)

From Letter to Harvey, Oct. 16, 1579.

Iambicum Trimetrum.

Vnhappy Verse, the witnesse of my vnhappie state,
Make thy selfe fluttring wings of thy fast flying
Thought, and fly forth vnto my Loue, whersoeuer she be:
Whether lying reastlesse in heauy bedde, or else
Sitting so cheerelesse at the cheerfull boorde, or else
Playing alone carelesse on hir heauenlie Virginals.
If in Bed, tell hir that my eyes can take no reste;
If at Boorde, tell hir that my mouth can eate no meate;
If at hir Virginals, tell hir I can heare no mirth.
Asked why? say, Waking Loue suffereth no sleepe;
Say that raging Loue dothe appall the weake stomacke;
Say that lamenting Loue marreth the Musicall.
Tell hir that hir pleasures were wonte to lull me asleepe;
Tell hir that hir beautie was wonte to feede mine eyes;
Tell hir that hir sweete Tongue was wont to make me mirth.
Nowe doe I nightly waste, wanting my kindely reste;
Nowe do I dayly starue, wanting my liuely foode?
Nowe do I alwayes dye, wanting thy timely mirth.
And if I waste, who will bewaile my heauy chaunce?
And if I starue, who will record my cursed end?
And if I dye, who will saye, *this was Immerito*?

(2)

From Letter to Harvey, April 10, 1580.

See yee the blindefoulded pretie God, that feathered Archer,
Of Louers Miseries which maketh his bloodie Game?
Wote ye why his Moother with a Veale hath coouered his Face?
Trust me, least he my Looue happely chaunce to beholde.

(3)

From the same.

That which I eate did I joy, and that which I greedily gorged,
As for those many goodly matters leaft I for others.

APPENDIX II.

ON THE TEXT OF SPENSER FROM 1617–1884.

I have not collated throughout editions of Spenser later than *F* (1611), bu I have compared with earlier copies long passages chosen from them a haphazard and have consulted them on all doubtful and interesting lines. I ar thus able to form some opinion as to their respective characteristics and thei relation to one another.

F 2 appeared in 1617. In pagination it is identical with its predecesso and is in the main a reprint of it, using for the last time the original woodcu illustrations. It is noticeable that the Bodleian and British Museum copie contain copies of *Mother Hubberds Tale* with the date 1613. (Bodl. K. 4 23 Art. has two, one before the *Shep. Cal.* and one after. B.M. 1346. l. 1, o the other hand, has no copy of *Mother Hubberds Tale*). Possibly no special reprir of the poem was made for *F 2*. In very few instances does *F 2* correct *F'* deviations from the earlier *Qq*, and in each case that I have noticed it wa probably an independent correction (e.g. *Shep. Cal.* Ep. 214 rare *Q 1, F 2*: rat *F*; *Feb.* 121 girlonds *Q 1, F 2*: garlands *F*). Conversely, its reversions to th mistakes of later *Qq*, corrected by *F*, are probably accidental (e.g. *Jan.* 5 'sighes' for 'sithes'; *April* 36 'turned' for 'tuned'). Its best emendation are *Colin Clout* 861 'life giving' for 'like giving' and *Elegie* p. 357, l. 'glasse' for 'grasse';[1] but against these we must set many bad errors due t careless printing, e.g. *Jan.* 77 'sunny' for 'sonned'; *April* 63 'white' fo 'sweet'; *July* 46 'faine' for 'saine'; *Aug.* 79 'royde' for 'rovde'; *Oct.* 5 'lustlihead' for 'lustihead'; *July* 12 'cumbers' for 'climbers'; *Feb.* 15 'plant' for 'plainte'. It carries still further the process of modernization.

In 1653 appeared a Latin translation of the *Shepheardes Calender* b Theodore Bathurst, Fellow of Pembroke Coll., Camb., with the English o the opposite page. The number of instances in which the English tex reproduces the errors of *F 2* (though it occasionally corrects them) shows to be in the main a reprint of *F 2*; but it is obvious that the translator had b him also an early *Q* copy. Thus the last line of the *Envoy* is printed wit the error of *Q 5*, *Ff 1, 2*, The better please, the worse *displease*, etc. but translated *Sperne* malos, placeasque bonis, etc. So also the 'sunny' shee of *F 2* (*Jan.* 77) he translates 'apricatus', the 'fain' of *F 2* (*July* 46) h translates 'dicunt', and the 'talke' of *Ff 1, 2* (*Sept.* 158) he translates 'oberrat in each case showing his use of a *Q* copy.

Moreover the stanza omitted at *June* 89 by *Q 5*, *Ff 1, 2* is not found in it place, but is inserted at the end of the volume preceded by this note:

'Reader, Be pleased to take notice that in the later Editions of Spencer Poems in Folio (which should have been the best) there is wanting one who

[1] This last, however, was merely a reversion to the reading in *The Phoeni Nest* (1593).

Stanza in the Month of June, which out of the first Edition of the Shepherds Calendar in Quarto may be thus supplyed, and is to come in after page 70. l. 10. of the Book.' (The stanza follows)

Todd is my authority for the statement that this volume was twice reprinted, once with a Latin dissertation *De Vita Spenseri, et Scriptis*, prefixed, and a glossary subjoined (not dated), and again with another title-page, dated 1732. I have not examined these copies.

F3 followed in 1679. In type and general appearance it is far superior to the earlier *Ff*, but its text presents a still further degeneration. Indeed, it makes no pretence of going behind the authority of the preceding *Ff*, but is content in the main to follow *F2*, though it sometimes prefers *F*. There is no sign that the *Qq* were ever referred to; for the corrections of 'glitter and' to 'glitterand' (*July* 177), 'beene' to 'beene not' (*May* 35), and 'Miracles' to 'Oracles' (*ib. Gloss* 340), the only ones I have noted, are probably accidental conjectures. At *Dec.* 76 it gives the new reading 'season' for 'reason', which many editors have accepted; other attempts to emend the text, 'her' for 'him' (*Jan.* 12), 'thinking' for 'thinken,' 'his' for 'her' (*April* 14), are due to misunderstanding, and there are many meaningless misprints such as 'wine' for 'wind' (*Feb.* 7), 'underfond' for 'underfong' (*Nov.* 22), 'cough' for 'couth' (*June* 41), 'longring' for 'long lingring' (*Oct.* 3), 'arfen' for 'a frenne' (*April* 28). Like *Q5*, *Ff 1, 2*, it omits the *June* stanza and only discovers the error when it comes to print, at the close of the volume, Bathurst's Latin translation. Then the missing lines are added with the note already quoted, the words 'which should have been the best' significantly altered to 'which we now followed'.

In 1715 Hughes brought out his edition of the Works of Spenser, with a Glossary, Life of the author, and an Essay on Allegorical Poetry (6 vols. 8vo). 'It is hoped,' he states in his introduction, 'that the reader will find it much more correct than some former Editions. The Shepherd's Calender had been so extremely corrupted that it is now in a manner wholly restor'd. Care has been taken not only to collect everything of this Author . . . and to preserve the Text entire, but to follow likewise, for the most part, the old spelling. This may be thought by some too strict and precise; yet there was a necessity for it, not only to show the true state of our language, as Spenser wrote it, but to keep the exact sense, which would sometimes be chang'd by the Variation of a syllable or letter.'

But, as was pointed out by Church and Warton, there are in Hughes's edition far too many of these changes to allow us to regard his text as anything but a compromise, and Todd is almost justified in speaking of it as 'reduced to modern orthography'. It is true that often Hughes goes behind the Folios to restore a Quarto reading, e.g. *Feb.* 280, *Sept.* 18 and 40, *Oct.* 39 and 65; but he took *F3* as his basis, accepting many of its errors and modernizations, and only fitfully and capriciously carried out his original intention. Many of his emendations were due to an inadequate knowledge of the earlier stages of the language; and by such changes as 'wonned' to 'wonted' (*Feb.* 119), 'assott' to 'a sot' (*March* 25), 'cryen' to 'crying' (*April* 95), 'sits' to 'fits' (*May* 77), 'more' to 'mere' (*June* 29), he falls an easy prey to Todd. But he was a capable editor up to the standard required in the early

eighteenth century. Thus he notes the metrical deficiency of *June* 98, due to an error in *Q 2* and ignored by all subsequent editions; he detects the omission of the *Embleme* to *December*, and supplies one himself; he sees that at *Nov.* 85 Spenser intended to write 'hath displayde' though all previous copies had printed 'doth displaye'. In his text too I first find the smoothing of metre in *Dec.* 95, and the alteration of 'tell' to 'till' (*Daphnaida*, 391), both of which have been attributed to earlier copies. There can be no doubt that Hughes's edition did much for the reputation of Spenser in the eighteenth century; it was reprinted in 1750, and all later editions before Todd were content with reprinting their text from Hughes.

Todd's valuable and fully annotated edition appeared in 1805 (8 vols. 8vo). 'The Text of this edition,' he says, 'is given from a careful collation of the various poems, which were published while the author lived; and from an attention to the mutual help in regard to correction, as well as to the choice of phraseology and orthography, which the several editions of those poems afford . . . Of the Miscellaneous Poems every edition, subsequent to the original publications, has been more or less distinguished by innovation and errour; by innovation, which often perplexes what is originally perspicuous; by errour which has sometimes converted what is serious into ridicule.'

But his text, though it is a great improvement upon that of the Folios and Hughes, hardly reaches the standard that he claims for it. A careful examination of those lines in his *Shepheardes Calender* where the different Quartos vary, proves, I think conclusively, that he printed from *Q 3*, collating with *Qq 2* and *5*, but with no reference to *Qq 1* or *4*. Possibly the absence of date from the title-page of *Q 2* led him into mistaking it for *Q 1*: anyhow wherever *Q 1* and *2* differ Todd shows no acquaintance with the reading of the earlier *Q*.[1] Similarly, though he often quotes *F 1611*, there is no evidence that he ever consulted it. For wherever *F* and *F 2* vary, it will be found that it is *F 2* and *not F* that he had before him.[1] Here again he may have been misled by the binding up of a 1611 *Faerie Queene* with 1617 copies of the Miscellaneous Poems. But he laid himself open to attacks from Collier, who abused him for inaccuracy without realizing the source of his readings. And if he examined *F 3* also it was only fitfully, for it is noticeable that wherever he mentions its errors or corrections he attributes them to Hughes, who had copied them, and not to their ultimate source.

The edition published in America in 1855, edited by F. J. Child, contains some excellent emendations, several of which have been adopted by later editors, and gives some evidence of acquaintance with the early editions. But like Todd, Child seems to have based his text of the *Shepheardes Calender* on *Q 3*, collating it with *Q 2*, but showing no knowledge of *Q 1* except where it coincides with *Q 2*. Indeed, it is highly probable that he printed from his own corrected copy of Todd. The *variae lectiones* at the end of his volume are very few in number, and they are to a large extent inaccurate; his citations in particular of *Q 1* are quite untrustworthy. And the fact that three times he attributes to *Q 1* readings which are mere misprints of Todd's inclines one to believe that his independent researches were not extensive. I

[1] For illustration of this *v.* Critical Notes, pp. 511–23 *passim*.

might, of course, be urged that both Todd and Child had access to a copy of *Q 1* which contained these readings; but one of them, 'gutted' for 'glutted' (*Sept.* 185), makes nonsense of the passage, and would certainly have been noted and emended by Todd, if he had found it in *Q*; and the accumulative evidence of all his citations from *Q 1* makes it impossible to believe that a copy exists varying to such an extent from the Bodleian and British Museum copies.

J. P. Collier's edition, in five volumes, appeared in 1862. 'In these volumes,' writes Collier, 'attention has been most of all, and very anxiously directed to the purity and accuracy of Spenser's text.' He asserts that he has consulted and collated every edition from 1579–1679, and he makes some capital out of his preference for the original reading to emendations both of himself and others, even when they are obviously correct. His text as a whole is certainly the most accurate that had as yet appeared, and he is the first editor to show a careful study of *Q 1* of the *Shepheardes Calender*. But his editorial arrogance has little justification in fact. Not only is his critical apparatus scanty, but in direct opposition to his avowed principles he often follows a late Quarto or Folio, without noting his departure from *Q 1* (e. g. *April* 135, *May* 186, *June* 23, *July* 99, *Nov.* 33, *Amoretti* xv. 3). He is particularly bitter in his attacks upon Todd's accuracy, but he often charges him with the invention of readings to be found in *F 2*, which he himself professes to have collated, though his notes show no acquaintance either with the readings of *F 2* or *F 3* (cf. *Colin Clout*, 861). His desire to expose Todd has in one place led him into an error in his own text. In *April, Gloss* 328, he reads 'blended' and adds '"Blinded", for "blended" was a misprint for which Todd alone was responsible'. Yet 'blinded' is not only the *Qq* reading, but is also obviously right.

Collier's reputation for honesty in dealing with early texts is now a little tarnished, but most Spenser editors appear, up to the present, to have accepted his statements without reservation.[1] This is no longer possible; but it can freely be admitted that under his hands the text of Spenser was much improved, and that some of his emendations, both those which he accepted himself and those merely offered as suggestions, were brilliant and scholarly.

In 1869 appeared the first issue of the Globe *Spenser*, edited by Richard Morris, by far the most accurate text that had appeared. Morris exercised wise conservatism in his treatment of the text, and though he introduced rather more changes than a modern scholar would be inclined to admit, his book may be regarded as a careful reprint of the first editions of the poems, which he follows as a rule in all details of spelling, only allowing himself some latitude in matters of punctuation. But any one who has attempted a collation of the text of Spenser will be inclined to re-echo Grosart's despairing criticism, that Morris's 'abounding errors of omission and commission in his Various Readings have perplexed and worried me'. Some quite trivial changes he records; far more, of real importance, he omits. In dealing with the *Shepheardes Calender* he rarely refers to more than *Q 1* and *Q 5* or *F*, and his references are quite often inaccurate. His treatment of the

[1] But *v.* note to *F. Q.* II. ix. 49, ed. J. C. Smith.

other poems is little better. He is often content with a vague allusion t 'some old copies' or 'some modern editions', not specifying the books t which he refers; and he attributes to the wrong source, or gives as emenda tions of his own, suggestions which had been made by previous editors Morris, indeed, states in his Preface that in this part of his work he ha received some assistance from the labours of his predecessors; and many of hi errors are certainly due to too implicit a trust in their authority. As his *varia lectiones* stand, however, they are both incomplete and untrustworthy, and ar thus on quite a different level of scholarship from the admirable text whic they accompany.

In 1882–4 Dr. Grosart published his Library Edition of Spenser in eigh volumes, privately printed. The *Shepheardes Calender* he elected to print fron *Q 5*, 'convinced that Spenser himself over-saw the successive editions. That this view is quite untenable I have already shown in my introduction Similarly Grosart preferred *Q 2* of *Daphnaida* to *Q 1*. He is often guilty o a similar lack of critical judgement in his treatment of the text that he has electe to follow, both in unnecessary departures from it and in preserving it where i is obviously corrupt. In his *apparatus criticus* he set out to record th minutest changes of text in the editions published in the poet's lifetime; an his record, though not absolutely complete, is very full, and, considerin its bulk, remarkably accurate. But he underrated the value and the interes of the Folio, of which he made no systematic collation, and he paid littl attention to the alterations of the text in later copies.

It should be frankly acknowledged that the errors of all editions, fron the Folio to Grosart, no less than their corrections, have been of the greates help to me in checking the accuracy of my own text, and have called m attention to many points of interest which would otherwise have escaped me My object in stating their several characteristics is not to expose their faults but rather to show clearly that my divergences from their readings are no accidental. Where I differ from them I have referred once more to th original copies, and where I have accepted an emendation I have been able t credit it to its true originator.

Since this volume has been in the press, my attention has been called t *Spenser's Poetical Works*, ed. by R. E. Neil Dodge, Cambridge ed. (U.S.A.) one vol. 1908. The editor does not profess to give a complete collation o the early copies. His aim is rather to reproduce the first editions of the poems except in punctuation and 'evident misprints', and to record every othe departure from them. The task is carried out with great care and wit a scholarship that inclines to conservatism (as e. g. in the retention of *Q 1*' reading in *Shep. Cal.*, *Dec.* 75 and *Q*'s of *Teares of Muses* 232, *Colin Clout* 168) and his departures from the original texts seem to me in nearly every cas judicious. But the number of those departures made without comment show his interpretation of the phrase 'evident misprints' to be somewhat too libera It is not always easy to determine when a word is misprinted, especially whe the writer affects an archaic and dialectal style; and even if it appear 'evident to the modern editor, it was not necessarily so to the Elizabethan; for it i in a measure by reason of the miscorrection of earlier errors, or what wer taken for errors, that the text degenerated.

CRITICAL NOTES.

THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER.

PAGE 17. *Jan.* 77. sonned *Q 1*, sunned *Qq 2–5*, *F*; 'sunny', attributed y Todd to *F*, is first found in *F 2*, and continues in *Q 1653* and *F 3*. It is haracteristic of Hughes that he should see that 'sunny' is nonsense, but hould emend to 'sullen' on his own account, rather than follow *Qq*.

PAGE 23. *Feb.* 137. *F*'s reading illustrates its tendency to smooth the ıetre; cf. *Nov.* 78, and pp. 108, 145, 147, etc.

ib. 142. ouercrawed] The Northern form of 'ouercrowed' (cf. *Hamlet* . ii. 368). This correction of *Q 3*'s for the 'ouerawed' of *Qq 1, 2* is almost ertainly to be accepted. (The 'cr' may have been dropped from its likeness) the preceding 'er'.) It is interesting to notice that *F 2* reads 'ouerrowed', but *F 3* reverts to the reading of *Qq 3–5*, *F*.

ib. 151. ponder *Qq 1–3*, pond, *Qq 4, 5*, *F*. This error of *Q 4*'s, ccepted by *Q 5* and *F*, led, as Todd noticed, to the inclusion of 'pond' in ohnson's Dictionary as a genuine Spenserian form.

PAGE 24. *ib.* 181. oft *Q 1*, *F*: of *Qq 2–5*. Todd and Child attriute the error 'of' to all the Quartos. *Q 1*, however, has the right reading.

PAGE 29. *March* 4. nighest *Qq 1–5*: nigheth *F*. Morris suggests nighës', probably regarding the 't' as due to likeness with 'st' of 'fast'.

PAGE 30. *ib.* 18. newe *Qq*, *F*. The reading 'now' attributed by Todd) *F* is first found in *F 2*.

PAGE 32. *ib.* 85. That seeing, I leuelde againe, *Q 5*, *F*: That seeing , leuelde againe, *Qq 1–4*. The change of punctuation introduced by *Q 5* ; regarded by some scholars as merely the substitution of logical for metrical unctuation. But to my ear it expresses also Spenser's metrical intention.

Thát seéing I léuelde agáine is to me preferable to
Thát seeing Í léuelde agáine.

PAGE 33. *ib.* 120. Is graunted scarce to God aboue] Child conjecıres 'Gods' (cf. *Feb.* 337), but the change is hardly necessary.

PAGE 34. *ib. Gloss* 145, 170. These two lines afford a good xample of the gradual corruption of the text and its emendation by the rinter without reference to earlier Quartos. In the first case *Q 3* misprints loue' as 'our', and is followed in nonsense by *Q 4*; in the second case *Q 4* misprints 'wandring' as 'wingdring'. *Q 5* emends both and makes ense of them, but a different sense from that of *Q 1*, which was E. K.'s.

PAGE 38. *April* 36 foll. Ye dayntye Nymphs, etc.] Nowhere in the *hepheardes Calender* is the modernizing instinct of *Q 5* more obvious than in s treatment of this 'laye'.

ib. 63. sweete *Qq*, *F*. The reading 'white', attributed by Todd to *F*, an error of *F 2*'s, corrected by *F 3*.

PAGE 39. *ib.* 72. Where haue you seene the like, but there? *Qq 1–4* The comma after 'like' is unnecessary logically and was therefore omitted i *Q 5*, *F.* But its metrical suggestiveness is obvious to any one with an ear.

PAGE 41. *ib.* 148. her way] The error 'his', attributed by Todd t Hughes, is first found in *F 3*.

PAGE 46. *May* 1. thilke *Qq 1–4*: this *Q 5*, *F.* *Q 5*'s modernization i stultified by its retention of the Gloss, which explains the form it has rejectec

PAGE 49. *ib.* 83. why should he regard *Qq 1*, *5*, *F*: he should *Qq 2–4* Todd speaks of the reading of the text here as a correction of *F*'s, and Chil attributes 'he should' to *Q 1*. Grosart omits to record the reading c *Qq 2–4*.

PAGE 50. *ib.* 122. them selfe] Todd attributes this reading to all th Quartos and 'themselves' to the Folios and modern editions. What we fin really is them selfe *Q 1*: themselfe *Qq 2–5*, *F*: themselves *Ff 2*, *3*, *Hughe*.

PAGE 52. *ib.* 177. Gate *Qq 1–4*: goat *Q 5*, *F.* *Q 5*'s text of thi fable illustrates its tendency to modernization, and the folly of it is illustrate by its retention of the note in the Gloss (p. 58, l. 417) which explains th dialectal form it has emended.

ib. 187. The blossomes of lust] So *Qq* and *F.* It is probable, howeve that Spenser wrote 'bloosmes' (for 'bloosmes' is the form given in th Gloss upon this passage, p. 58. l. 421), and that he or E. K. failed to notic that the printer had modernized it. Cf. *Jan.* 34, *Dec.* 103, and 'bloosming *May* 8.

PAGE 56. *ib.* 316. doth nye *Qq 1–4*: draw'th nye *Q 5*, *F.* Th reading of *Q 1* is obviously correct (v. *March* 4), but Grosart, in spite of th Gloss, which explains 'nye' as a verb, follows *Q 5*. Todd reverts fro *Ff* to *Q 1*, but attributes the initiation of the error to *F* instead of to *Q 5*.

PAGE 57. *ib. Gloss* 368–9. All that I eate, etc.] This couplet, whic E. K. gives as the translation of the couplet from Cicero, is proved to ha been one of Spensers own experiments in classical metres. For in a letter t Harvey, dated April 10, 1580, Spenser quotes them as 'those two whic I translated you *ex tempore* in bed, the last time we lay togither in Wes minster.

> That which I eate did I joy, and that which I greedily gorged,
> As for those many goodly matters leaft I for others.'

Dr. Sommer regards this as an 'absolutely convincing argument' that E. K and Spenser were the same person; but surely, if Spenser kept them in h head so as to quote them more than a year afterwards, it is not unlikely th nearer to the time of their composition he could have communicated them t other of his friends who would be likely to take them seriously. An Edward Kirke of Pembroke College, Cambridge, another friend of Harvey' would be such an one.

PAGE 61. *June* 16. shroude] This spelling, adopted by Todd, is probabl what Spenser wrote, the mistake of *Qq* being simply the misplacing of the 'r Collier incorrectly gives 'shrouder' as the reading of *Q 1*.

ib. 20. witche] Hughes emended to 'ditch', which Todd accepted.

PAGE 63. *ib.* 89 etc. For the history of the loss of this stanza from the text and its reappearance v. *supra*, p. 508.

ib. 98. of all my painfull plight] The treatment of this passage in succeeding texts is interesting. *Q 2* drops 'all' and changes 'painful' to 'plainful'; *Qq 3* and *4* follow *Q 2*; *Q 5* restores 'painful' but leaves the line metrically defective, and is followed by *Ff 1–3*. Hughes, noticing the defect, does not refer to *Q*, but adds 'this', which Todd accepts from him. Todd's note upon 'plainful' proves that he had not seen *Q 1*. Collier and Morris also accept 'this' without noting that they are departing from *Q 1*. *Q 2*'s change of 'painful' to 'plainful' may possibly be correct, though the occurrence of 'plaints' in the previous line makes it highly improbable. *Q 5*'s 'painful' was probably a quite accidental reversion to *Q 1*.

PAGE 68. *Julye* 46. sayne] Todd attributes to *F* the reading 'faine'. But 'faine' is a misprint first found in *F 2*, and repeated in *F 3* and *Hughes*.

PAGE 74. *ib.* 233. Thomalins] *Qq 1–5*, *Ff*, and all edd. before Child, read 'Palinodes', which is an obvious mistake. But the existence of the Gloss upon it (p. 76, l. 340) makes it seem more like a misprint, than, as in the confusion of names in the *Faerie Queene* (v. Vol. II. p. vii), an error of Spenser's.

PAGE 80. *Aug.* 79. roude] The error 'royde', attributed by Todd to *F*, first appears in *F 2*.

ib. 84. thy hart] The reading of *Ff*, accepted by Hughes, Todd, and Collier, though without note, is obviously right. Morris wrongly attributes the reading to *Q 1*, though all the Quartos have 'my'. He was probably trusting to Collier.

PAGE 81. *ib.* 104. carelesse] *Qq*, *Ff*, *Hughes*, *Todd*. Collier's emendation 'curelesse', accepted by Morris, Grosart, and Dodge, is obviously correct.

PAGE 86. *Sept.* 6. earst] *Qq*, *F*, is emended by *F 2* and *Hughes* to 'last'. Todd restored the *Q* reading.

PAGE 89. *ib.* 99. For thy woulden *Qq 1*, *2*: For they woulden *Qq 3–5*: For they would *F*. *Q 3* has failed here to understand the archaic 'For thy', though in a parallel passage (*Oct.* 116) the corruption of the text does not creep in till *F 2*. On p. 2 'For thy' is changed by *Q 5* to 'For why'.

PAGE 91. *ib.* 165. thoyr *Q 1*. It is difficult to determine whether 'thoyr' is a misprint or an intentional rusticity. *Q 2* emends to 'theyr', and no editor has restored the original reading.

ib. 185. glutted *Qq*, *Ff*, *Hughes*. Todd reads 'gutted', without note, and Child, though probably taking it from Todd, attributes it to *Q 1*. Collier slightly speaks of it as a misprint of Todd's.

PAGE 92. *ib.* 218. As if it *Qq*, *Ff*. Todd omits 'it', without note, and Child, as above, wrongly attributes the omission to *Q 1*.

PAGE 95. *ib. Gloss* 295. It is obvious that E. K. intended to supply a date here, but forgot to insert it. No editor has supplied the omission.

PAGE 98. *Oct.* 39. giusts *Q 1*. This, the correct reading, is restored to the text by Hughes. He also restores 'dread' at l. 65.

PAGE 100. *ib.* 103. weightye] Child, Collier, and Morris attribute to *Q 1* the reading 'wightye', but I do not find it in B. M. or Bodleian copy. *Qq 3–5*, *F* have 'waightie'; Todd reads 'wightie', but shows no sign of having consulted *Q 1* at all (v. p. 509). Did Child accept from Todd, and Morris from Child? It is hardly likely that another copy of *Q 1* would present so trivial a change.

PAGE 101. *ib. Gloss* 165. Arabian *Qq 3–5*, *F*: Aradian *Qq 1, 2*. Collier suggests 'Arcadian', but neither Plato nor Aristotle allude to such a measure. E. K. probably means 'Lydian'.

PAGE 102. *ib. Gloss* 193. knowen to be Virgile *Q 1*, an amusing example of the degeneration of the text, showing how the printers preferred their own emendations (*Q 4*'s is quite ingenious) to consulting an earlier text. Todd combines the different readings and gives 'well known to be noble Virgil'.

PAGE 106. *Nov.* 22. vnderfong *Qq 1–5*: vnderfong: *F*. The punctuation of neither *Qq* nor *F* is satisfactory, but I have not emended as the sense is clear.

PAGE 108. *ib.* 78. that Colin made *Qq 1–5*: the reading of *F*, 'made you', is an obvious improvement, but the authority of *F* hardly justifies its substitution for the text, though it is accepted by Todd, Collier, and Grosart.

ib. 85. doth displaye] So *Qq* and *Ff*. Todd, following Hughes, corrects to 'hath display'd', for the sake of rime, and that was doubtless Spenser's intention. Morris and Grosart follow Todd. Collier keeps the reading of *Qq*.

PAGE 109. *ib.* 115. colourd chaplets] So *Q 1*. Spenser intends the reader to dwell upon the 'l' in 'chaplets', so as practically to make the word into a trisyllable (cf. his treatment of 'r' *Mother Hub.* 734 and *note*). *Qq 2–5*, not realizing this, add a syllable to the line by reading 'coloured'.

PAGE 111. *ib.* 187. astert] Child attributes to *Q 1* the reading 'assert', but I have not found it. Collier rightly notes that it is a misprint of Todd's. Cf. my notes to *Sept.* 185, 218, *Oct.* 103.

PAGE 113. *ib. Gloss* 277. Persephone] As Mr. J. C. Smith points out to me, E. K. meant Tisiphone, but no early copy, nor later editor, has made the emendation. Cf. note to *Teares of the Muses* 164.

PAGE 115. *Dec.* 29. wreaked *Qq 1–5*: recked *F*—an interesting modernization. In ME. forms of the word with long and short vowel, *rĕcke* and *rēke*, are alike common; reake is a common form in the sixteenth century, and when the vowel is long it is often spelt 'wreak' or 'wreake'. In Shakespeare (*F 1623*) we have 'wreakes', *As You Like It*, II. iv. 81; 'wreake' *Troil. and Cress.* I. vi. 26; but *Hamlet* (*Q 1602*) I. iii. 51 'reaks'. The *Qq* here therefore give a form which was prevalent, whilst *F* prefers the more correct form which was beginning to be reinstated, in this being more up-to-date than the Shakespeare Folio.

PAGE 116. *ib.* 43. derring-doe] All *Qq* and *Ff* read 'derring to', but that 'derring-doe' is what Spenser wrote or intended to write, though Morris was the first to make the correction, is proved by E. K.'s Gloss to the line (p. 120 l. 1), and by *Oct.* 65.

PAGE 117. *ib.* 75. All so *Qq 3–5*, *F*: Also *Qq 1, 2*. That *Q 3*'s emendation is correct is proved by an analogous passage, *Jan.* 37, where *Q 1* has the right reading, and *Qq 4, 5*, *F* the incorrect 'Also'.

ib. 76. reason] So *Qq* and *Ff 1, 2*. *F 3* (1679) emends to 'season' which is accepted by Hughes, Todd, Collier, and Morris. Todd wrongly attributes the emendation to Hughes; Collier attributes it to *Q 1*, attacking Todd for giving Hughes credit for an emendation a century older than his day. Morris, who also attributes it to *Q 1*, is probably, as often, merely trusting to Collier.

ib. 94. rifelye] Grosart attributes to *Q 1* the reading 'ripelye', but I have not found it in Bodleian or B. M. copies.

PAGE 119. *ib.* 145. Gather ye together *Qq 1–4*, *Ff 1–3*: Gather ye togither *Q 5*. Todd, however, accepts from Hughes 'Gather together ye', giving *Q 5* as his authority for the change; and he is followed by Child and Morris.

ib. 156. her Colin bids her adieu] Hughes omits 'her' before 'Colin', but Todd restores it to the text as 'hypermetrical, but not unmusical'.

ib. 157. *Colins Embleme*] All *Qq* and *Ff* fail to give the Embleme to Dec., which is first found in Hughes—*Vivitur ingenio: caetera mortis erunt.*—As Hughes does not print the Gloss, the absence of the Embleme would naturally strike his eye, and, as naturally, he supplies it himself, without commenting on its previous omission. All subsequent editors have professed to collate the *Qq* but none have noticed this, Todd, Child, Collier, and Morris accepting the Embleme and Grosart omitting it, without comment. It is, of course, possible that it may be found in some copy of a *Q*, but it is hardly likely.

PAGE 120. *ib. Gloss* 184. leapes *Qq 1, 2*: heapes *Qq 3–5*, *F*. Grosart, following *Q 5*, quotes 'leapes' as the earlier reading and adds '[*sic*]'. But 'leapes' (i. e. baskets or wicker fish nets) is obviously right; 'leepis' is used for baskets in Wycliffe's Bible, St. Mark viii.

NOTES TO COMPLAINTS, ETC.

PAGE 138. *Ruines of Time*, 361. to perishe *Q*. *F*'s emendation 'do perishe' is at first sight attractive, but seems unnecessary: for, as Dr. Bradley points out to me, 'the structure is more nearly normal, and the sense better, if we retain "to perishe" as an infinitive depending on "not see them" understood from the preceding line.' Dodge prints 'to-perishe', without comment.

PAGE 140. *ib.* 414 made] Jortin (*Remarks on Spenser's Poems*, 1734) conjectures 'had'.

ib. 447–56. *F*'s alteration of this passage is noteworthy, as the only example of a definite and intentional change of meaning, its other emendations being either the correction of errors, or what it took for errors, or changes due to a desire to improve the metre. Though these lines are weakened by the change from the particular to the general, it is difficult to believe that *F* acted without authority. For it is possible that Spenser regretted the personal

attack upon Burleigh, and left on record the reading found in *F*, whilst it is hardly likely that in 1611, when *F.* was printed, the influence of his son, Sir Robert Cecil, was responsible for the change. The question is important in its bearing on the value of *F* as a whole.

PAGE 157. *Teares of the Muses*, 136. minds *Q*, *F.* Mr. J. C. Smith suggests that we should read 'mind', which is certainly better, in view of 'he' and 'him' in the next line; but it has no authority.

PAGE 158. *ib.* 164. *Persephone*] A mistake for Tisiphone, as at *Virgils Gnat*, 422, and *Shep. Cal.* Gloss. to Nov. (q. v.). The fact that E. K. in the Gloss makes the same error must in fairness be pointed out as affording some evidence in favour of the view, which I have rejected, that E. K. and Spenser are the same person, or at least that Spenser had some hand in writing the Gloss. It is not, of course, in any way conclusive, for E. K. can easily be supposed to have been in constant communication with Spenser during its preparation.

PAGE 160. *ib.* 232. singults *F.* Cf. *Colin Clout*, 168 *note.*

PAGE 167. *ib.* 462. Starris] Mr. J. C. Smith points out to me that this is the only plural in *-is* in Spenser. Probably it is a misprint for 'Starres'.

PAGE 168. *ib.* 486. souenance] A correction made by Harl. MS. but not found in *F.* It is almost certainly to be accepted.

PAGE 169. *ib.* 512–14. viewe . . . vew] This rime, the same word used in the same sense, but with a different spelling, looks suspicious, though no editor, as far as I have seen, has commented on it. Mr. J. C. Smith suggests that in l. 514 we should read 'rew', i. e. 'rue', which not only gets over the difficulty of the rime, but also brings the sentence to a close less tamely.

PAGE 173. *Virgils Gnat*, 23. waues] So *Q*, *F*, the 'doth' in the following line agreeing in sense with 'Castaly'. Morris unnecessarily suggests 'waue' for 'waues'.

PAGE 177. *ib.* 149. Ascræan] 'So Spenser wrote, or should have written. He speaks of Hesiod' (Jortin). *Q*, *Ff*, *Hughes* read 'Astræan'.

PAGE 183. *ib.* 343. fire *Q*, fier *F.* A good example of *F*'s insistence upon metrical regularity. Todd follows *F*, without recording his deviation from *Q*, and is attacked by Collier (who professes to have examined *F*), as though he had invented the reading.

PAGE 189. *ib.* 536. subtile *F*, slye *Q*. *Q*'s 'slye' can hardly be a misprint, and must be taken as a dissyllable, which is awkward. *F*'s variant is noteworthy: it may of course be merely an editorial correction, but it seems likely to have been authorized by Spenser.

PAGE 198. *Mother Hubberds Tale*, 67. This line in *Q* is hypermetric. It is uncertain whether the change had Spenser's authority, but it is noticeable that there is no other example of a hypermetric line in the poem, and here it is not effective.

PAGE 199. *ib.* 87. worlds *Q*, worldes, *F.* Cf. *supra*, note on *Virgils Gnat*, 343. Spenser often gives a syllabic value to *r*, and *F* often tries to normalize it. Cf. l. 185, where *F* rewrites the line to avoid

reading 'worlds' as a dissyllable. In *Ruines of Time* 674, however, *F* makes no emendation, nor at lines 186 and 734 of this poem, though *G. MS.* suggests 'genetrie' for 'gentrie' in the one and 'withouten pasport' for 'without pasport' in the other. The fact that *G. MS.* goes further than *F* in this respect is to me strong evidence against its authority.

PAGE 204. *ib.* 261. disposd'] This spelling of 'd'' for the more usual 'de', Spenser's favourite form for the past tense or participle after a long syllable, occurs ten times in the Quarto edition of *Complaints* (eight times for the past tense and twice for the past part.). These are disposd' (*Mother Hubberds T.* 261), abusd', accusd' (*ib.* 564, 565), vsd' (*ib.* 877), reposd' (*ib.* 1165), causd' (*ib.* 1377), opposd' (*Ruines of Rome* 176), praisd' (*Muiopotmos* 126), suffisd' (*Visions of Bellay* 135), raisd' (*ib.* 182). It is interesting to observe that it is only used after *s*—never even after *z* or *c* when they have the value of *s*, e. g. memorizde anew (*Teares of Muses* 440), and with one exception (*Muiop.* 126) only before a vowel or *h* ('accusd'' *Mother H.* 564, is obviously symmetrical with 'abusd'' of l. 565). Thus we have 'raisd' again', 'reposd' in him', 'usd' oft', but 'raisde for' (*Ruines of Time* 451), 'enclosde therein' (*ib.* 662), 'usde to' (*ib.* 127, 152). Conversely, I have only noted a single case of '-sde' before a vowel, 'raysde up' (*Visions of Bellay* 43). It is to be observed that except in *Muiopotmos*, 126, where it is probably a misprint, '-d'' only occurs in the early poems included in '*Complaints*'. It was therefore probably a youthful piece of pedantry on the part of the poet. *F* always emends; but it is impossible not to believe that the spelling of *Q* was intentional, though it is difficult to appreciate its significance.

PAGE 205. *ib.* 297. The Husbandman was meanly well content,] *Q*, *F*. Grosart accepts the reading of *G. MS.* 'At this the Goodman was meanly well content,' though it makes havoc of the metre.

ib. 308. winges] Hughes's emendation of the 'wings' of *Q*, *Ff*, is probably what Spenser wrote. *F* had a rooted objection to syllabic plurals (v. *Epith.* 290, *Hymn to Beautie*, 235 notes, etc.), and hence did not emend. Todd and Morris read 'wingës', and Collier and Dodge 'winges', but none of them before Dodge notes his departure from *Q*.

PAGE 206. *ib.* 340. Carried] Collier, on the alleged authority of Drayton, suggests the emendation 'Cover'd'. But see J. C. Smith's note, vol. III, p. 508.

PAGE 212. *ib.* 575. straied *Q*, *F*, *Harl. MS.* Grosart accepts *G. MS.* 'straying' 'for *Q*'s misprint.' But 'straied' is obviously right, though the sense would perhaps be clearer if the clause were more fully punctuated. 'And, after that, long straied,' etc.

PAGE 213. *ib.* 629. she *Q*, hee *F*. Spenser thinks of Elizabeth, not the Lion. *F*, printed in 1611, naturally regards 'she' as an error.

PAGE 216. *ib.* 734. Gentrie *Q*, *F*, v. note to l. 87, *supra*.

ib. 735. lotheful *Q*, *F*. Collier, after Drayton (?), suggests 'slotheful'; but surely 'slotheful idleness' is a tautology.

PAGE 219. *ib.* 830. kindly wise desire *Q*, *F*. Morris accepts the reading 'kindle wise desire' which Collier attributes to Drayton's copy. It is certainly attractive, but its authority is doubtful.

PAGE 221. *ib.* 913. will a daw trie *Q*, a daw will try *F*, one day will cry *G. MS.* This passage is one of the chief cruces in the text of Spenser, and has never been satisfactory explained. It is easy to emend it, but the reading of *G. MS.*, whole-heartedly accepted by Grosart, is to me unconvincing, and seems more like the correction of an editor who does not understand the texts before him than a genuine variant. It is worth noting that the editor of *F* evidently considered the metre faulty rather than the sense. Mr. Walter Worrall sends me the following two references, which, as he says, 'show that the reading of *Q* is sound and that the meaning is (apparently) "will prove himself a fool" or "will be a fool for his pains".'

(1) In the tract *A Whip for an Ape*, 19–20, we read:

> Sometimes his choppes doe walke in poynts too hie,
> Wherein the Ape himself a Woodcocke tries,

That 'try' = 'prove himself to be' is clear enough, though how it gained this meaning is a more difficult question. (2) A phrase of similar meaning, but still more obscure in its origin, is *to cough one a daw* (or *fool* or *mome*), v. *N. E. D. cough*, e. g. 'Else he may chance to cough himself a daw for his labour' (Stubbes, *Anat. Abus.* ii. 48).

PAGE 223. *ib.* 984. chose *Q*, chuse *F*. It is characteristic of *F* to change 'chose', used in earlier copies of Spenser for the present or infinitive, into 'choose' or 'chuse'. Cf. *Colin Clout*, 91; *Amoretti*, LXXXV. 14; p. 419, l. 33.

ib. 1012. stept *Q*, *F*. Collier, on alleged authority of Drayton, reads 'stopt'. Morris accepts. Child had already made the emendation on his own account. It is plausible, but hardly necessary.

PAGE 229. *ib.* 1204. auaile *Q*, *F*. The reading of *G. MS.* 'a vaile' has been conjectured independently by Mr. J. C. Smith, 'vaile' meaning 'perquisites' or 'bribes'.

ib. 1224. foxe *G. MS.*, boxe *Q*, *F*. The reading of *G. MS.* seems, as at l. 913, too obvious a correction. As has been variously suggested to me, 'boxe' = 'exchequer, treasury', or '"porter's box" for gratuities, and is a touch of irony on his power to admit people to the sovereign.'

ib. 1231. The] Mr. J. C. Smith's conjecture seems to me certain, the 'And' being simply repeated from the previous line.

PAGE 239. *Ruines of Rome*, 119. palaces] The line should rime with 'traueiled' (117), hence Morris suggests 'p'laces failed'. But it is easier to believe that Spenser left his rime defective than that he wrote nonsense.

PAGE 243. *ib.* 243. 'ornaments', an obvious conjecture for the 'ornament' of *Q*, *F*, is further supported, as Dodge points out, by the French version, which has the plural.

PAGE 256. *Muiopotmos*, 34. 'youngth' is obviously the word which *Q* intended to print. Cf. *Shep. Cal. Feb.* 88, *May* 9, *Nov.* 20. *F*, as usual, prefers the modern form.

PAGE 259. *ib.* 149. champion he *Q*, champaine o're he *F*. The forms 'champion', 'champian' are as common in Shakespeare and Spenser as the more correct 'champaine'; and are accepted by *F* in other places, e.g. *Ruines of Rome*, 421. *F*'s emendation is probably due to its objection to the

use of 'soared' as a transitive verb; but if it is necessary to suppose *Q* incorrect 'ore the champion' would be a better emendation. The 'all' might easily have caught the printer's eye from the next line, whereas Spenser could hardly have written 'o're he soared'.

PAGE 275. *Visions of Bellay*, 38. great Lyons *Q*. With *F*'s emendation, 'Lyons great', for the sake of metre, we may compare *Ruines of Rome*, 48, and many other passages. v. Introduction.

ib. 43. pilloures] The reading of 1569 proves *Q*, *F*'s 'pillowes' to be a misprint, but as Mr. J. C. Smith points out, 'pilloures' could more easily be corrupted to 'pillowes' than could 'pillers'. Dodge reads 'pillours'.

PAGE 285. *Visions of Petrarch*, 85. behold] Morris's conjecture is obviously right, though all editors before Dodge have left the 'beheld' of *Q* unquestioned.

PAGE 288. *Daphnaida.* In the British Museum copy of *Q 1*, from which my text is printed, the Dedication is missing. I have therefore printed it from *Q 2*.

PAGE 296. *ib.* 255. trauaile] There seems no need to accept the spelling of *Q 2* 'trauell'. For (1) Spenser would see no objection to 'trauaile' with the meaning of 'journeying', (2) it is possible that the simile is to the sense of peace which comes over the mother after the birth of her child.

PAGE 300. *ib.* 391. till] tell *Qq*, *Ff*. I venture to read 'till', Hughes's emendation, in spite of the *Qq* and *Ff*, for I am certain that even if Spenser wrote 'tell', he meant it in the sense of 'till', just as at times he wrote 'whether' for 'whither'; and the modern reader would be misled if 'tell' were left in the text. For (1) 'tell' makes poor sense of the passage. The lady's sending for him is represented as the *result* of her beholding his bitter penaunce and her pity at it, and if she *has* beheld it, why tell it? and (2) tell, as verb, must be accented in reading the line; and if accented here it would ruin the metre. Todd reads 'till', Child 'tell', and Collier 'till', each without a note. Morris gives 'till' as the reading of *Q 2*, but in this he is probably simply trusting to Collier's reading; for Collier was not aware of the existence of *Q 1*, and printed from *Q 2*.

PAGE 302. *ib.* 477. starres *Q 1*. There is no reason for accepting 'starre' from *Q 2*. The poet's idea is of the setting of the planets, or the fall of shooting stars, which seem to sink into the earth.

PAGE 303. *ib.* 487. deepe *Q 1*, deere *Q 2*. Collier remarks that Drayton notices a dropping of *r*, and therefore suggests 'dreere'. But there is no reason to reject the reading of *Q 1*.

PAGE 311. *Colin Clout*, 88. losse *Q*. 'Lasse' (*F*) is a change such as a printer would be likely to make, with the word 'lasse' in the line above; but l. 90 shows that 'losse' may be correct.

PAGE 313. *ib.* 168. singults *F*. *Q* misprints 'singulfs', as in *Teares of the Muses*, 232. The same error occurs *F. Q.* III. xi. 12 and v. vi. 13. v. J. C. Smith's note Vol. III, p. 512.

PAGE 317. *ib.* 301. Funchin *Q*, *F*. Collier and Morris alter to 'Fanchin' on the ground that the river is so spelt in *F. Q.* VII. vi. 44. But

F. Q. VII was not printed before 1609 and therefore the spelling in *Colin Clout* has more authority. In a map and index dated 1836 I find the river spelt 'Funcheon' and the modern spelling is 'Funshion'. Mr. J. C. Smith suggests that the spelling in *F. Q.* may be due to a supposed etymological connexion with 'Faunus'.

ib. 315. bodrags] Todd suggests 'bordrags' as the correct reading here, comparing *F. Q.* II. x. 63 'bordragings', and Collier and Morris accept it. But *N. E. D.* proves that the form without *r* is both more common and etymologically more correct, quoting *State Papers Henry VIII*, ii. 480 (1537) 'bodrakes', and Hooker, *Girald. Irel.* ii. 172 (1586) 'bodrages'.

PAGE 325. *ib.* 601. Collier's emendation, accepted by Morris and Dodge, is obviously correct, the 'ra' being accidentally dropped by the printer.

PAGE 327. *ib.* 670. 'durst' (*F*) is a natural emendation of *Q*'s 'darest'. Dr. Bradley thinks it possible that Spenser originally wrote 'darste', which would be likely enough as an archaism; but this is too conjectural to be admitted into the text.

ib. 693. It is worth noticing that this line is rimeless. As there is no other example in *Colin Clout*, it is probable that a line has dropped out.

ib. 699. needs,] Todd is the first editor to remove the unnecessary comma of *Q* and *Ff*. Collier and Morris follow Todd, but without noting their departure from *Q*.

PAGE 329. *ib.* 762. drownded *Q*, drowned *F*. Mr. J. C. Smith points out to me a parallel case at *F. Q.* I. xi. 37, where *F* alters *Q*'s 'yelded' to 'yelled'.

PAGE 332. *ib.* 861. life] An obvious correction of the 'like' of *Q*, *F*, first made by *F2*. Collier, however, though he has 'collated every edition from 1579–1679', reads 'like', and Morris asserts that 'all old editions' read 'like giving'. Dodge wrongly attributes 'life' to *Q*.

PAGE 341. *Astrophel*, 149. beare] So *Q*, *F*. Morris states that *F* reads 'biere', but he probably took it from Collier.

PAGE 345. *Astrophel* (*The Lay of Clorinda*), 50. fro me] Morris states that *Q* reads 'me fro'. But 'fro me' is found in both *Q*, and *Ff1–3*.

PAGE 346. *ib.* 76. Angelick *Q*, Angel-like *F*. Cf. note to *Amoretti*, LXXXIV. 8.

PAGE 353. *A Pastorall Æglogue*, 41. hard *Q*, *Ff*, *Hughes*, *Todd*. Collier reads 'sad' without a note, which is probably, therefore, a mere misprint. Morris gives 'sad' as the reading of *Q*, but he can only have found it in Collier.

PAGE 363. *An Elegie*, 234. discollors *P.N.*, *Q*, is probably the right reading, though *F* prefers to normalize the grammar. Cf. l. 57 'my teares so flows', where the rime prevents *F* from making the change.

PAGE 376. *Amoretti*, X. 7. brings captiues *18°*, *F*, bring captives *F2*, brings captive *F3*. Thus 'captive', the reading of Todd, Morris, Grosart, and Dodge, has no good authority, although it is possibly correct.

PAGE 379. *ib.* XV. 3. treasures spoil *18°*, treasure spoil *F*. One would be glad to think that *F*, accepted by Morris, is correct. But in Spenser such repetitions of the *s* are not infrequent.

PAGE 384. *ib.* XXVI. 4. braunches] Morris's reading 'braunche is' is not found in *Q* or any of the *Ff*, and is a quite unnecessary emendation. Mr. W. W. Greg makes the interesting suggestion that 'firbloome' is possibly a misprint for 'firsbloom' (i.e. furze bloom).

PAGE 386. *ib.* XXX. 12. deuise ?] *18°* probably meant to print '?' here, to match ll. 4 and 8. Two other passages, XXV. 2 and XXVII. 2, are similar but not quite parallel; for in them a second clause is appended to the rhetorical question. In such cases the practice of *18°*, and probably Spenser's own practice, seems to have varied.

PAGE 388. *ib.* XXXIII. 11. sins *18°*, sith *F*. On this change v. Introd. to *F. Q.*, J. C. Smith, p. vi.

PAGE 389. *ib.* XXXV. My hungry eyes, etc.] This sonnet is repeated in *18°* as no. LXXXIII (v. p. 413), with 'seeing it' in l. 6 for 'hauing it', and a few trivial changes of spellings.

PAGE 391. *ib.* XXXIX. 3. wonts *18°*, *F*. Morris misprints 'wants'.

PAGE 395. *ib.* XLVII. 11. her] Collier reads 'their' without note, and Morris gives 'their' as reading of *F* (1611), but I cannot find it before *F3*.

PAGE 396. *ib.* L. 9. first] The reading 'for', attributed by Morris to 'some copies', is found in *F3*, Hughes, and Collier (without note). Morris's omission of 'you' in l. 13 is a misprint that I have found in no other edition, as is also his misprint of 'so' for 'to' in LV. 13.

PAGE 400. *ib.* LVII. 10. these] Morris unnecessarily suggests 'those'.

ib. LVIII. 8. glories pride *18°*, *Ff 1–3*. The reading 'glorious pride' attributed by Morris to *F* (1611) is first found in Hughes (1715).

PAGE 407. *ib.* LXXI. 9. aboue] An obvious emendation of 'about' (*18°*, *Ff*), first found in Morris. Morris also tentatively suggests 'But as your worke is all about ywove'.

PAGE 412. LXXXII. 2. placed *18°*, *F*. 'plac'd', attributed by Morris to *18°*, I have not found before *F3*.

PAGE 413. *ib.* LXXXIV. 8. angelick *18°*, Angel-like *F*. *F* makes the same change in *Shep. Cal.*, *April* 64. Cf. also p. 346, l. 76.

PAGE 416. *ib.* LXXXIX. 3. 'vow', the obvious correction of *18°*, *F*'s 'vew', is made by *F2*. Collier accepts 'vow', without note, and Morris attributes it to *F*.

PAGE 417. *Amoretti*, 7. As Diane, etc.] *18°* prints this stanza as though it belonged to the previous one; *F*, however, realizes that it is an independent epigram.

PAGE 422. *Epithalamion* 2. me] The 'some editions' referred to by Morris as reading 'the' for 'me' are *F3*, Todd, and Collier. Collier has no note on his departure from *18°*, *Ff 1, 2*.

PAGE 423. *ib.* 67. deere] An obvious emendation of 'door' made by Child. Perhaps, however, 'dere' is what Spenser wrote, for it would be more easily corrupted into 'dore'.

PAGE 424. *ib.* 92. dreame *18°*, *Ff 1–3*. Hughes emends to 'dreames' which is independently suggested by Child, and accepted by Morris. But such a defective rime as this is not without its beauty, nor is it uncommon in Spenser.

PAGE 427. *ib.* 190. mazeful] Child suggests 'amazeful', which spoils the rhythm of the line.

ib. 208. recyue] Collier and Morris read 'receyue', a compromise between *18°* and *F*.

PAGE 430. *ib.* 290. nights dread *18°*, nights sad dread *F*. In spite of the fact that *F*'s reading has been adopted by every editor,[1] I do not believe that Spenser wrote it. It is cacophonous and tautological; whereas there are several examples in Spenser's verse of syllabic value being given to the possessive case or the plural. As Mr. J. C. Smith has pointed out (*F. Q.* Introd. xvii, xviii), *F* often tried to alter this; and we have an exact parallel to this passage in *F. Q.*, I. v. 23, where *F* changes '*Nightes* children' to '*Nights* dread children'. Cf. also *Hymne to Beautie*, 235, where *F* adds 'the' to avoid pronouncing 'beames' as a dissyllable.

PAGE 432. *ib.* 359, your *18°*, *Ff*. Todd reads 'the' and Collier follows him, neither of them noting their departure from *18°*. Morris keeps 'your' but notes 'some modern copies read "the"'. Dodge reads 'our' and comments, '*1595*, *1611*, = "your" probably by confusion with l. 356.' But there is no confusion; the 'your' of *18°* is probably right and needs no emendation.

PAGE 437. *Hymne of Love*, 18. thy] Morris's 'my' is a misprint of his own.

PAGE 441. *ib.* 165. they will *Q*, *F*. Child attributes to *Q* the reading 'thou wilt', but I have not found it before *F3* (1679). Similarly in l. 169 Child states that for 'be' *Q* reads 'he'.

PAGE 443. *ib.* 227. hath *Q*, *Ff 1–3*, *Hughes*. Morris notes that some copies read 'had'. 'had' is really a misprint of Todd's, and Collier has copied it from him.

PAGE 445. *ib.* 302. An heauenly *Q*, *F*. The reading 'And heavenly', attributed by Child to *Q*, I have not found in *Q* or *Ff*.

PAGE 446. *Hymne of Beautie*, 14. soule] This correction of 'foule', the error of *Q*, *Ff 1*, *2*, is one of the very few contributions of *F3*.

PAGE 447. *ib.* 47. clotheth] The cacophony of this word followed by 'thereafter', which one can well believe as distasteful to Spenser as to us, tempts us to accept *F*'s 'closeth' (=encloseth), which, if not Spenser's own, is at least an excellent emendation.

PAGE 450. *ib.* 147. perform'd] Child reads 'deform'd' here, and Morris, though he reads 'perform'd', attributes 'deform'd' to *Q*. I have not seen it in either *Q* or *Ff*, and it is difficult to see why if Morris really found it he did not accept it. He probably owes his *var. lect.* to Child. Dodge reads 'deform'd', but notes it as an emendation.

[1] Dodge, I find, anticipates my conjecture.

ib. 158. will] Morris suggests 'evil', but the emendation is unnecessary.

PAGE 451. *ib.* 171. affections *Q*, *F*. Child attributes to *Q* the reading 'affection'; Morris gives 'affections' as *Q* reading, but suggests 'affection' as correct.

ib. 195. It is no loue *Q*, *F*. Collier reads 'It is not love', but without authority.

PAGE 452. *ib.* 222. to his fancies *Q*, *F*. Morris suggests 'of his fancies,' but the change seems unnecessary.

ib. 235. beames *Q*, the beames *F*. vide note to *Epithalamion*, 290.

PAGE 455. *Hymne of Heavenly Love*, 13. turned] Todd suggests 'tuned', and he is probably right, a similar error occurring in *Qq 3–5* of *Shep. Cal.*, *April* 36. But none of the older copies read 'tuned'.

ib. 72. still to them *Q*, unto them *F*. Morris credits Collier with the emendation found in *F*.

PAGE 458. *ib.* 112. *Q*'s punctuation is far stronger than that of *F*.

PAGE 459. *ib.* 158. launching *Q*, launcing *F*. Morris attributes 'launcing' to 'some modern editions.' The *N.E.D.* shows that these are two forms of the same word, derived from Fr. *lancier*. That Spenser preferred the form found in *Q* is proved by *F.Q.* III. ii. 37; VI. ii. 6.

PAGE 460. *ib.* 188. is so *Q*, *F*. Collier reads 'was so', without note.

ib. 195. Euen himselfe] So *Q*, regarding 'Euen' as a dissyllable. *F*, however, read it as a monosyllable and added 'hee'. Cf. *Hymne to Heavenly Beautie*, 298.

PAGE 468. *Heavenly Beautie*, 165. And dampish] To omit the second 'The darke' of *Q*, as do Collier and Morris, seems a more natural emendation than to read with *F* 'The darke dampe', though that is possible.

PAGE 469. *ib.* 170. more bright] *F*'s addition to emend the defective line. Mr. J. C. Smith, however, suggests that it is more likely that Spenser wrote 'thousand thousand' and *Q* dropped one 'thousand' accidentally, *F* adding 'more bright' on its own authority.

PAGE 472. *ib.* 298. Euen the love *Q*, Euen the true love *F*. Cf. note to *Heavenly Love*, 195 *supra*.

PAGE 474. *Prothalamion*, 5. whom] Morris attributes 'whose' to 'some copies': I have only found it in Todd, who reads 'whom [whose]' (?), without note. Morris's reading of 'he' for 'the' (l. 11) is a misprint.

PAGE 477. *ib.* 117. Yeat *Q* is not elsewhere found in Spenser; but, as Dr. Henry Bradley points out to me, 'it was one of those spellings that almost certainly must have existed.' The original long vowel probably survived in some dialects late enough to affect the spelling.

PAGE 478. *ib.* 147. name, *Q*, *F*. The comma is logically indefensible, but its rhythmical importance is obvious.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
A Gentle Shepheard borne in *Arcady*	337
A mighty Lyon, Lord of all the wood	272
A Shepeheards boye (no better doe him call)	14
After at sea a tall ship did appeare	282, 485
After long stormes and tempests sad assay	403
After so long a race as I haue run	411
Ah *Colin*, whether on the lowly plaine	371
Ah for pittie, wil rancke Winters rage	19
Ah whither, Loue, wilt thou now carrie mee?	446
Ah why hath nature to so hard a hart	387
All that is perfect, which th'heauen beautefies	244
All that which *Aegypt* whilome did deuise	249
An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold	270
Arion, when through tempests cruel wracke	390
As men in Summer fearles passe the foord	241
As that braue sonne of *Aeson*, which by charmes	239
As then, no winde at all there blew	357
At last so faire a Ladie did I spie	284, 489
At length, euen at the time, when *Morpheus*	281, 500
Ay me, to whom shall I my case complaine	344
Be nought dismayd that her vnmoued mind	374
Being my selfe captyued here in care	408
Being one day at my window all alone	282, 484
Bellay, first garland of free Poësie	251
Beside the fruitfull shore of muddie *Nile*	269
Calme was the day, and through the trembling ayre	474
Colin my deare, when shall it please thee sing	105
Colin, well fits thy sad cheare this sad stownd	352
Come forth ye Nymphes come forth, forsake your watry bowres	347
Comming to kisse her lyps, (such grace I found)	403
Cuddie, for shame hold vp thy heauye head	97
Darke is the day, when *Phœbus* face is shrowded	371
Dayly when I do seeke and sew for peace	377
Diggon Dauie, I bidde her god day	86
Doe I not see that fayrest ymages	397
Faire proud now tell me why should faire be proud	385
Fayre bosome fraught with vertues richest tresure	409
Fayre cruell, why are ye so fierce and cruell?	396
Fayre eyes, the myrrour of my mazed hart	375
Fayre is my loue, when her fayre golden heares	412
Fayre ye be sure, but cruell and vnkind	399
Fresh spring the herald of loues mighty king	406

	PAGE
Goe little booke: thy selfe present	2
Great *Babylon* her haughtie walls will praise	235
Great wrong I doe, I can it not deny	388
Happy ye leaues when as those lilly hands	372
Hard by a riuers side a virgin faire	278
Hard by a riuers side, a wailing Nimphe	497
Haruey, the happy aboue happiest men	480
He that hath seene a great Oke drie and dead	248
High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe	271
Hope ye my verses that posteritie	250
How long shall this lyke dying lyfe endure	384
I Ioy to see how in your drawen work	407
I saw a fresh spring rise out of a rocke	499
I saw a Phœnix in the wood alone	284, 488
I saw a riuer swift, whose fomy billowes	277
I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle	279
I saw a Wolfe vnder a rockie caue	276
I saw a Woman sitting on a beast	502
I saw an vgly beast come from the sea	501
I saw in secret to my Dame	417
I saw new Earth, new Heauen, sayde Saint Iohn	504
I saw raisde vp on pillers of Iuorie	493
I saw raysde vp on yuorie pillers tall	275
I saw the Bird that can the Sun endure	277
I saw the birde that dares beholde the Sunne	495
I sing of deadly dolorous debate	255
If the blinde furie, which warres breedeth oft	246
In Summers day, when *Phœbus* fairly shone	268
In that proud port, which her so goodly graceth	378
In vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace	381
In youth before I waxed old	417
Innocent paper, whom too cruell hand	395
Ioy of my life, full oft for louing you	412
Is it her nature or is it her will	392
Is not thilke same a goteheard prowde	67
Is not thilke the mery moneth of May?	46
It chaunced me on day beside the shore	128
It fell vpon a holly eue	79
It was the month, in which the righteous Maide	197
It was the time, when rest soft sliding downe	274
Lackyng my loue I go from place to place	410
Leaue lady in your glasse of christall clene	394
Let not one sparke of filthy lustfull fyre	413
Like as the seeded field greene grasse first showes	249
Like as whilome the children of the earth	240
Like as ye see the wrathfull Sea from farre	242
Lo *Colin*, here the place, whose pleasaunt syte	60
Loe I haue made a Calender for euery yeare	121
Long hauing deeply gron'd these visions sad	280
Long languishing in double malady	396
Long-while I sought to what I might compare	376

	PAGE
Looking far foorth into the Ocean wide	272
Loue, lift me vp vpon thy golden wings	455
Loue, that long since hast to thy mighty powre	437
Lyke as a huntsman after weary chace	405
Lyke as a ship that through the Ocean wyde	388
Lyke as the Culuer on the bared bough	416
Mark when she smiles with amiable cheare	391
Mars shaming to haue giuen so great head	240
Men call you fayre, and you doe credit it	411
More then most faire, full of the liuing fire	375
Most glorious Lord of lyfe, that on this day	405
Most happy letters fram'd by skilfull trade	408
Much richer then that vessell seem'd to bee	280
My hungry eyes through greedy couetize	389, 413
My loue is lyke to yse, and I to fyre	386
My Song thus now in thy Conclusions	490
New yeare forth looking out of Ianus gate	373
No otherwise than raynie cloud, first fed	244
Nor the swift furie of the flames aspiring	241
O that I had the *Thracian* Poets harpe	247
O warie wisedome of the man, that would	246
Of this worlds Theatre in which we stay	398
Oft when my spirit doth spred her bolder winges	407
On high hills top I saw a stately frame	274
On hill, a frame an hundred cubites hie	491
One day as I vnwarily did gaze	379
One day I sought with her hart-thrilling eies	377
One day I wrote her name vpon the strand	409
One day, whiles that my daylie cares did sleepe	268
Penelope for her *Vlisses* sake	383
Rapt with the rage of mine owne rauisht thought	464
Rehearse to me ye sacred Sisters nine	153
Retourne agayne my forces late dismayd	378
Rudely thou wrongest my deare harts desire	374
See how the stubborne damzell doth depraue	386
See yee the blindefoulded pretie God, that feathered Archer	505
Shall I then silent be or shall I speake?	393
She, whose high top aboue the starres did sore	236
Shepheards that wont on pipes of oaten reed	337
Silence augmenteth grief, writing encreaseth rage	366
Since I did leaue the presence of my loue	415
Since I haue lackt the comfort of that light	415
So long as *Ioues* great Bird did make his flight	243
So oft as homeward I from her depart	397
So oft as I her beauty doe behold	399
Soone after this I saw an Elephant	271
Such as the *Berecynthian* Goddesse bright	237
Sweet is the Rose, but growes vpon a brere	384

PAGE

Sweet smile, the daughter of the Queene of loue . . . 391
Sweet warriour when shall I haue peace with you? . . . 400

Tell me good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete? . . . 36
Tell me *Perigot*, what shalbe the game . . . 77
Tell me when shall these wearie woes haue end . . . 389
That same is now nought but a champian wide . . . 250
That which I eate did I ioy, and that which I greedily gorged . 505
The antique *Babel*, Empresse of the East 482
The doubt which ye misdeeme, fayre loue, is vaine . . . 404
The famous warriors of the anticke world 406
The gentle shepheard satte beside a springe 115
The glorious image of the makers beautie 402
The glorious pourtraict of that Angels face 380
The heauenly branches did I see arise 283
The kingly Bird, that beares *Ioues* thunder-clap . . . 269
The laurell leafe, which you this day doe weare . . . 385
The loue which me so cruelly tormenteth 392
The merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring 381
The Panther knowing that his spotted hyde 398
The paynefull smith with force of feruent heat . . . 387
The rolling wheele that runneth often round . . . 380
The same which *Pyrrhus*, and the puissaunce . . . 245
The shepheards boy (best knowen by that name) . . . 309
The souerayne beauty which I doo admyre 373
The weary yeare his race now hauing run 402
The world that cannot deeme of worthy things . . . 414
Then all astonied with this mighty ghoast 278
Then all astonned with this nightly ghost 496
Then did a sharped spyre of Diamond bright . . . 275
Then did appeare to me a sharped spire 492
Then heauenly branches did I see arise 486
Then I behelde the faire Dodonian tree 494
Then might I see vpon a white horse set 503
Then was the faire *Dodonian* tree far seene 276
There grewe an aged Tree on the greene 22
These heapes of stones, those old wals which ye see . . . 243
They that in course of heauenly spheares are skild . . . 401
Thilke same Kidde (as I can well deuise) 52
This holy season fit to fast and pray 382
Thomalin, why sytten we soe 29
Thou stranger, which for *Rome* in *Rome* her seekest . . . 236
Thou that at *Rome* astonisht dost behold 248
Thrise happie she, that is so well assured 401
Through armes and vassals *Rome* the world subdu'd . . . 238
To all those happy blessings which ye haue 404
To praise thy life, or waile thy worthie death . . . 364
Toward the sea turning my troubled eye 270
Trust not the treason of those smyling lookes . . . 395

Venemous tongue, tipt with vile adders sting 414
Vnhappy Verse, the witnesse of my vnhappie state . . . 505
Vnquiet thought, whom at the first I bred 372
Vnrighteous Lord of loue, what law is this 376

	PAGE
Vp then *Melpomene* thou mournefulst Muse of nyne	107
Vpon a day as loue lay sweetly slumbring	418
Vpon a hill I saw a kindled flame	498
Vpon an hill a bright flame did I see	279
Was it a dreame, or did I see it playne	410
Was it the worke of nature or of Art	382
We now haue playde (*Augustus*) wantonly	173
Weake is th'assurance that weake flesh reposeth	400
What euer man he be, whose heauie minde	289
What guyle is this, that those her golden tresses	390
What time the Romaine Empire bore the raine	273
When I beheld this tickle trustles state	285
When I behold that beauties wonderment	383
When my abodes prefixed time is spent	394
When that braue honour of the Latine name	245
When these sad sights were ouerpast and gone	273
When those renoumed noble Peres of Greece	393
Wherefore doth vaine antiquitie so vaunt	481
Who list the Romane greatnes forth to figure	247
Who lists to see, what euer nature, arte	237
Who so wil seeke by right deserts t'attaine	480
Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise	283, 487
Wrong'd, yet not daring to expresse my paine	172
Ye dayntye Nymphs, that in this blessed Brooke	38
Ye heauenly spirites, whose ashie cinders lie	235
Ye learned sisters which have oftentimes	422
Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashie ghoasts	242
Ye sacred ruines, and ye tragick sights	238
Ye tradefull Merchants, that with weary toyle	379
Ye wastefull woodes beare witnesse of my woe	82

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY